The Saturday Evening
POST
June 2, 1956 — 15¢

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My Battle With the Fight Mob

BY JULIUS HELFAND

New York Boxing Commissioner

THE MYSTERY OF KEFAUVER

BY HAROLD H. MARTIN

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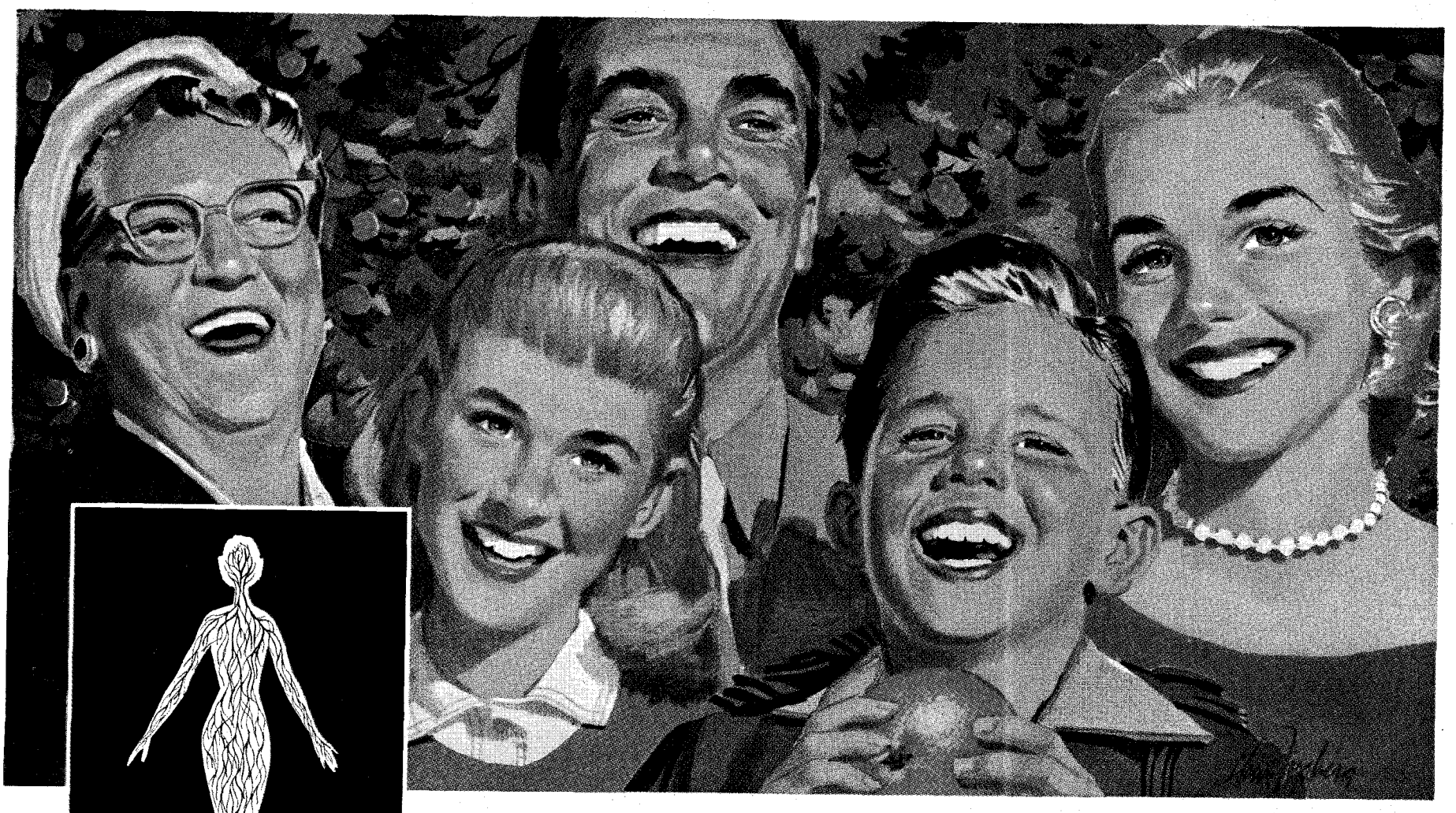
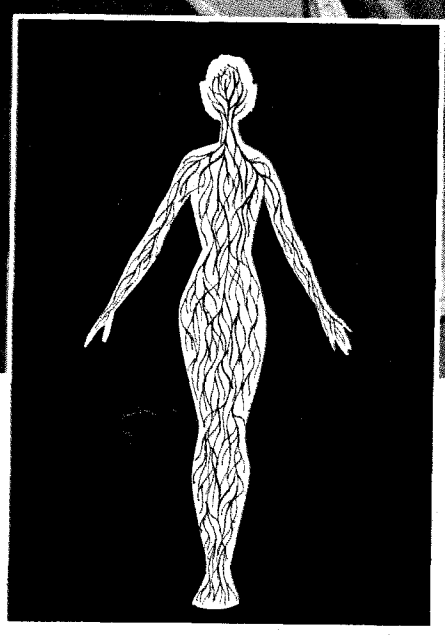
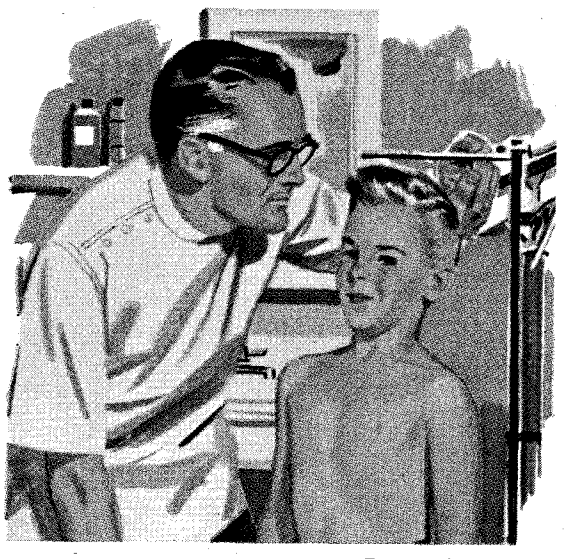
New nutrition excitement centers on fresh orange

The BIO-FLAVONOIDS, remarkable substances in the "meat" of the orange, can mean better basic health for every member of your family



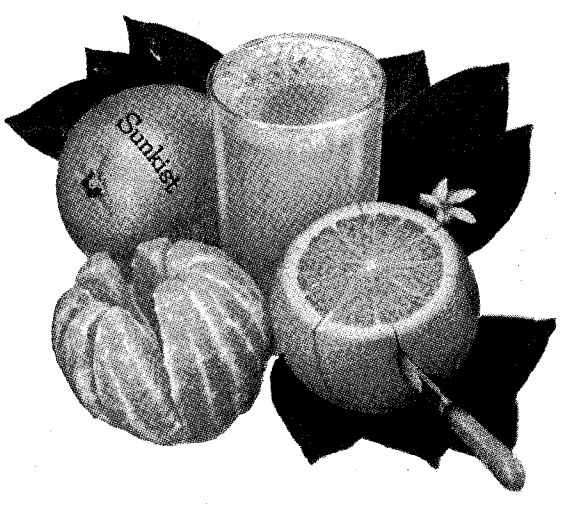


1. The BIO-FLAVONOIDS have an amazing effect on the capillary system. Your capillaries are a network of tiny blood vessels 60,000 miles long. They do the vital job of feeding oxygen and nourishment to the body's organs and tissues and carrying waste materials away. The bio-flavonoids work to keep the capillaries *functional.* Teamed with vitamin C, these factors in the "meat" of oranges help keep capillary walls strong, efficient. Nourishment passes quickly and easily to the body's tissues. Waste is rapidly removed. Thus the *bio-flavonoids* improve your *basic* health . . . help you feel young and vigorous . . . help you ward off infection and disease.



2. Vitamin C becomes more effective. Research indicates the bio-flavonoids actually *boost* the efficiency of the vitamin C in oranges, allowing it to do a better job for children of building sturdy bones and strong muscles, sound teeth and gums, fighting colds and infections.

3. The BIO-FLAVONOIDS are abundant in the fresh orange but *not* in processed juice. A medium-sized Sunkist Orange contains a rich supply. . . *about 1000 mgs.* And Sunkist Oranges are so reasonable in cost, your family can enjoy them daily. Nothing is easier to serve. *Just hand them out*—at meals, between meals, at TV time. When you squeeze fresh orange juice, don't strain out the solids that contain the bio-flavonoids.



4. One Sunkist Orange gives your family ten times more bio-flavonoids than an equal amount of processed juice, and ten times more protopectins, so important for digestion and regularity. High grading standards make Sunkist Oranges *the finest quality money can buy.* So healthful *and* delicious! Look for the Sunkist trademark on the fruit.

California-Arizona Valencia Oranges **Sunkist Growers** **Eat whole fresh oranges—drink whole fresh orange juice!**

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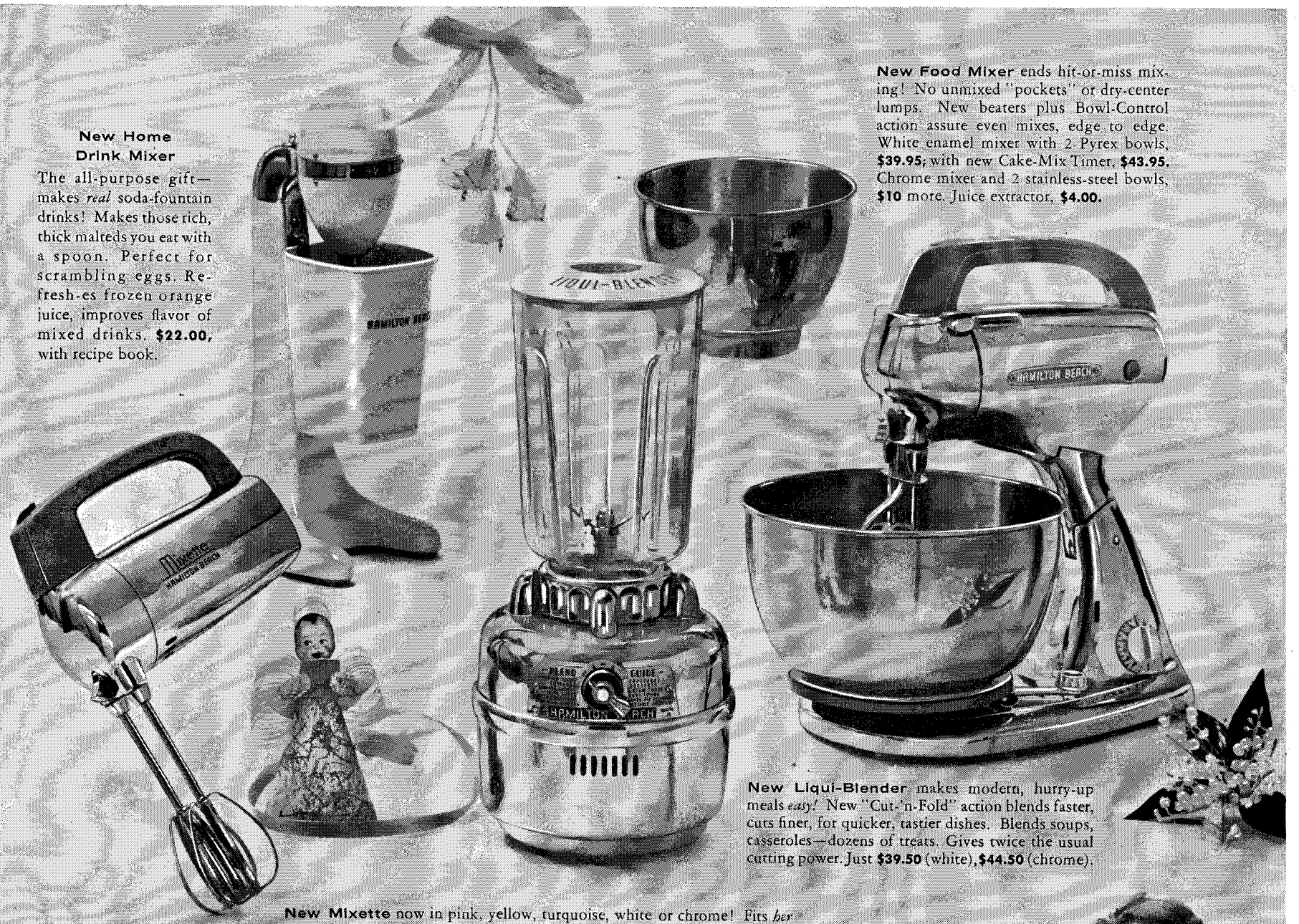
New Home Drink Mixer
The all-purpose gift—makes *real* soda-fountain drinks! Makes those rich, thick malteds you eat with a spoon. Perfect for scrambling eggs. Refresh-es frozen orange juice, improves flavor of mixed drinks. **$22.00,** with recipe book.

New Food Mixer ends hit-or-miss mixing! No unmixed "pockets" or dry-center lumps. New beaters plus Bowl-Control action assure even mixes, edge to edge. White enamel mixer with 2 Pyrex bowls, **$39.95;** with new Cake-Mix Timer, **$43.95.** Chrome mixer and 2 stainless-steel bowls, **$10** more. Juice extractor, **$4.00.**



New Liqui-Blender makes modern, hurry-up meals *easy!* New "Cut-'n-Fold" action blends faster, cuts finer, for quicker, tastier dishes. Blends soups, casseroles—dozens of treats. Gives twice the usual cutting power. Just **$39.50** (white), **$44.50** (chrome).

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*Whatever your choice, it will be a happy one! Because *the only 5-year guarantee in mixers* tells the lucky lady so much about the quality of your gift. It says these mixers *must* be good—*must* be the best—to be guaranteed 5 times longer than any others.

Why only Hamilton Beach?

Because the need for service is so low. The history of millions of Hamilton Beach mixers faithfully serving in American homes is sufficient evidence in itself. But there's another big reason why it's so *safe* for us to offer a 5-year guarantee. It's the *experience* we've gained during more than four decades of constantly improved mixer manufacturing. Make a *lasting* good impression with these advantages only Hamilton Beach can offer!

Hamilton Beach mixers are confidently made for folks who like to give a gift with confidence. Rest assured, any choice you make on this page will please her for *years! Hamilton Beach Co., Div. of Scovill Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.*

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HAMILTON BEACH

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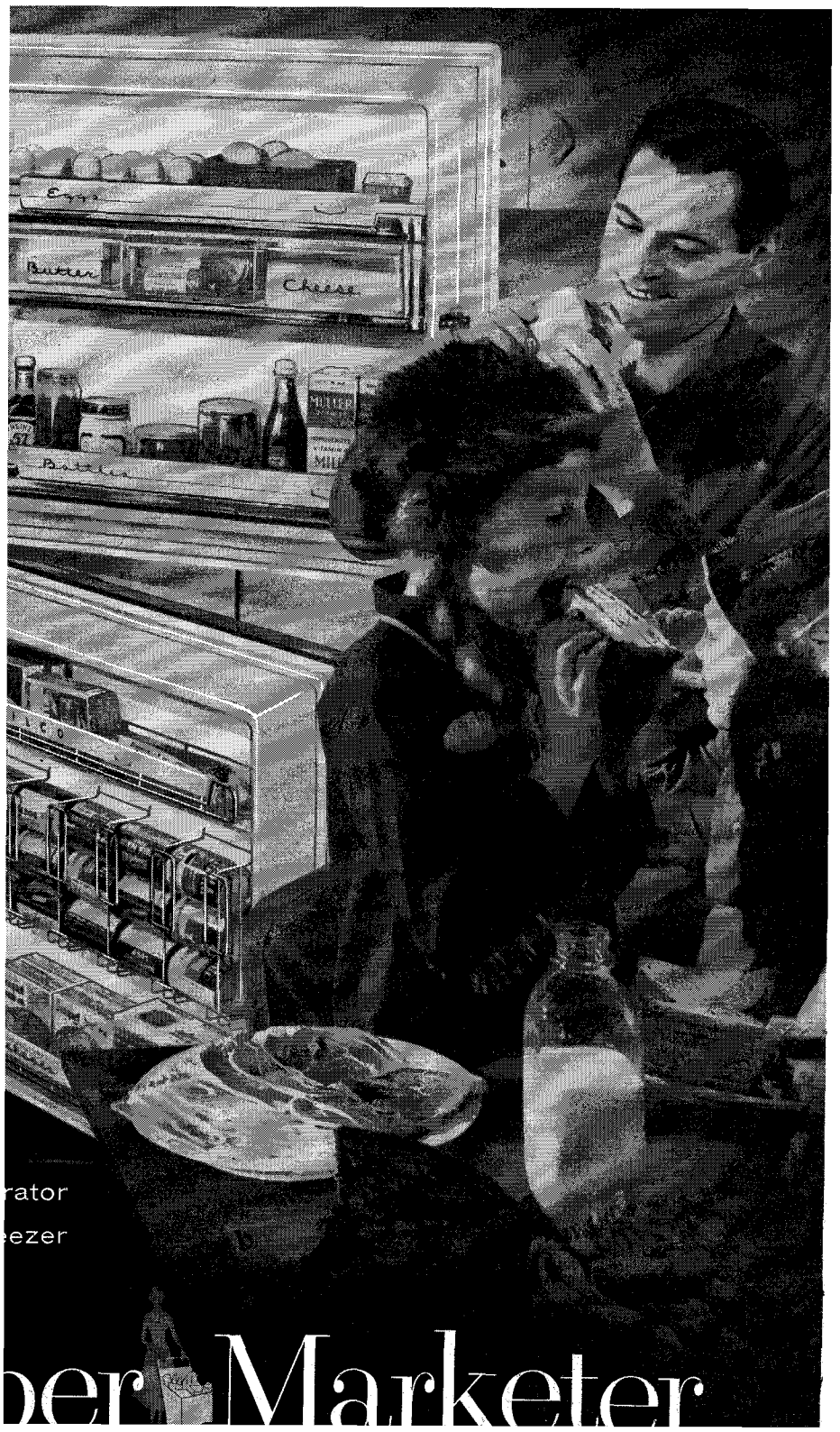

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THE COVER

A man once voiced the theory that formal weddings are nerve-racking and could be assuaged if the wedding party, when the organ starts playing da-da-dee-da, just wandered down the aisle wearing the same jeans and things as at the rehearsal. That *would* be a man's theory, and it has not been widely adopted, as this is a bride's and bridesmaids' world. Yet one lingers over the concept of how relaxing it would be to have a flower girl operating a yo-yo. Oh, well. Earl Mayan portrays a bona fide wedding (Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith in St. John's Church, Huntington, Long Island), and when Mayan felt sorry about having to paint the Very Rev. Albert Greanoff back view, he then put him in the pews a couple of times, front face. This may surprise the rector.

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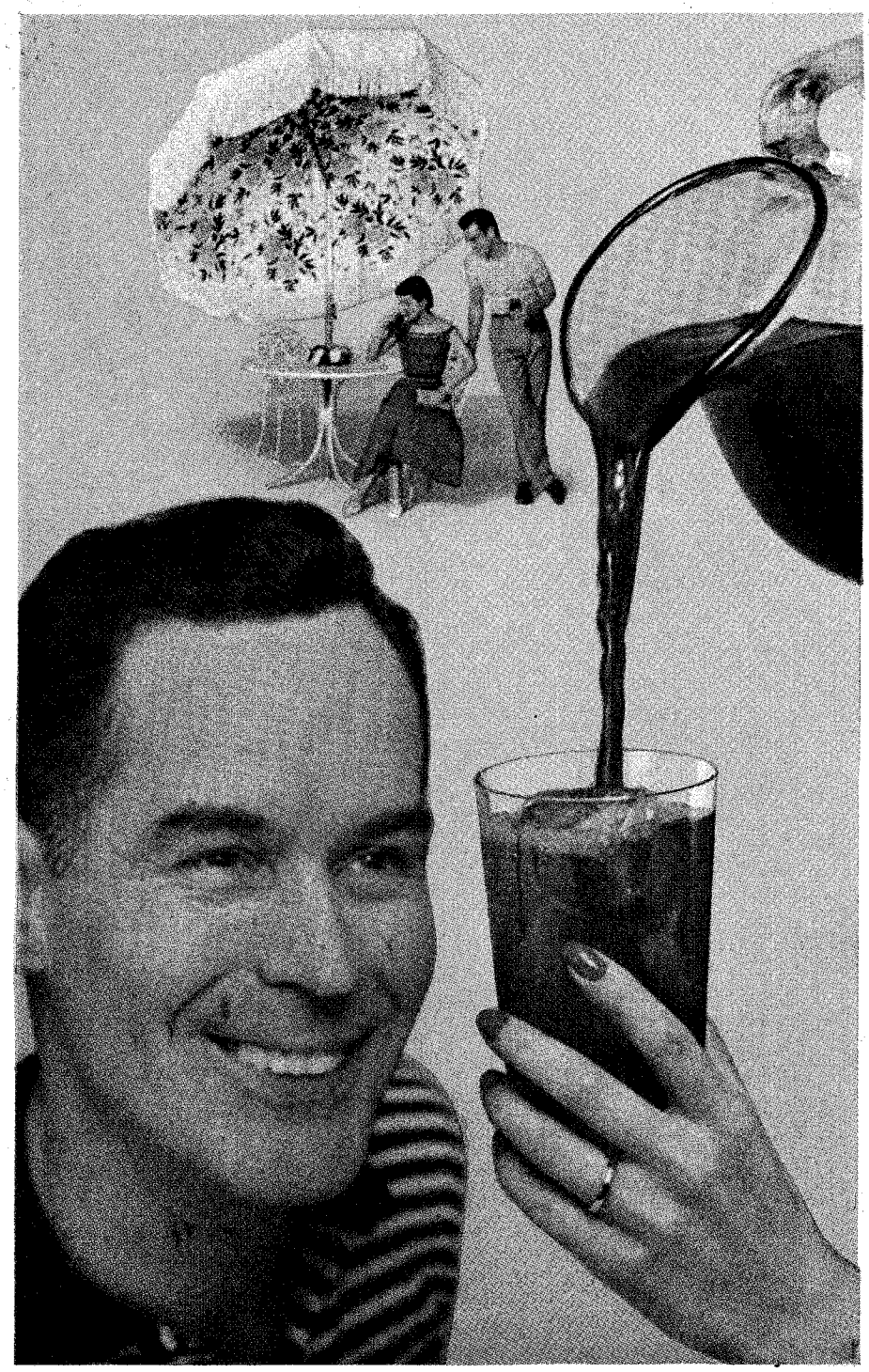

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Letters

Campus Madness

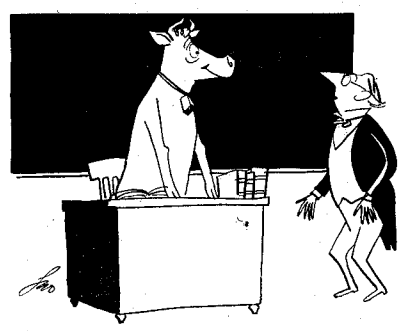
Dear Sirs:

Re. MADNESS ON THE CAMPUS by Andrew Hamilton [April 28], each spring colleges should put these moppets in the gym with a pair of boxing gloves and make men of them, rather than panty raiders. That would use up that spring fever.

LEO V. LYONS
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

When I was a school and college boy, Halloween was the favorite time for schoolboy pranks. I remember the labor



of hours at Porter Military Academy in Charleston to get Headmaster "Ikey" Brown's milk cow to the second-floor classroom where the popular professor met his eight-o'clock Latin class.

CHARLES E. THOMAS
Greenville, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

When I was at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, we played tricks and enjoyed jokes to surpass anything listed by your author. For instance, more than 1000 sorority girls performed a "panty" raid on some 500 fraternity men in the spring of 1952. The boys retaliated the same night by marching a mile down the main north-south route from Chicago to Milwaukee (US 41), blocking traffic all the way, to stage a return panty raid on the gals.

J. K. WILLIAMS
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

The most famous caper of which I was a part involved a certain snake. While at SMU my fraternity went on a python hunt in Ft. Worth. Their snake got loose and we went to find it for them. We were unsuccessful, but had a great time and thoroughly shocked the populace of that city by parading in safari get up through hotels, theaters, etc.

LT. WILLIAM A. RIEDEL
Keesler AFB, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

By far the most effective and most cleverly executed prank to be perpetrated in the name of intercollege rivalry in a long while took place last year, just prior to the traditional Cornell-Syracuse football game. A group of students on the Cornell Daily Sun, "Ithaca's Only Morning Newspaper," formed an organization called the IOSN; "Ithaca's Only Syracuse Newspaper." At 4:00 o'clock in the morning of the big game these students intercepted 7000 issues of the Syracuse Daily Orange as it was coming from the printers, subdued the members of the Orange staff in their office, and substituted 3000 bogus copies of their own manufacture at the key distribution points. . . . Thousands of Syracuse students were panic-stricken when they came to articles (complete with pictures) telling that their football team was being thrown out of the league for accepting bribes, etc. Additional copies of these works of art were put on sale at Cornell, complete with explanations of the masterful plot.

MICHAEL NAGLER
Ithaca, N.Y.

Slum Rebellion

Dear Sirs:

The article by Frank Taylor THE SLUM THAT REBELLED in your April 21 issue could not have been more timely. What better answer to those who uphold segregation on the grounds that those who are discriminated against are unwilling to help themselves?

WAKEFIELD J. CRONIN
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I quote: "Two thirds of the families were of Mexican origin, the rest Negro, Japanese, Italian and a few "Anglos," as the Caucasians are called."

Now, as an *American* of Italian ancestry, you have set me to wondering. Here I've been muddling along all my life in the belief that the Italians are members of the Caucasian (white) race. . . .

For your information, Mr. Taylor, the Italians are members of the Latin race, as opposed to the Anglo-Saxon race, but they are members of the Caucasian race. And for your further information, it was the Romans, ancestors of the present Italians, who brought the much-vaunted Anglo-Saxons down out of the trees and civilized them.

MRS. MARY A. GEORGE
Middle Village, N.Y.

● *Our apologies. But contemporary anthropologists don't accept the classifications, "Latin race" and "Anglo-Saxon race," either. Let's just say we all belong to the human race.*
—ED.

Check Watcher

Dear Sirs:

We are manufacturers of the Security Check Register, a camera which simultaneously photographs a check and the person cashing it, and are pioneers in the manufacturing of this protective device against bogus check passers. [BEWARE OF THE ARTFUL FORGER!, by Lester A. Pratt, as told to Hugh Morrow, April 28.]

We were pleased to note you used a photograph of our camera in one of our

installations together with the sign notifying the customer that his picture is being taken together with that of his check [see cut]. However, nowhere do we find any mention of the Security Check Register.

MAURY E. DOROS
New York, N.Y.

(Continued on Page 6)

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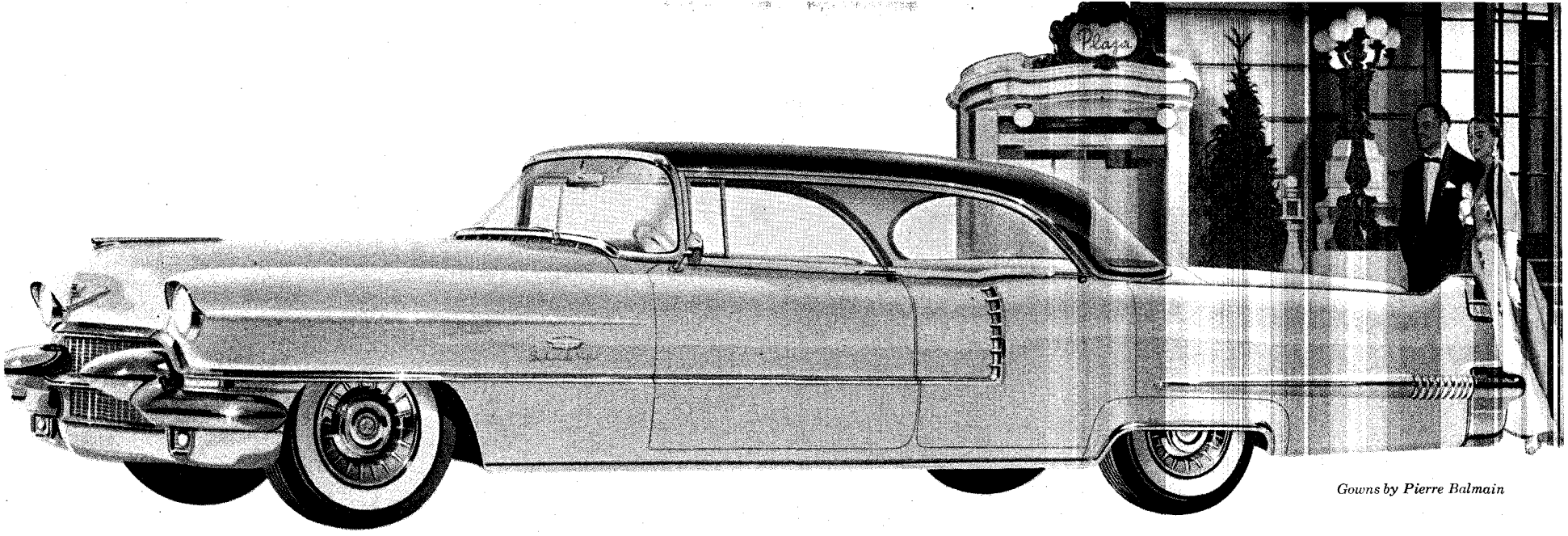

Gowns by Pierre Balmain

There is a satisfaction in driving a Cadillac which even Cadillac owners find difficult to describe. It is more than the enjoyment of Cadillac's great comfort and handling ease . . . or the thrill of Cadillac's marvelous performance. It's the feeling of pride and well-being that the car inspires in a man . . . a wonderful awareness that he is in command of the world's most admired and respected motor car. And, intangible though it may be, owners tell us it is very real—and that it adds to the pleasure of every mile they drive. Why not stop in soon and see for yourself? Your dealer will be happy to give you the keys —and to acquaint you with some wonderful news about the ease and economy with which you can make driving a Cadillac a daily pleasure.

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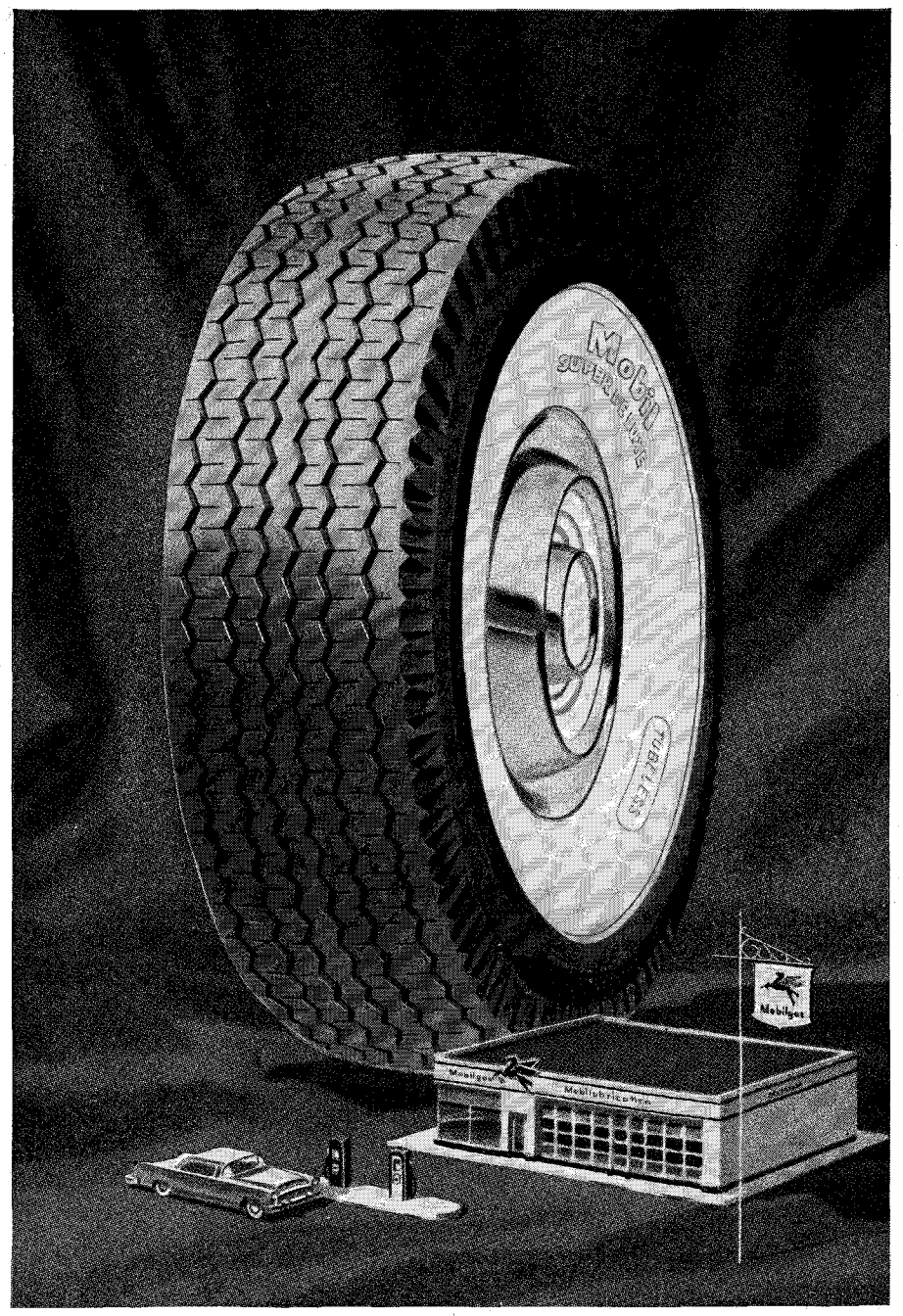

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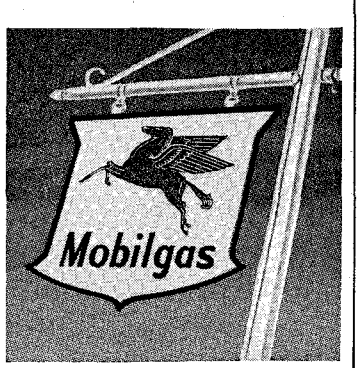

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Lots of Cradles

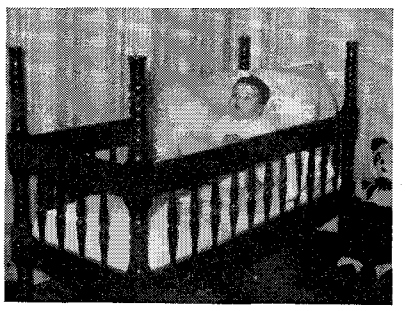
Dear Sirs:

WHAT EVER BECAME OF THE CRADLE? by Thomas J. Naughton (April 28) does take me back! I was gently rocked in a homemade cradle constructed by cutting a section of a barrel off one side and attaching rockers hewn out of the virgin forest of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Old Virginia.

MRS. W. H. SCOGGINS
Borger, Texas

Dear Sirs:

My little girl, Susan, spent the first part of her life in a cradle made over 50 years ago by my grandfather for his first son. The spool posters were turned on a



hand lathe. Even though Susan has now outgrown her cradle, it stays in her room to hold her dolls.

MRS. JANET THOMAS
Morgantown, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

This snapshot was taken of our 2-month-old son just a few days ago in the cradle that his Great-Grandfather had recently made and shipped 1600 miles so his Great-Grandchild could be rocked to sleep.

He is 83 and has very poor eyesight, but nevertheless he decided that a child, even in this day and age, needed a cradle.

KENT STANLEY
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is a photograph of a cradle which I saw in a museum in Coffeyville,

Kansas. Since the pediatricians are now lauding the cradle and the manufacturers may soon be putting them out, they may be interested in this design. The sign on the wall . . . informs the visitors . . . that this is an automatic baby sitter. It can be cranked up and will then rock for some time.

LILY-B ROZAR
Howard, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

You don't have to have a cradle. Our baby slept in his buggy placed at the foot of our bed. We tied one end of a rope to the buggy and the other end to the head of the bed. When baby was restless and fussy at night we didn't even have to get out of bed to rock him. We had only to reach up and pull on the rope.

MRS. ROBERT HEILMAN
Cheboygan, Mich.

The President's Bears

Dear Sirs:

At last I have read a bear story that is not only delightful but believable. I refer to Ambassador Ellis O. Briggs' thoroughly documented MY TANGLE WITH THE PRESIDENT'S BEARS in the April 28th issue of the Post. This charming piece should be required reading in all schools and training centers for diplomats and bureaucrats. It could quite easily change the color of red tape.

EDMUND WARE SMITH
Dearborn, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The article by Ellis O. Briggs . . . was of more interest to me than possibly to the casual reader, for I was greatly fortunate to have been a member of this wonderfully articulate gentleman's staff at the American Embassy in Korea.

However, it is grossly inaccurate to describe Mr. Briggs as "a former American Ambassador"! He is very much in evidence as our American Ambassador to Peru.

JAYNE HUGHES
El Paso, Texas

● *The original copy read "former Ambassador to Korea," but the last two words were accidentally dropped.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Jim Burns. • 19–International, Hans Knopf. • 20–Two from International; Wide World. • 21–International, two from Wide World. • 22, 23–R. G. Harris. • 24, 25–Bill Shrout. • 26–Robert Meyers. • 27–Robert Guillain, Eastfoto, Keith Mease. • 28–Herblock (Washington Post and Times-Herald), International. • 29–Wide World, two anonymous; Wide World, two from International; Wide World, United Press, Wide World. • 30–Jack Woods. • 31–Carrol Jones. • 32–Pat Coffey, James Lewicki. 33–Pat Coffey. • 34, 35–Mac Conner. • 36, 37–Ollie Atkins, two from Library of Congress; Ollie Atkins, two from U. S. Navy; Ollie Atkins, two from International; National Archives, Wide World, Culver, U. S. Air Force, U. S. Army, Culver, Ollie Atkins, Culver, U. S. Navy, U. S. Army. • 38, 39–Hy Rubin. • 42, 43–Sid Avery. • 45–Bruce Bomberger. • 102–Pat Coffey. • 114–Robert Guillain. • 118–Dr. Rudolf H. Schloss, Herbert Connor, U. S. Air Force, Peter Gowland, Marilyn Damman.

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1. NEW REXALL HISTACALMA LOTION for itching, burning skin. Has antihistamine, calamine, benzocaine for soothing relief. 6 oz., **78¢**

REXALL HISTACALMA CREAM. 1½ oz. . . . **96¢**

2. REXALL EYELO DROPS soothe eyes irritated by wind, sun, smog, dust, travel. Plastic squeeze-a-drop bottle is easy to use anywhere. Keep one in car, one at home. 1 ounce. . . **79¢**

REXALL EYELO, lotion. ½ pt. with eyecup, **69¢**

REXALL THERMODEX TABLETS contain salt and dextrose to prevent heat cramps. 100, **49¢**

REXALL Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH. This amber-color mouthwash, gargle, multi-purpose antiseptic kills germs on contact. Pt., **79¢**

REXALL CASCARA COMPOUND TABLETS. Effective laxative. Bottle of 100, only. . . . . **59¢**

REXALL SUNBURN CREAM. 5-oz. Aerosol, **$1.49**

REXALL GYPSY CREAM FOR SUNBURN and other minor skin irritations. ½ pint, only **69¢**

REXALL POISON IVY LOTION quickly relieves itching and smarting. 5-ounce Aerosol. . **$1.69**

FIRST AID NEEDS

1. REXALL PRO-CAP ADHESIVE TAPE. Rexall's exclusive adhesive formula makes this stick better; yet it's less irritating than ordinary tape. Waterproof. ½" x 5 yds. . . . . **23¢**

2. REXALL REX-SALVINE FOR BURNS. Relieves pain, inhibits germ growth. 5-oz. Aerosol, **$1.39**

REXALL PLASTIC QUIK-BANDS. New "King" size 1" wide, 3" long. Buy 2—for home and car. Waterproof, flesh-colored, flexible. 25, only **49¢**

REXALL FIRST AID KIT—Save 52¢! 11 basic items and handbook. Reg. $2.50, now **$1.98**

REXALL COTTON BALLS. Handy for first aid, applying makeup, etc. Box of 65, only. . . . **39¢**

REXALL COTTON SQUARES. 2". 80, only. . **43¢**

REXALL GAUZE BANDAGE. 1½"x 10 yds., **23¢**

REXALL QUIK-PADS. 2 x 2" gauze. 12, only **30¢**

REXALL COTTON. Sterile. 1 ounce, only. . **20¢**

REXALL EPOTHRICIN, antibiotic first-aid for minor cuts, scratches. Doesn't sting or stain, helps prevent infection, promotes healing, soothes, forms protective film. 1 ounce. . . **79¢**

REXALL GERMATINE FOR CUTS, SCRATCHES. Powerful antiseptic, germicide and disinfectant. Doesn't sting or stain. 6 ounce, only **79¢**

REX-EME MEDICATED POWDER for minor cuts, skin irritations. Relieves pain, helps prevent infection, promotes healing. 3 ounce. . . . . **59¢**

REXALL SKIN ANTISEPTIC FOR CUTS and scratches. New formula. 1-oz. bottle, only **33¢**

REXALL CALAMINE LOTION for simple skin irritations. 4 oz. Plain or with phenol, only **35¢**

REXALL BORIC ACID OINTMENT. Protects, promotes healing of cuts, chafing. 1 oz., **25¢**

REXALL ZINC OXIDE OINTMENT. Soothes and protects simple skin irritations. 1-oz. tube, **23¢**

Jumbo Circus Days
BIG TOP of Rexall FAMILY FAVORITES
SERVE YOURSELF
You can depend on any drug product that bears the name
Rexall
Rexall

LOOK for this JUMBO CIRCUS DAYS display of Rexall Family Favorites at your Rexall Drug Store!

REXALL ASPIRIN. No finer, faster-acting aspirin made—at any price! And every tablet is guaranteed to contain a full 5 grains. Bottle of 100 tablets, a buy at only **54¢**

REXALL PLASTIC QUIK-BANDS are waterproof, flexible and flesh-colored. Made with Rexall's Pro-Cap adhesive to be less irritating; stick better. Box of 47, only **59¢**. Box of 33, only. . **39¢**

SUMMER-FUN

1. HAIRBRUSHES for men or women. Lucite back; long nylon bristles. 4-color choice. Each, $2.00 value, now. . **$1.69**

2. LEATHER BILLFOLDS. Styles for men and women. Each, $3.50 value. . **$1.69**

3. STAG LATHER BRUSH. Bristles are set in rubber. $3.50 value, now. . . . **$1.98**

STAG SPECIALS FOR FATHER'S DAY AND EVERY DAY

NEW! STAG ELECTRIC SHAVE LOTION

Conditions whiskers for smoother, faster, closer shaves without stickiness. Stimulating, freshening, fragrant. 6-oz. bottle ONLY **$1.00**

½ PRICE! STAG AFTER-SHAVE STICK AND DEODORANT STICK

Two favorites in easy-to-use stick form (each 2½ oz.). Groom for your day the popular Stag way! Together a $2.00 val. NOW **98¢**

STAG DEODORANT CREAM not only prevents odor but safely stops perspiration and keeps underarms dry even on active summer days. 1½ oz., reg. 50¢, now during June, only **39¢**

STAG SPRAY DEODORANT. In unbreakable squeeze-bottle. Effective anti-perspirant with spicy Stag fragrance preferred by men. No waste, no muss! 3 oz., regular 98¢, now **79¢**

STAG CREAM HAIR DRESSING. Keeps hair neat without matted-down look or greasy film. 4-ounce tube, reg. 60¢, now only. . . . . **49¢**

STAG HAIR OIL. Controls even the most unruly hair. 6-oz. bottle, reg. 75¢, now only **59¢**

STAG SHAVING CREAM. Choose from 3 types. 4.8-oz. brushless; 3¼-oz. bay rum or coolated. Rich, non-wilt lather for quick, clean shaves. Save 11¢ on each tube. Reg. 50¢, now just **39¢**

REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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Days

REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS. Just one daily tablet supplies more than your minimum of all vitamins with known minimums. 11 vitamins in all, plus 12 valuable minerals, with true liver concentrate and 1½ times your iron and iodine minimums. Bottle of 72, **$4.79**

REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS JUNIOR. Easy-to-swallow multi-vitamins for children ages 6 to 12. One daily supplies more than the minimum of all vitamins with known minimums, plus B_{12}. Bottle of 72, only **$3.29**

REXALL R.P.R. BUFFERED ASPIRIN acts twice as fast as aspirin alone, without upsetting stomach—thanks to "buffer" action of 2 antacids. 45. **53¢**

REXALL DE LUXE TOOTHBRUSHES. Choose now from several medically-approved styles and textures. Each, only **59¢**

REXALL BISMA-REX POWDER gives fast 4-way relief from acid-upset stomach. Antacid action continues several hours! 4¾ ounces, only.. **89¢**

SPECIALS. SEE HOW YOU SAVE!

5

REXALL LUXURY TISSUES, big boxes 300. A stock-up special..**3 for 59¢**

POLAROID SUNGLASSES with smartly-shaped plastic frame. 98¢ value...**59¢**

6

CAPE COD VACUUM BOTTLES, quart. Wide-mouth, $3.35 value, **$2.59.** Regular-mouth, $2.55 value, now only **$2.19**

7

7. TRAVEL ALARM CLOCK, Artco. Only 3" square! Has 30-hr. imported precision movement, luminous dial, genuine leather case. $5.95 value, only..**$4.69**

8

8. TUMBLERS, big 11-oz. size. Festival cut glass, smart design. Set of 6 in carry-pack, 90¢ value, now only..**59¢**

9

10

9. MAN'S WRIST WATCH, jeweled Swiss movement, shock-resistant. Has sweep second hand, luminous dial, chrome case, leather strap, guarantee slip. **$5.99**

10. GARDEN HOSE, plastic, 50-ft. Has 5-year guarantee. $4.95 value...**$3.99**

CARA NOME PERMACREME STICKS stay on, stay creamy. 13 shades, from Inky Pink to startling Tangerine (for redheads) and Deep Plum Red. Ea., **$1.10**

CARA NOME SUNTAN LOTION contains a sun-screening agent to filter out many of sun's harmful rays, let tanning rays through. 4-oz. plastic bottle... **98¢**

LORD BALTIMORE PORTFOLIO. Writing folder with paper and env's. **47¢**

39¢ PAPER OR PACK OF ENVELOPES, now each..**29¢**

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME REXALL

INSECT KILLERS

ELKAYS AEROSOL INSECT KILLER quickly knocks down flies, gnats, mosquitoes, many flying and crawling pests. Full pint....**$1.59**

REXALL INSECT REPELLENT keeps bugs away from you, indoors or out. Use on screens, *doorway, window sills; or on your trousers* cuffs to repel gnats, chiggers, fleas, mosquitoes. Choose from 2 forms: 5-oz. Aerosol spray, **$1.19;** or 2-oz. bottle of lotion, only.....**59¢**

ELKAYS AEROSOL MOTH PROOFER kills moths, eggs and larvae. Moth-proofs a suit for a year. Prevents carpet-beetle damage; moth-proofs drapes, upholstery, woolens, closets, storage areas. Non-injurious, non-staining when used as directed. 12 ounce, only..**$1.95**

ELKAYS ROSE AND PLANT SPRAY, Aerosol. Kills aphids, thrips, white fly, spider mites, leaf hoppers—on roses, African violets, English ivy, dahlias and many others. 12 ounce..**$1.69**

1. ELKAYS ANT AND ROACH KILLER is guaranteed to get 'em at the push of a button. Contains Chlordane. 10-oz. Aerosol....**$1.19**

2. ELKAYS NON-DDT INSECT KILLER, Aerosol. Non-staining and safe when used as directed. Contains DuPont's Methoxychlor. Spray into air to kill mosquitoes, flies, gnats. Use also for ants, roaches, silverfish. 12 ounce.....**$1.59**

ELKAYS NON-DDT INSECT KILLER, in liquid form. Effective formula in pint bottle....**69¢**

FAMILY SAVINGS

REXALL FUNGI-REX FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT. Fast relief from itching, burning of Athlete's Foot. Exclusive Rexall formula loosens infected skin to expose the fungus to the fungus-killing ingredients; helps prevent re-infection. Choose your favorite of these 4 forms:

FUNGI-REX AEROSOL, spray. 4 ounce..**$1.59**

FUNGI-REX GREASELESS SALVE, 1½ oz., **75¢**

FUNGI-REX LOTION, 2-oz. bottle.....**79¢**

FUNGI-REX POWDER, 4 ounce.....**59¢**

REXALL MONACET APC promptly relieves headache and colds 3 ways. 100 tablets, only **79¢**

REXALL BISMA-REX MATES. Exclusive antacid formula in easy-to-take tablet form. Ingredients act in relay for quick, effective and prolonged relief from acid-upset stomach. 75 tablets, **89¢**

STAG CREAM HAIR TONIC. Lanolin keeps hair neat without "plastered down" look. Relieves dandruff, itching scalp by helping replace natural oils. 3-ounce bottle, only.....**43¢**

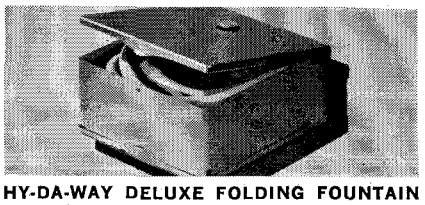
STAG HAIR OIL. 3-oz. bottle, only.....**40¢**

STAG LIP AID soothes chapped lips; protects against drying effects of sun, wind, water, **39¢**

STAG "READY SHAVE." Clean, smooth shaves in minutes! 5-ounce Aerosol.....**$1.00**

STAG AFTER SHAVE LOTION, 3 oz.....**60¢**

NEW! CARA NOME NAIL DRY. This Aerosol spray instantly dries your nail polish — no waiting, no smearing, no residue. 5 oz., **$1.00**



HY-DA-WAY DELUXE FOLDING FOUNTAIN SYRINGE. Finest white rubber. Folds into its own jewel-like case of satin-finish aluminum with cameo on top. Holds more than 2 qts. Easy to fill, easy to dry and hy-da-way...**$6.45**

GRADUATION GIFT IDEAS

SPUNTEX STRETCH NYLONS—a graduation-gift special. Glamorous 60 gauge, 15 denier hosiery. Plain or dark seam, in choice of lovely summer shades. Pair, reg. $1.49.....**$1.29**

GRADUATION GIFTS at Rexall Drug Stores include Cara Nome beauty aids; Stag toiletries.

***YOUR REXALL DRUGGIST** is a prescription specialist... dedicated to the health and welfare of your community.*

These suggested retail prices are effective through June 30, 1956 and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 54, California.

Rexall DRUG STORES

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Editorials

Britons Can Still Give the Fisheye to Bounders

The British have been the targets of sharp and justifiable criticism in this country, including some by the Post, on account of their apparent eagerness to establish normal trade relations with the Soviet empire. However, the visit of Khrushchev and Bulganin to London revived in the British people something of the proud and defiant disdain with which they greeted the swashbuckling Nazis fifteen years ago. "What kind of people do they think we are?" Winston Churchill shouted when his country was confronted by some particularly odious Hitlerean proposal. Mr. Khrushchev, who seems to have hoped to bluff Britain into some sort of deal by his boast that he had the ultimate weapon in his arsenal, discovered the answer to Churchill's rhetorical question. The British have their faults, but they don't scare easily.

It has been said that, should official Washington be misled into inviting "Khrush" and "Bulge," as they were known in London, to this country, they would get a razzberry which would make their reception in London seem like Chesterfieldian hospitality. Maybe so, but Britain set a standard in brush-off tactics which we might have trouble in equaling. Is there anybody over here with the zeal and energy of Malcolm Muggeridge, editor of Punch (British humor magazine), who did his best to organize mass meetings in opposition to the Khrushchev-Bulganin visit? Muggeridge, a former admirer of the U.S.S.R. who learned the truth about communism the hard way during a tour of duty as Moscow correspondent for the Manchester Guardian, couldn't find a hall for his meeting in London, so he put it on in Manchester. (Official England didn't do as well as the amateurs. It did its best to prevent Muggeridge's mass meeting.)

America could probably rely on Labor's George Meany to duplicate the performance of his British opposite numbers by asking—subject to rebuttal by Walter Reuther—"Where are the Social Democrats in Russia? When are they to be released from concentration camps?" Indeed, according to Herbert A. Philbrick, of the New York Herald Tribune, it was an American Socialist editor who tipped off his British brethren to the most embarrassing questions asked of Khrush and Bulge. Sol Levitas, editor of the New Leader, New York Socialist weekly, gave the English Labor men the score on Social Democrats murdered or imprisoned in the Soviet Union. Thus America deserves some of the credit for the rout of the Red purgers in England.

But our anti-anti-communist social leaders, intellectuals and featherheads generally could spoil it all, with their overweening anxiety to be tolerant of intolerable people! Such innocents, plus some politicians who are always willing to compromise American principles, will bear watching if these missionaries of the Kremlin ever arrive.

A Little More Patience Would Help Solve Our Race Problems

Controversy over the Supreme Court's decision outlawing racial segregation in public schools might be less vitriolic if the disputants on both sides were more favorable to patience. Southern white people direct their energies to various plans for total resistance to the court's decision, while Negro leaders, at any rate in the Northern states, mess up the cause by exacerbating already tense white Southerners by a series of legal actions and unnecessarily provocative statements of what they are going to do next.

In a recent address, Gov. Theodore R. McKeldin, of Maryland, put the thing into historical perspective by reminding his audience that it is less than a century since his state was so tragically divided on a great national issue that brother literally fought against brother. The governor assured his audience that Maryland had accepted the Supreme Court's decision, and that the problem of enforcement was relatively unimportant there. But the burden of his address was to urge patience with communities where the problem of desegregation challenges traditions and prejudices which are less passionately adhered to elsewhere. Speaking of those representing both races who were trying to arrive at a solution, Governor McKeldin said, "There was no precedent to reassure them, for their aim was to achieve something that has not yet been successfully accomplished anywhere else in the world—a society in which a very large minority can live on amicable and equal terms with a majority of a disparate race."

The novelty of the undertaking is too often ignored. The Maryland governor's mention of it should do something to counteract despair of any progress at all. After all, the past is not without its achievements. It is quite possible, as Governor McKeldin predicted, that "future historians, with a better perspective than we have, one day will be astonished not by the slowness but by the speed with which a formerly subjugated race was integrated in a new social system."

Americans are often twitted by foreigners, even by Englishmen, over our failure to solve the race problem. And yet it would be a brash Englishman who would maintain that the black people in Kenya or Tanganyika, the scene of Great Britain's race problem, are better off than Negroes in the United States! Despite the blots on our record from the days of slavery to the present, there is much in it to support the contention that the relation between the races here need not fear comparison with similar situations anywhere else in the world, from the Middle East to India. Having got this far, who shall say we can go no farther?

If the Free Market is Destroyed, Farmers Will be Worse Off

Political support of farm prices has produced several effects which its sponsors didn't count on. We have priced ourselves out of foreign markets for several crops, and the surpluses stored in Government warehouses are a continuous threat to prices of later crops.

This kind of thing is apparently accepted as a reasonable price to pay for what we've got. But another "side effect" appears. Government aid inevitably means Government marketing and the destruction of the country's private-marketing system. The Commodity Credit Corporation now monopolizes the marketing of subsidized crops. The number of commission merchants, whose function is to move grain to mill and market, has been sharply reduced.

The present trend is for the Federal Government to become the sole marketer of farm crops, thus doing away with such trifles as price and value. But before we try this it may be well to consider Canada, where the private-marketing system for farm products has been destroyed.

Not long ago the Canadian Wheat Board, which replaced thousands of private merchants, made one mistake which cost Canadian farmers three quarters of a billion dollars. The dominion monopoly had exhausted its funds, and there was no other buyer! But the Canadian Wheat Board is still the sole marketing agent for Canada's farmers. It sets the price and the amount of produce which the farmer may raise, but it still hasn't sold all of his 1954 crop and very little of 1955!

Experience indicates the wisdom of hanging onto the free market, or whatever is left of it.

Egypt Gets Set for Western-Type Crime

Touching evidence of the faith in America's mission to backward countries is the decision of Egypt to purchase about $100,000 worth of advanced crime-detecting apparatus. According to criminologist Ahmed Kahlifa, of Cairo University, as quoted by Kathleen McLaughlin in The New York Times, present-day Egypt is way behind the United States when it comes to big-time crime. Egypt has its share of purse snatchers and crimes of passion, but is short on advanced forms of swindling.

But Mr. Kahlifa predicts that as Egypt becomes industrialized and "civilized" and gets into the big money, "the gap will narrow between the types of felonies in Egypt and those in the United States." *Semper Paratus* is Egypt's motto when it comes to dealing with the blessings of advanced civilizations.

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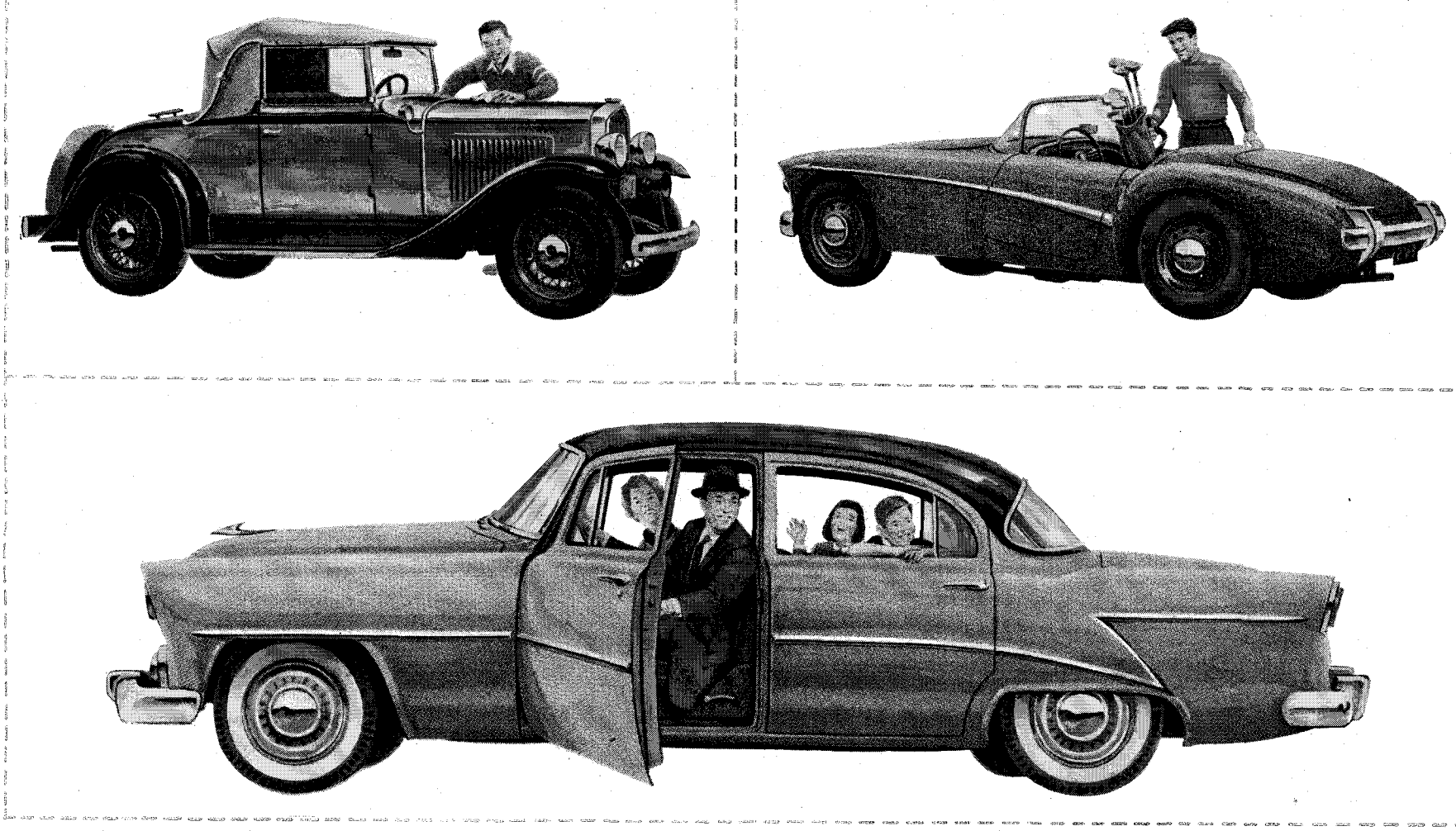

Whatever you drive, here's how to drive it more *safely!*

EVERY TIME you take to the road you have a great responsibility . . . *to drive safely and sensibly.* This responsibility holds good no matter whether you're traveling over the familiar streets of your home town or making a long vacation trip. Only when driving is done with the utmost care, caution and courtesy . . . *at all times* . . . can our streets and roads become safer for you, your fellow motorists and pedestrians.

Just how urgent is it for everyone to know and obey traffic laws and observe the rules of the road? The answer is found in some shocking statistics:

Every hour of every day, on the average, 4 lives are lost and 150 people are hurt in motor vehicle accidents

That adds up to a yearly traffic toll of over 38,000 deaths, well over a million injuries and costs mounting into the billions of dollars.

How can you help reverse this tragic trend and make motoring the pleasure it should be? Here are some safety suggestions that may help hold highway disasters in check:

1. Check your speed—It has been found that about 3 out of 10 drivers involved in fatal accidents each year were guilty of violating speed laws. Always slow down at night and when road, traffic and weather conditions are hazardous. Remember, speeding doesn't always get you to your destination sooner than a safe, slower rate of driving.

2. Check yourself — Research has shown that about 1 out of 14 drivers involved in fatal accidents had a physical or mental condition—such as worry, fatigue and sleepiness—that was a contributing factor in the accident. So, never drive when you're upset or tired. Today's traffic demands that you keep all your senses alert as you drive.

3. Check your car—Keeping your car in safe operating condition is *your* responsibility—not your mechanic's. You can judge for yourself whether brakes, tires, steering wheel, lights and windshield wipers are in proper working order. If you notice any defects, have them corrected immediately. Don't wait until it's time for your next semiannual car check to have even the most minor trouble corrected.

4. Check your driving habits — Now and then, the most skilful drivers tend to become a bit careless. They may become less considerate of other drivers and of pedestrians—or take chances on violating this or that traffic law. Remember, all rules of the road are made to help you, not to hinder you. When you violate a law, you are asking for an accident.

The fact that you've never had a mishap is no proof that you are the complete master of your car. Perhaps you've been lucky . . . and luck has a way of running out sooner or later. So, drive as if your life depended on it. *It does!*

To help increase the safety and pleasure of your motoring, send for Metropolitan's booklet, *How's Your Driving?* Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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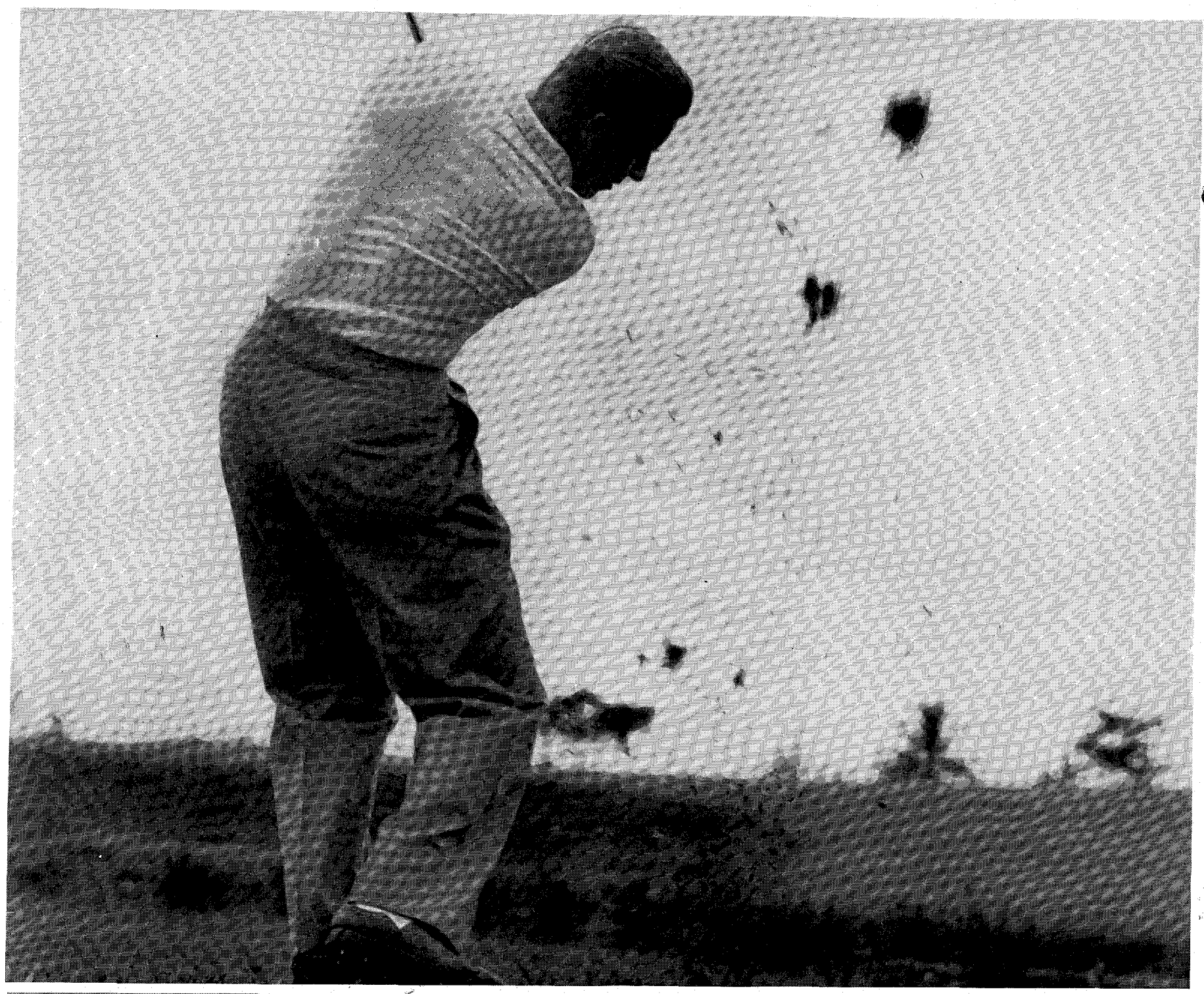
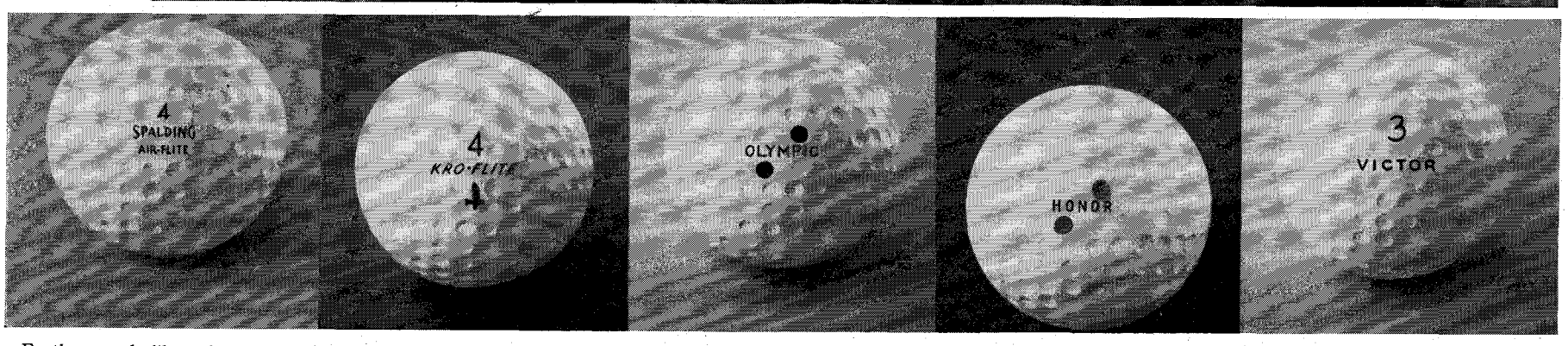
Are you playing the right Spalding ball?





For the man who likes to knock them out 200 yards or more, Spalding has the new AIR-FLITE® ball. Built with the new DURA-THIN* cover, this high compression ball withstands scuffing, bruising far longer . . . stays perfectly round to putt truly. $14.75 doz., 3 for $3.75.

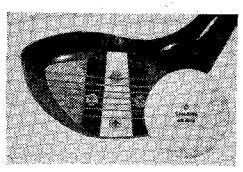
Another long-wearing ball, made for rough wood-iron treatment, is the popular KRO-FLITE.® Its tough cover holds up far better than any ordinary top-quality golf ball. Pound the KRO-FLITE round after round—it's made to take it. $14.75 doz., 3 for $3.75.

The Spalding OLYMPIC® is a tough-skinned golf ball, too. Medium-priced and made to last, the OLYMPIC combines the wearing qualities and playability usually found only in higher-priced balls. This popular, all-purpose ball, $11.40 doz., 3 for $2.85.

Spalding's top-selling, popular-priced golf ball is the new, durable HONOR. Like all other Spalding balls, the HONOR is made with True Tension winding, an exclusive Spalding feature, that gives it extra resilience and distance. The HONOR sells for $9.00 a doz., 3 for $2.25.

If economy is called for and quality a "must," the golf ball most in demand is the Spalding VICTOR.® This long-lasting ball is made with an extra-thick cover for durability . . . has extra-whiteness for better looks. Spalding VICTOR golf balls, $7.00 doz., 3 for $1.75.

Play Spalding clubs and balls—golf's most winning combination!
See them at your Spalding dealer's today.



*TRADE-MARK

SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

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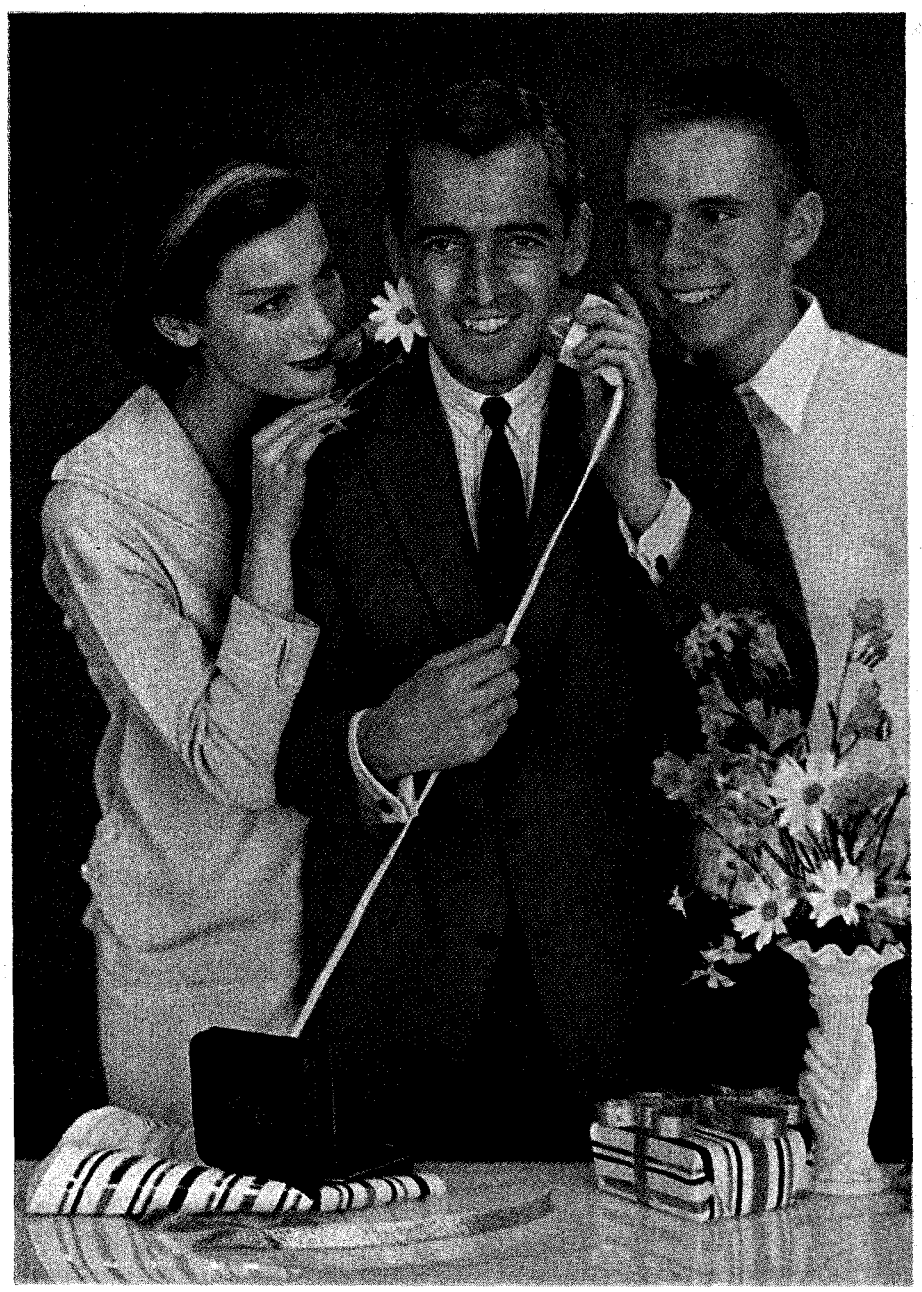
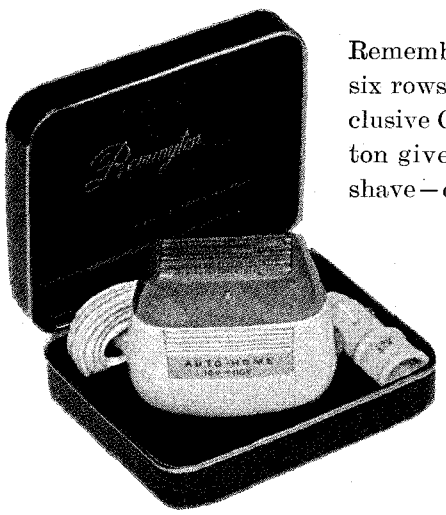


Dandy for Dad, great for your grad...

New Remington Shaver for Car and Home

GIVE HIM THE WORLD'S ONLY 2-IN-1 SHAVER...
A UNIQUE NEW VERSION OF THE FAMOUS 60 DELUXE

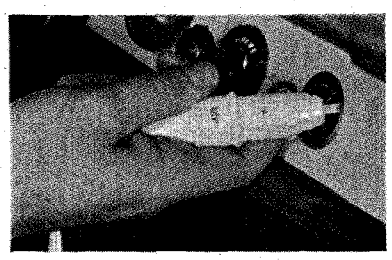
Give him two electric shavers in one. For Father's Day or graduation—it's a new, novel and wonderfully practical gift. Wherever a man drives, whenever he wants it, he gets a peach of a shave at the flick of a switch. Just watch. He'll make this unique "Auto-Home" his constant travel companion. He'll bless you for thinking of it!



Remember, only a Remington 60 DeLuxe has six rows of Diamond Honed cutters, plus exclusive Contour-glide action. Only a Remington gives such a close, clean, comfortable shave—each and every time!

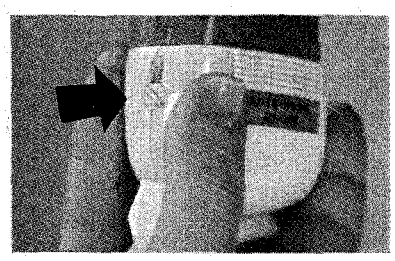
CHOICE OF MODELS:
6 VOLT & 110 VOLT
12 VOLT & 110 VOLT

Deluxe black-and-gold travel case comes complete with cigarette lighter adapter and cord.



WORKS IN AUTO

Comes complete with handy adapter ...snaps into lighter socket for a quick, clean, man-sized shave.



WORKS AT HOME

Simply re-set the master-switch to home voltage... plug in for a close, smooth, peach of a shave.

NEW *Remington 60 de luxe*

AUTO·HOME

Remember the Remington guarantee. A 15-day free-trial plan guarantees better shaves—or your money back. See your dealer today.

Watch "What's My Line" and "Caesar's Hour" on network TV.

Sponsored by Remington Rand Division of Sperry Rand Corporation

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Newest 14-cubic-foot General Electric has Revolving Shelves . .

Model LH-14N 14 cubic feet of room to store everything . . . and everything is so easy to reach! Available in Mix-or-Match Colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White. With either right- or left-hand doors.

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Refrigerator-Freezer Magnetic Door

Revolving Shelves put all foods at your fingertips . . . Magnetic Door closes surely, silently, automatically!

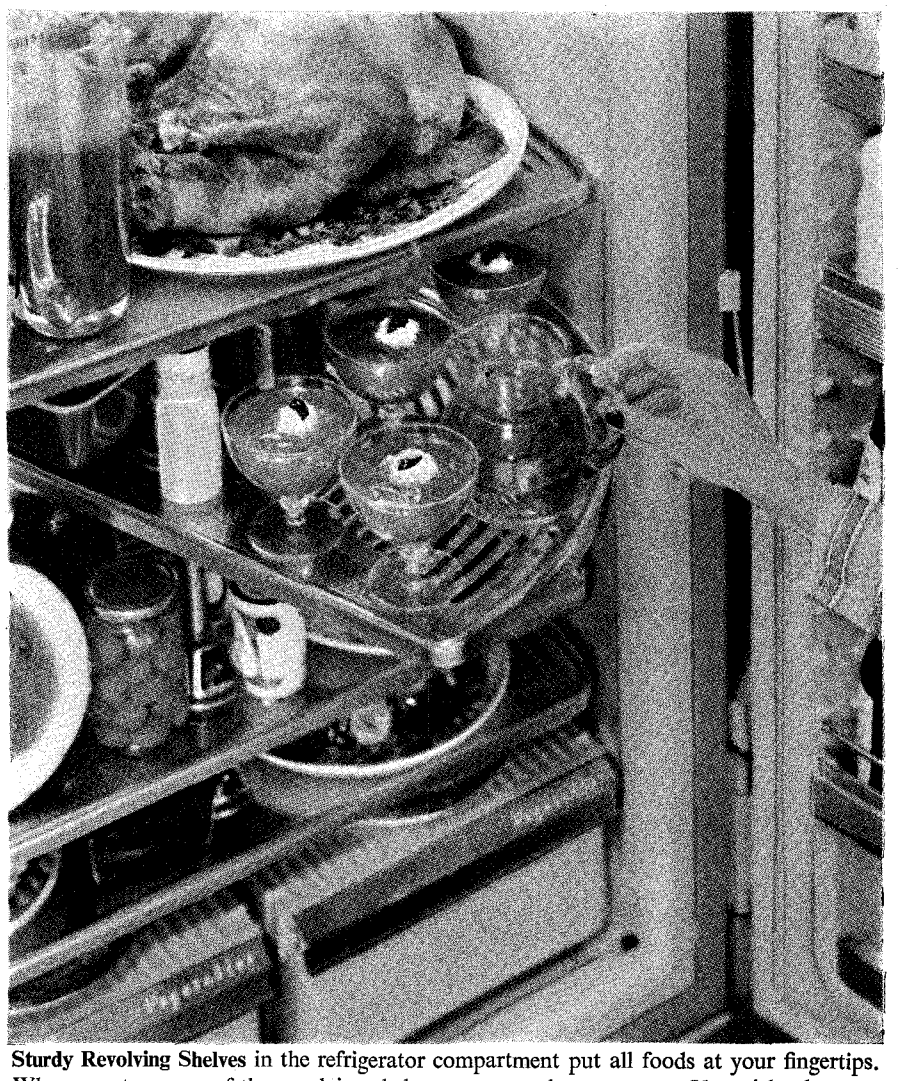
There's so much room in this General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer . . . 14 cubic feet . . . plenty for the large or growing family!

Actually there are *two* extra-large appliances in one streamlined cabinet! The refrigerator compartment is at the top where it's most convenient. The zero-degree freezer is at the bottom as a separate appliance that gives you almost *double* the freezer space found in most other refrigerators.

The refrigerator compartment has handy G-E Revolving Shelves that put everything within easy reach.

The new magnetic door on the refrigerator section swings shut automatically and seals more effectively than ever before. So safe, too! Children can't be locked inside the refrigerator section because the door is *latchless* and can be opened easily from within!

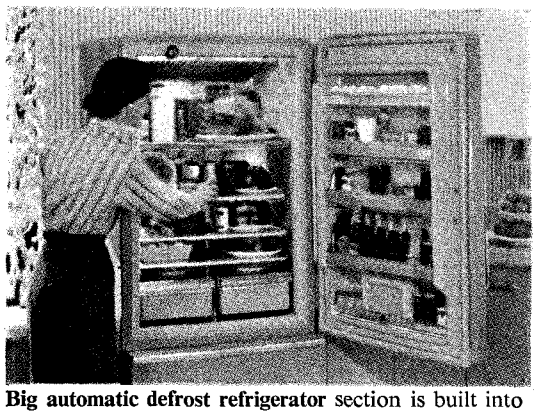
Ask your General Electric dealer about easy terms and generous trade-in allowances. Look him up in your local classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



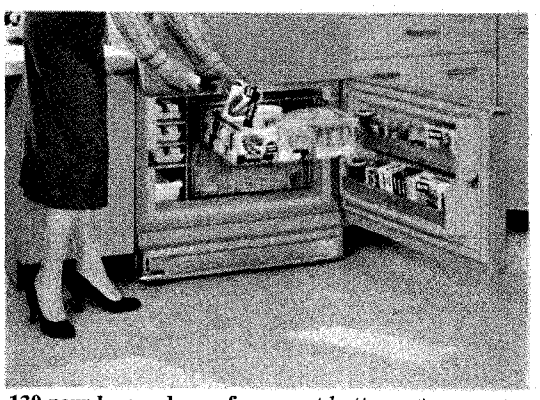
Sturdy Revolving Shelves in the refrigerator compartment put all foods at your fingertips. When you turn one of the revolving shelves, you see what you want. You pick what you want without overturning other foods. No more hard-to-reach corners.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

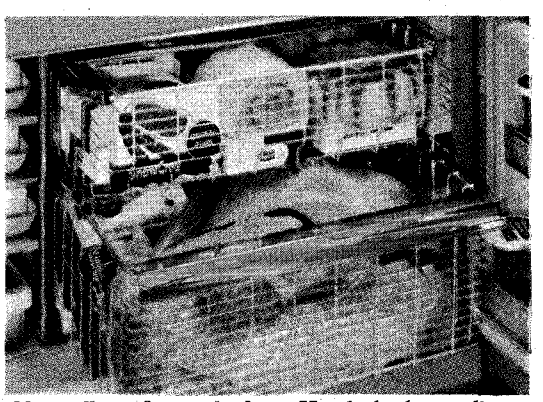
GENERAL ELECTRIC



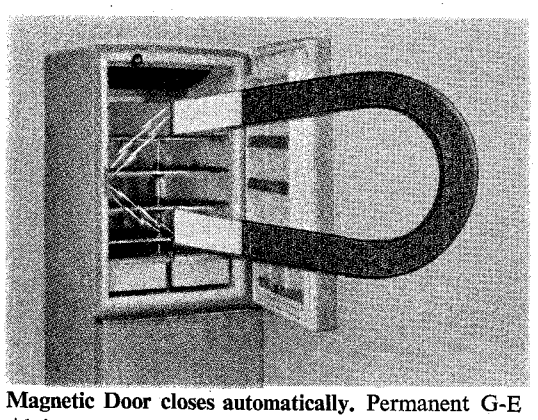
Big automatic defrost refrigerator section is built into the top because you use it more often. Includes fold-away bottleracks, adjustable door shelves.



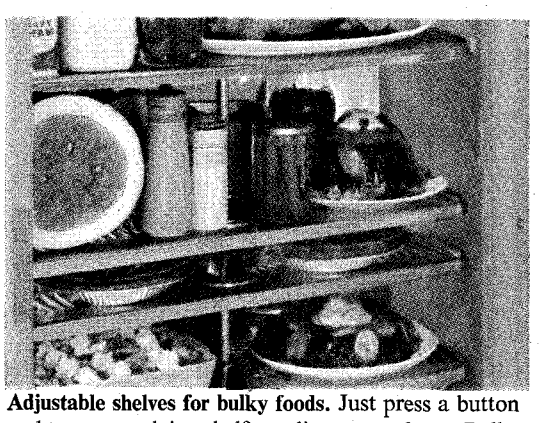
130-pound, zero-degree freezer, at bottom, stores up to 150 frozen food packages. Has separate door, insulation and refrigerating system.



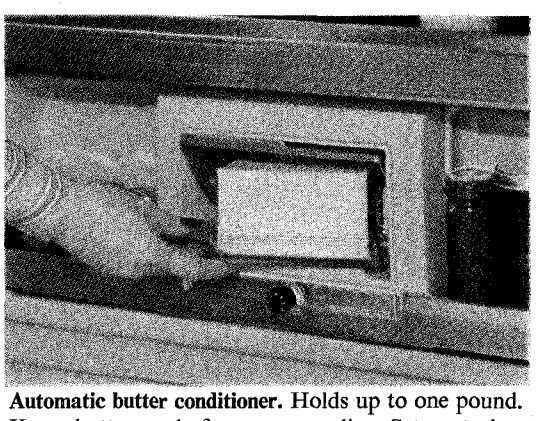
New roll-out freezer baskets. Handy baskets roll out easily and silently. Ice cream and frozen juice shelves are built into the freezer door.



Magnetic Door closes automatically. Permanent G-E Alnico magnet on refrigerator door does the trick. Foot pedal opens freezer door at the touch of your toe.



Adjustable shelves for bulky foods. Just press a button and turn a revolving shelf to adjust up or down. Bulky or flat foods fit easily.



Automatic butter conditioner. Holds up to one pound. Keeps butter ready for easy spreading. Set control to get butter the way you like it.

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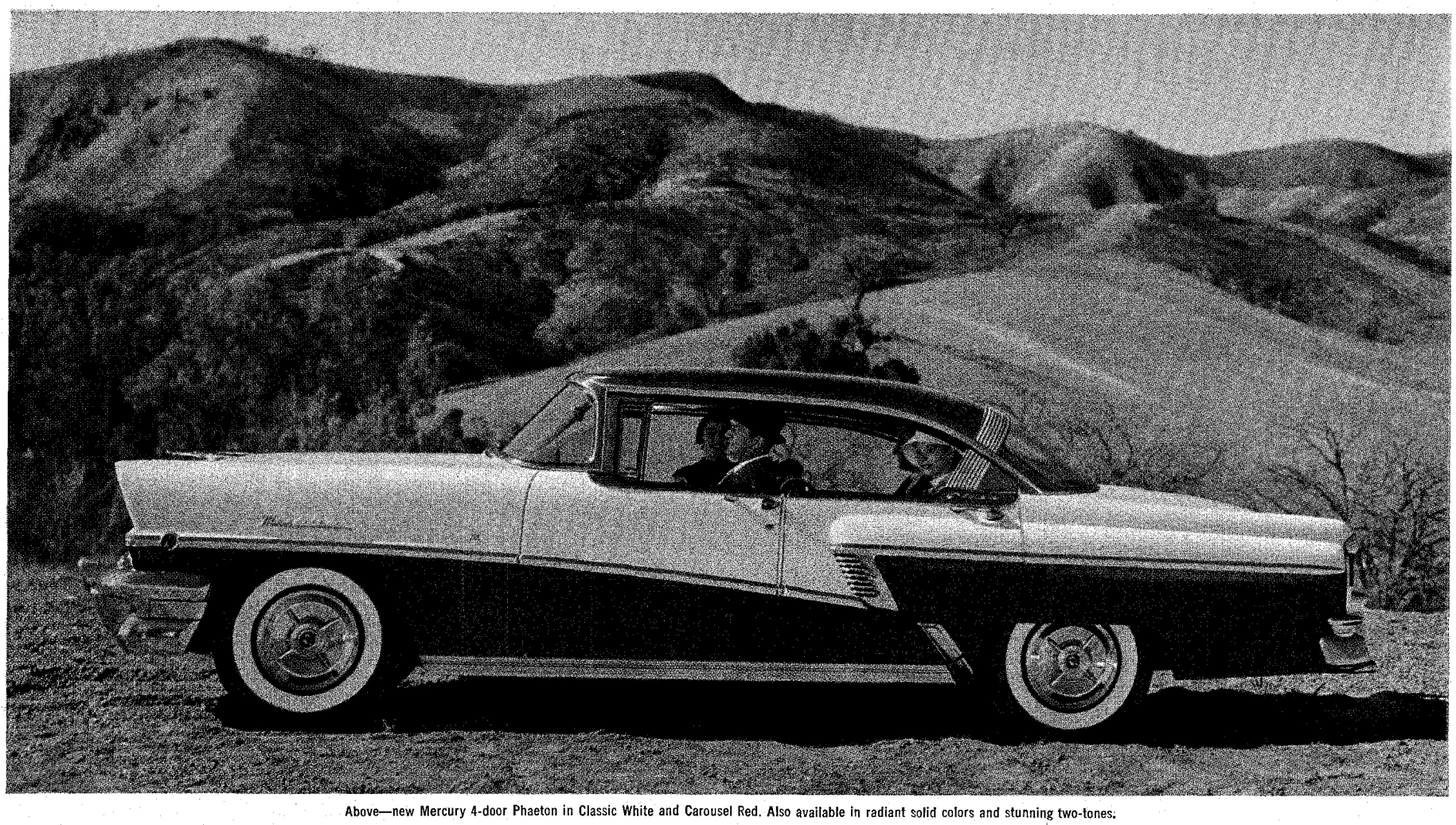
SHAKEDOWN TEST at Arizona proving ground. In two weeks we gave THE BIG M punishment you would never give your car in years of ordinary driving. We proved again and again that Mercury adjusts instantly and automatically to the roughest road, the sharpest curve, thanks to ball-joint suspension—an exclusive in Mercury's field.

We proved THE BIG M's riding comfort... on rougher roads than you'll ever see



Above—new Mercury 4-door Phaeton in Classic White and Carousel Red. Also available in radiant solid colors and stunning two-tones.

You're a Mercury test driver.

Fasten your seat belt. Look at the "road" ahead. (Looks more like the bottom of a granite quarry.) Now step on the accelerator. You're off—on one of Mercury's murderous man-made test tracks—to find new ways to keep THE BIG M ahead of its field in riding ease.

• • • •

These tests demonstrate THE BIG M'S new *reflex action*—a car that adjusts *instantly* to changing road conditions—and responds *instantly* to your every driving command.

And instant response is just one of the "Big 4" of THE BIG M.

There's new BIG M *beauty*—a youthful, more dynamic brand of styling. And there's *Safety-First Design*. And most important, there's *provable value:* low starting price, low operating cost, and consistently high resale value. All good reasons why you should see THE BIG M now at your Mercury dealer's.

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

For 1956_the big move is to

THE BIG MERCURY

A MAGNIFICENT VALUE IN THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS

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IT'S REALLY TRUE! THIS FLEET-PROVED

Goodyear Truck Tire

built with TRIPLE-TEMPERED 3-T Cord

is only
$19.95
Size 6.00-16 plus tax and recappable tire—yes, no more than you'd pay for some auto tires! Other sizes also attractively low-priced. Prices subject to change.
It's the famous
HI-MILER RIB
and you can get it on
CONVENIENT BUDGET TERMS
AT MOST GOODYEAR DEALERS'!
Pay as little as $2 weekly for a pair of these great truck tires!
GOODYEAR
HI-MILER RIB

It stands to reason that a truck tire design must be *TOPS* to be the favorite of America's biggest trucking fleets—and the HI-MILER RIB was that for years!

Now this same famous design, combined with a body of Goodyear's amazingly strong 3-T Cord, is ready to go to work for *you*—to give you performance and durability unmatched by any other tire in its price range!

Only Goodyear tires have Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord – but there's no extra charge for it! Just go to your nearest Goodyear dealer's and ask for the fleet-proved HI-MILER RIB—and start real trucking savings from that day on! (You can save on *tubeless* HI-MILER RIB, too! We have it in 15″ and 16″ sizes!) Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Look for this sign
at your nearby Goodyear dealer's.
See him for better tire values—better tire care.
Convenient credit terms.

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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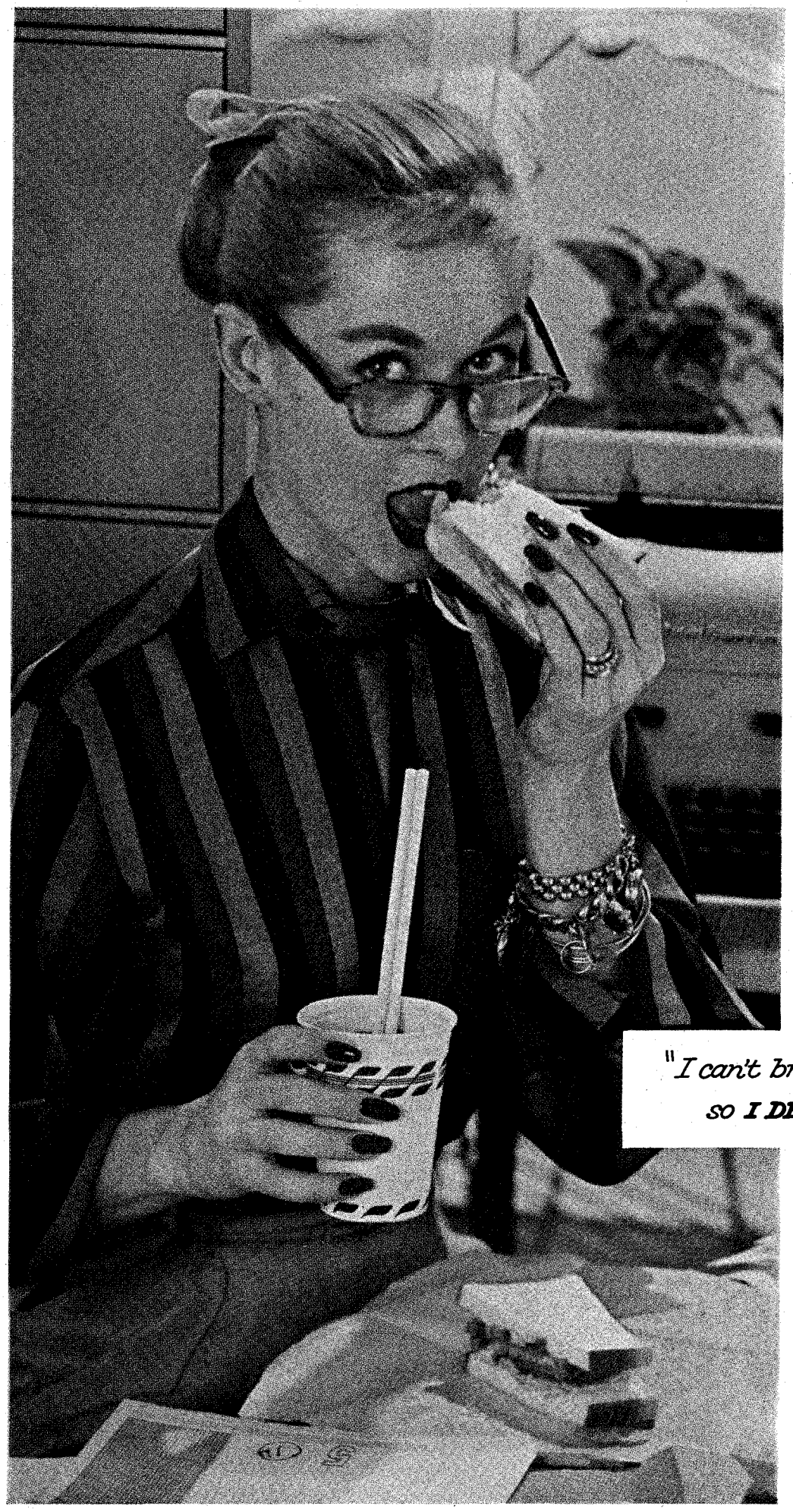
Here's why so many people use

ONLY GLEEM...*the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA BEFORE BRUSHING—THESE ARE THE CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY.

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED.

If you could brush after every meal, any good toothpaste would do . . . but if you can't always brush, even though it's best, then you should use Gleem. One Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria . . . gives added resistance to decay. And Gleem's flavor is so wonderful even youngsters like to use it regularly! And for children, regular after-meal brushing is a *proven* way to reduce decay. Remember, there's only *one* Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Start *your* day with Gleem.

"*I can't brush after every meal, so* ***I DEPEND ON GLEEM!***"

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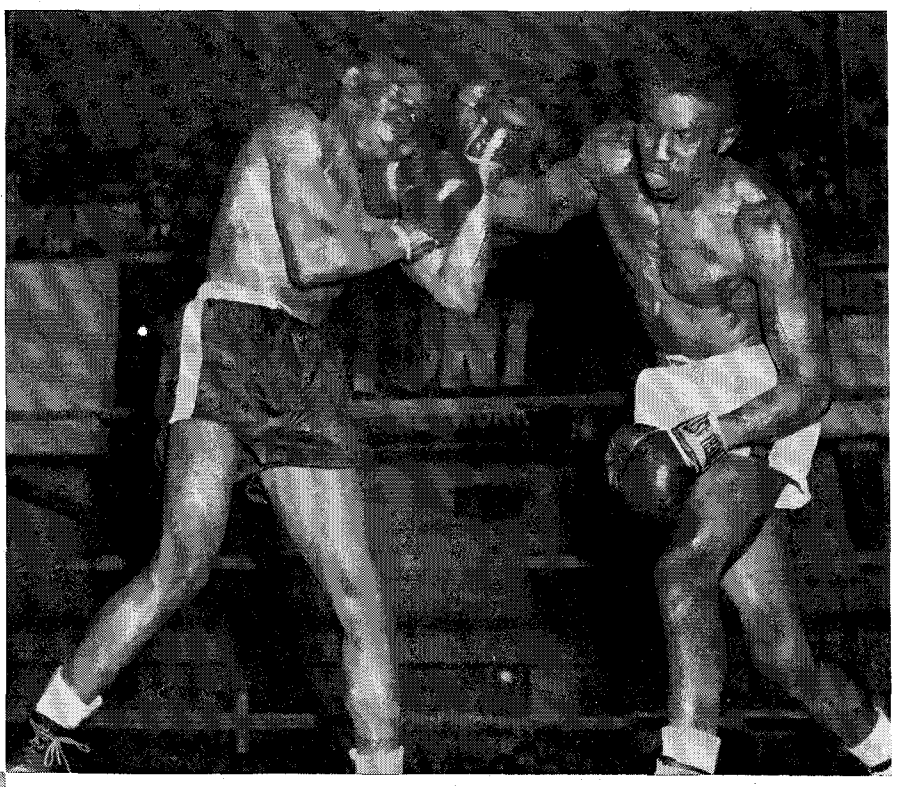
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

My Battle With The Fight Mob

By JULIUS HELFAND,

as told to Barney Nagler



Middleweight Ronnie Delaney (right) testified he had to shell out to the mob. Here he's beating Al (Sugar) Wilson.

"We have curbed boxing's undesirables in New York as they have never been curbed before," says Commissioner Helfand.

For the first time, New York's boxing commissioner himself tells the story of how he succeeded in driving gangsters and racketeers out of the fight game in his state.

PART ONE

When I drew the assignment, back in January, 1955, of regulating boxing in the state of New York, I knew practically nothing about the fight game. I said so to Governor Harriman when he asked me to take over as chairman of the State Athletic Commission. He told me that didn't matter. He said that the situation appeared to call for a clean-up, and he wanted me because of my experience as an investigator and prosecutor. A lawyer for thirty years, I had spent the last seventeen of them as a "crime-buster" in the Brooklyn District Attorney's office.

It seemed that there had been a lot of talk about dirty work in the fight game, but very little effective action. I was sure of one thing, after my years of battling against a variety of rackets as an assistant district attorney. If racket guys were operating in boxing, mere talk wasn't going to stop them. To act against wrongdoing, you first have to prove it with evidence that will meet every court test. In my D.A. days, I was able to make most of my convictions stick, but there was an occasional time when a man I knew to be guilty escaped through some legal loophole.

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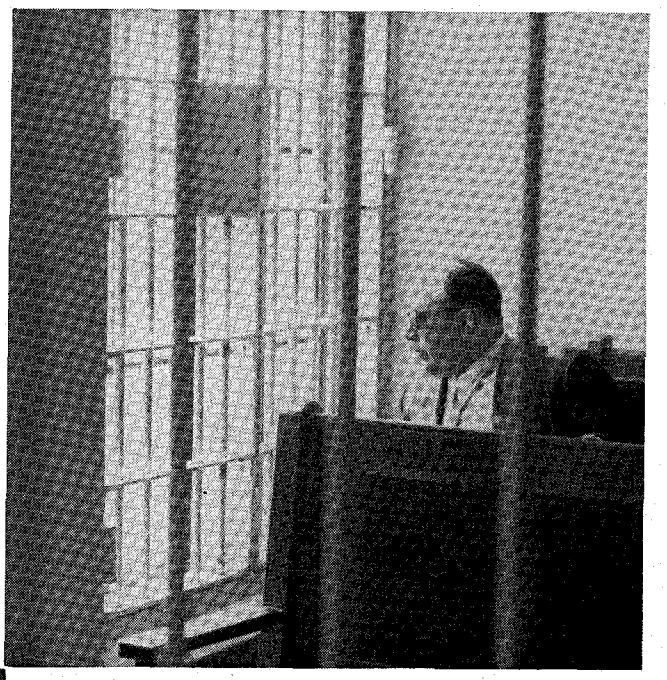
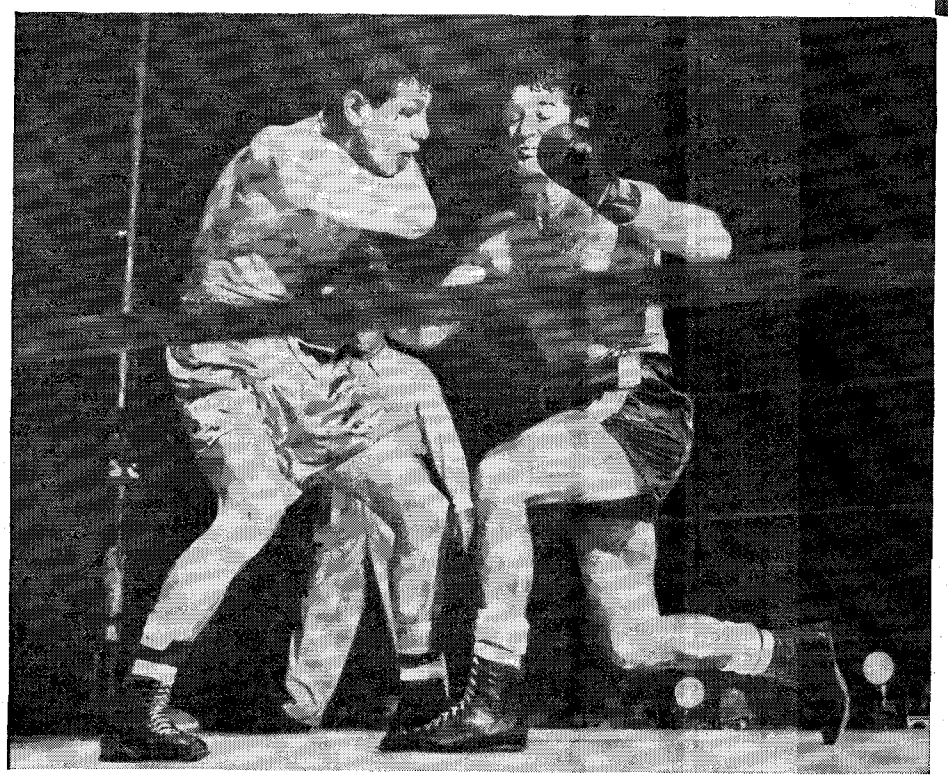
Charley Johnston, IBG boss, protests the author's crackdown—but Helfand outlawed the Guild anyway.



Eddie Coco, a behind-the-scenes figure in New York's fight racket, just before his conviction for murder.



Welterweight Vince Martinez (right) beat Art Aragon in this bout—but "expenses" drained his winnings. He later broke with his manager, Bill Daly—and was blacklisted by the Guild. Later still, he went back with Daly, and, as a result, is ineligible to fight in New York.

In my boxing assignment, I did not start out on the assumption that any given individuals or groups were guilty. I had no preconceived ideas. I wanted to find out the facts. We found out plenty, and we acted on it. We have curbed boxing's undesirables in New York as they have never been curbed before.

Although we have them down, I am under no illusion that we have driven all these people completely out of the fight picture. New York is a key state in boxing, but we can hardly control the whole business. However, there also has been encouraging activity in some of the other large boxing states, such as Pennsylvania, where a new athletic commission has been undertaking to clean house, and California, where a governor's committee launched a sensational probe this spring. I am hopeful that practical programs will result. There is one measure in particular—and I'll have more to say about this—which, if adopted everywhere, would make it possible to finish the job on a national scale.

In New York, our biggest single achievement so far has been the outlawing of the local chapter of a managers' organization, the International Boxing Guild. If you were reading about that when it happened, it may not have been entirely clear to you why the Guild became our chief target, and just what we accomplished by destroying its New York branch. You'll understand when you hear all the background.

Getting rid of the Guild was the climax of a six-month struggle. I don't mind admitting now that near the end, I thought they had us licked. Finally I made two desperation moves that pulled us through. One was an SOS to the police commissioner in Baltimore. The other was a showdown session with the country's No. 1 fight promoter, Jim Norris, president of the International Boxing Club.

I'll give the particulars on these episodes when I get to them, as well as on other significant things that went on behind the scenes. But I'd better begin at the beginning, which was the day in December, 1954, when Mr. Averell Harriman, shortly to be inaugurated as governor of New York, first offered me the job.

Frankly, it came as a disappointment. I had looked forward to meeting the governor-elect, and anticipated that he had some job in mind for me. I was hoping it would be the post of State Commissioner of Investigation. When it turned out that he wanted me to be chairman of the so-called boxing commission, it was a terrible letdown. I later discovered that it also meant a cut in salary to $13,800 a year, compared with the $15,000 I was then getting as head of the rackets bureau in the Brooklyn District Attorney's office.

I wound up accepting for two main reasons. First, I realized that it was an honor to be named to a responsible position I hadn't sought. Second, it was a challenge. Although I had headed subdivisions before, I had never had an opportunity to run the whole show, setting the policies and making the decisions. Governor Harriman assured me, moreover, that I could operate free from any political pressure. This promise has been kept. In fact, I have received wholehearted support and encouragement from the governor throughout my fight to improve boxing.

I originally had so little knowledge of the game that I had to ask the governor to specify what the problems were. He said that there had been many charges of underworld influence in the fight game, with the name of Frankie Carbo invariably being singled out. Also, there were constant complaints that a monopoly had been established, with a small handful of men controlling all the best fights and fighters.

Frankie Carbo was a name that didn't mean much to me at that time. I knew him to be a

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man with a criminal record—and that's about all. He was never directly involved in anything I worked on as an assistant district attorney. The same was true of the fight game in general, until my last days in Brooklyn. Then I was assigned to look into the affairs of the Eastern Parkway Arena, but I had barely begun before my new post came along.

Anyway, if I had ever heard the name of Frankie Carbo linked to boxing before, it had made no impression on me. During the months since then, I have heard Carbo mentioned in connection with boxing repeatedly. Later on I'll sum up what I know about Mr. Carbo today.

I went on the job on January 3, 1955. With me was Bill Dahut, who had been my chief investigator in the D.A.'s office, and whom I had persuaded to become my chief deputy on the boxing commission. He had as much experience in the fight game as I did—none at all. What was more important to me was his ability as an investigator. Dahut was the man who arrested Harry Gross in one of three simultaneous raids which smashed a $100,000,000 bookmaking and police-corruption ring in Brooklyn in 1950—the biggest case I ever handled. And Dahut had been invaluable during the tedious months of collecting the data that led up to the crackdown.

There are a lot of misconceptions about how a law-enforcement or regulatory agency goes about making an investigation. Many people suppose that all you have to do is send out a bunch of agents, and have them go around asking questions and listening through keyholes, and pretty soon they'll have the information for you.

It isn't quite that simple. Turn a bunch of agents loose in any such aimless fashion as that, and they'll come back with nothing. The people you're investigating aren't going to be obliging enough to tell their secrets to strangers or to talk business where a stranger can overhear them. You have to plan these things carefully. You have to accumulate information and get some leads. When you begin making contacts, you do it as inconspicuously as possible, so as to avoid alarming your quarry unnecessarily.

On the fight game, we were starting from scratch. We didn't know what to look for or where to look for it. So, during the first few weeks, we didn't send out a single investigator. While I spent hours steeping myself in the boxing code of the state of New York, most of Bill Dahut's time was devoted to the laborious but essential job of studying the records of previous investigations the commission had conducted. From this we could get some conception of what the issues were and what individuals were involved.

Every few days he would report to me on his findings. Our most instructive source proved to be the minutes of an inquiry launched in November, 1954, by my predecessor as chairman, Robert K. Christenberry, who continued to serve as a commission member until March of this year. This inquiry, which had never really been completed, dealt with the complaints of the Metropolitan Boxing Alliance, a group of managers who said they were being frozen out of business by the International Boxing Guild's local chapter, the Boxing Guild of New York. They said their fighters were being blacklisted, and made the further charge that to get television dates in New York, fighters had to give a $100 cut to the Guild.

If true, this was a monopoly situation—one of the basic evils I was supposed to break up. As our background knowledge increased, our preliminary operations broadened. By February we had reached a stage where Dahut began calling an occasional person to the commission offices for questioning.

Meanwhile I tried from the start to exercise the utmost vigilance in the individual cases that came before the commission at its weekly meetings. I rejected a fight card submitted for approval by a promoter in Springville, New York, because I discovered—after checking past performances in Nat Fleischer's fine reference work, The Ring Record Book—that the fighters in the proposed main event were badly mismatched.

When an application for a boxer's license came in from one Joseph F. Pacci, who had a police record that included a narcotics conviction, I turned him down in a statement making it clear that while a criminal record in itself did not necessarily disqualify a young man from becoming a boxer, narcotics offenders definitely were out. In contrast, I recently reinstated middleweight Joey Giardello, who had served a prison sentence for assault. In this instance I followed the lead of the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission, which in turn had acted on a recommendation of the Pennsylvania Parole Board.

I also found occasion early to express my determination to wipe out undercover participation in the managership of fighters, in line with my directive to rid boxing of backstage manipulation by gangster types. A man named Reynold Joseph Morgan had applied for permission to transfer a 15 per cent interest in two fighters to another manager named Irving Cohen. I checked on Cohen, and the report was that he was a reputable person, but had, in the vague ways of the fight game, shared the managerial purse of Rocky Graziano with Eddie Coco, a New York mobster often cited as one of boxing's sinister figures. Coco recently was convicted of murder in Florida.

I wanted to make sure that Cohen's deal with Morgan was a clean one. At an open commission meeting, (Continued on Page 72)

Hoodlum fight manager Frank (Blinky) Palermo hoists his boy Johnny Saxton, after Saxton won the welterweight crown from Kid Gavilan in an unpopular 1954 decision.

Underworld "overlord" Frankie Carbo was accused by Kid Gavilan's manager.

In 1950, Palermo (third from left), then manager of lightweight champ Ike Williams, was arraigned in a Philadelphia court in connection with a gangdom gun battle.

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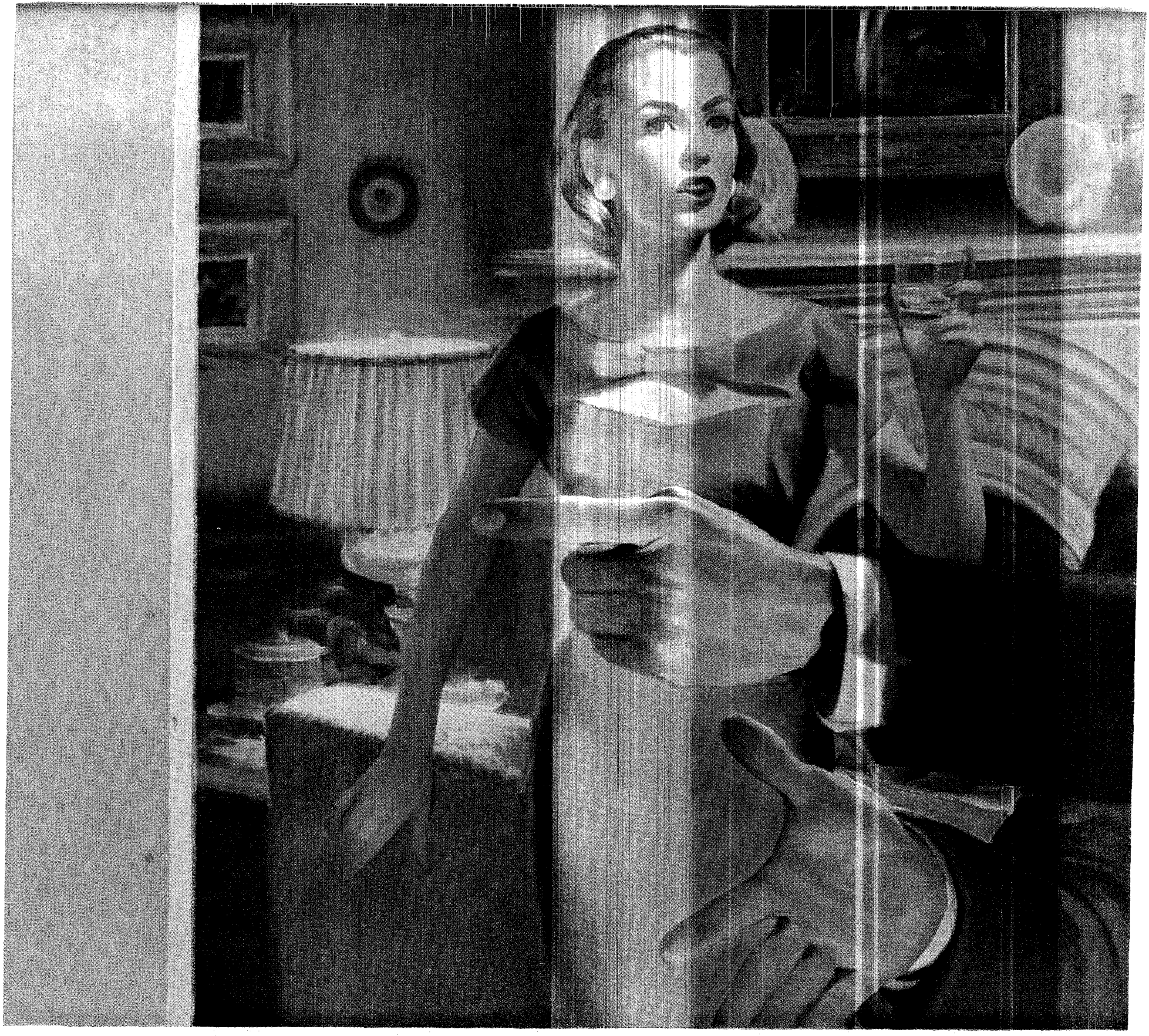

He was about to lose his wife to another man, and he didn't know why.

THE SECOND YEAR OF MARRIAGE

By DANA BURNET

Lying awake in his bedroom on the second floor of the old brownstone house in East 36th Street, Mr. S. Whitman Prentice, president of Prentice & Co., New York investment bankers, could still hear the murmur of voices in the living room below him. That room had been called the back parlor all through his boyhood, but after the first World War everything had changed and now no one spoke of parlors any more. They were as obsolete as the naval lieutenant's uniform Whitman had put on in 1917, the year before he'd brought Helen as a bride to this house.

Since then the whole world of his youth had changed, not sedately and soberly, but by sudden convulsions. It had changed most alarmingly in the past decade, when he'd been getting on toward retirement age, and it was this thought that held him sleepless in his Victorian bed, rather than the sound of his son's party going on below him.

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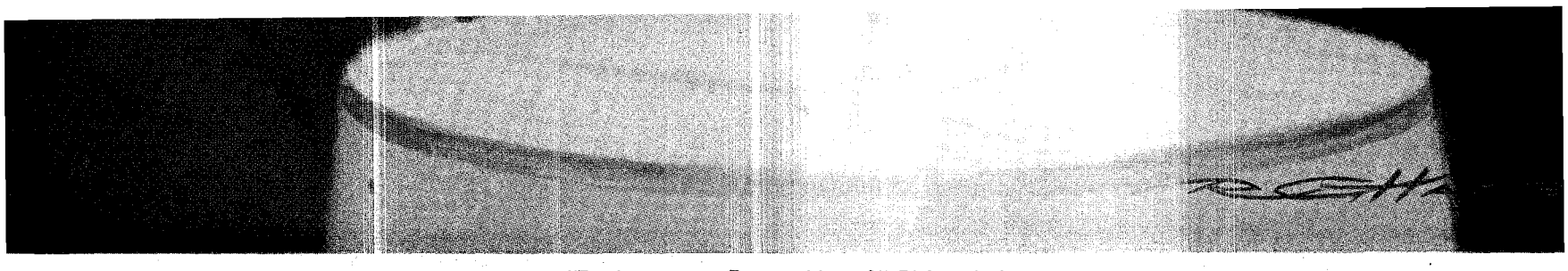

"Don't you trust Peggy with me?" Blake asked.

"Maybe I'm wrong even to call it a party," he said, speaking aloud, as he'd fallen into the habit of doing after Helen died. "I'll bet Stephen didn't call it anything so festive—or so childish—when he invited his scientist friends in for a drink after their meeting tonight." Then he thought of Stephen's pretty wife and added, "Peggy would use the word 'party'—and so would that polo-player friend of hers—but not my son, Stephen. There's nothing frivolous in his language or in his world."

Stephen was a physicist and it was the utter strangeness of his world—that vaguely apprehended new universe ranging from invisible minuteness to the far reaches of space, whose power was derived from atoms and whose energy equaled mass times the speed of light squared—it was this ungraspable modern world with its speech of Babel that made Whitman Prentice feel lonely, cut off from his own flesh and blood. Especially during the past five days had he been aware of his essential estrangement from his son.

On Monday of that April week, Stephen and Peggy had arrived to stay with him till the following Sunday. They'd come down from Cambridge to attend a meeting in New York of the Society of Associated Sciences. Stephen, of course, had a professional interest in the meeting—he'd just been made a full professor of physics at Harvard—and he'd been so absorbed in the S.A.S. sessions that his father'd had only occasional glimpses of him, and no chance at all to talk to him.

But Stephen's lovely blond wife was by no means so absorbed. She'd come along, she announced brightly on her arrival in 36th Street, just for the ride. Peggy was a Long Island girl whom Stephen had met three years ago, literally by accident. She'd bumped her car into his at a stop light while he was en route to visit the atom-smashing plant at Brookhaven. Instead, he had got a smashed gas tank and later a wife. He and Peggy had been married for two years and it was apparent by this time that she had no interest whatsoever in science. In fact, she made rather a point of her indifference to it.

Only yesterday morning at breakfast—Stephen was breakfasting uptown with an astrophysicist—she'd said jokingly to her father-in-law, "I wasn't born with a high brow, Father Prentice. I just acquired one by marriage." It wasn't much of a joke and her accompanying laugh struck Whitman as rather bitter, so that he'd had a sudden dark suspicion that all was not well with his son's marriage.

It upset him, because he liked Peggy. He thought her a spirited and charming young woman, who was at least frank in her attitude toward matters (Continued on Page 107)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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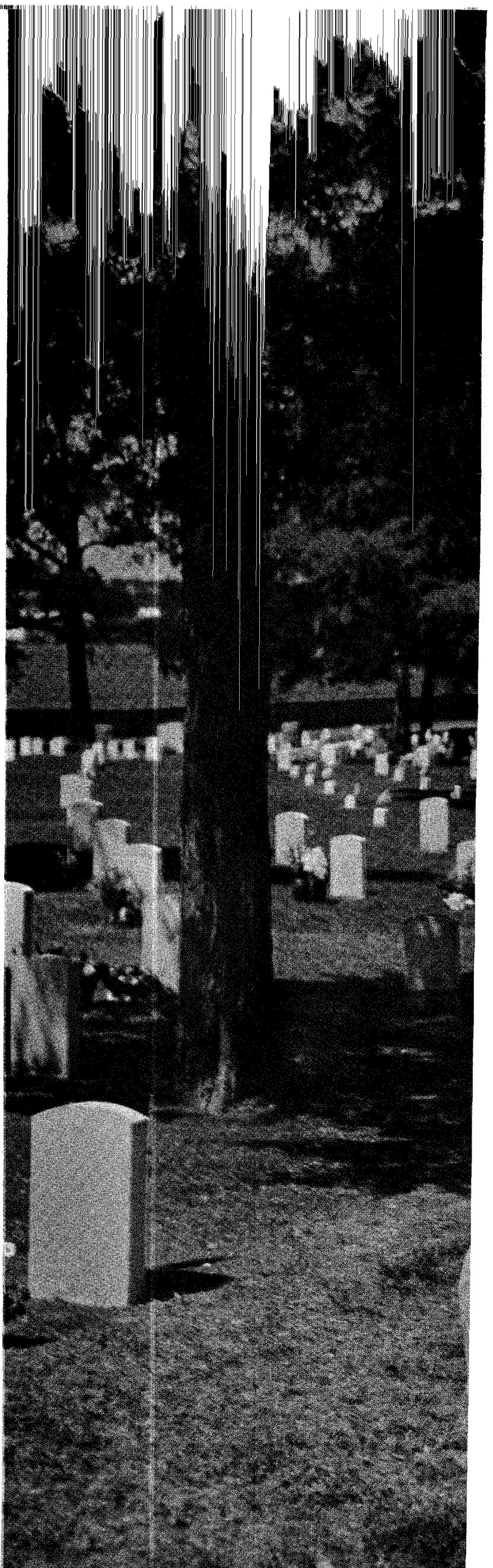
The Face of AMERICA

In Memoriam

From Arlington to remote prairie shrines to foreign fields, America provides resting places for her fallen sons. Now, on this poignant thirtieth day of May, we revive the memory of heroes with living blossoms. Jimmy Collins was a long way from home when a Japanese machine gun cut him down in 1944. He died in New Guinea, at twenty-seven, then returned to lie forever in Kansas earth. Each year on Memorial Day his father and mother drive seventy miles from their farm to Fort Scott National Cemetery. With Jimmy's parents in this photograph are three little Collinses who also came to honor the uncle they never knew. Long after the agony of Bunker Hill, Bull Run and Bastogne, the dead lie in peace. They and their comrades have left us names the world can never forget—Shiloh, Château-Thierry, Iwo Jima, the Normandy beachhead and the Pusan Perimeter. We gave the ground they lie in; they hallow it. Afternoon shadows lengthen on Memorial Day, somewhere faintly a bugle blows taps, and we renew the resolve Abraham Lincoln bequeathed us—that "these dead shall not have died in vain." ● Photograph by Bill Shrout



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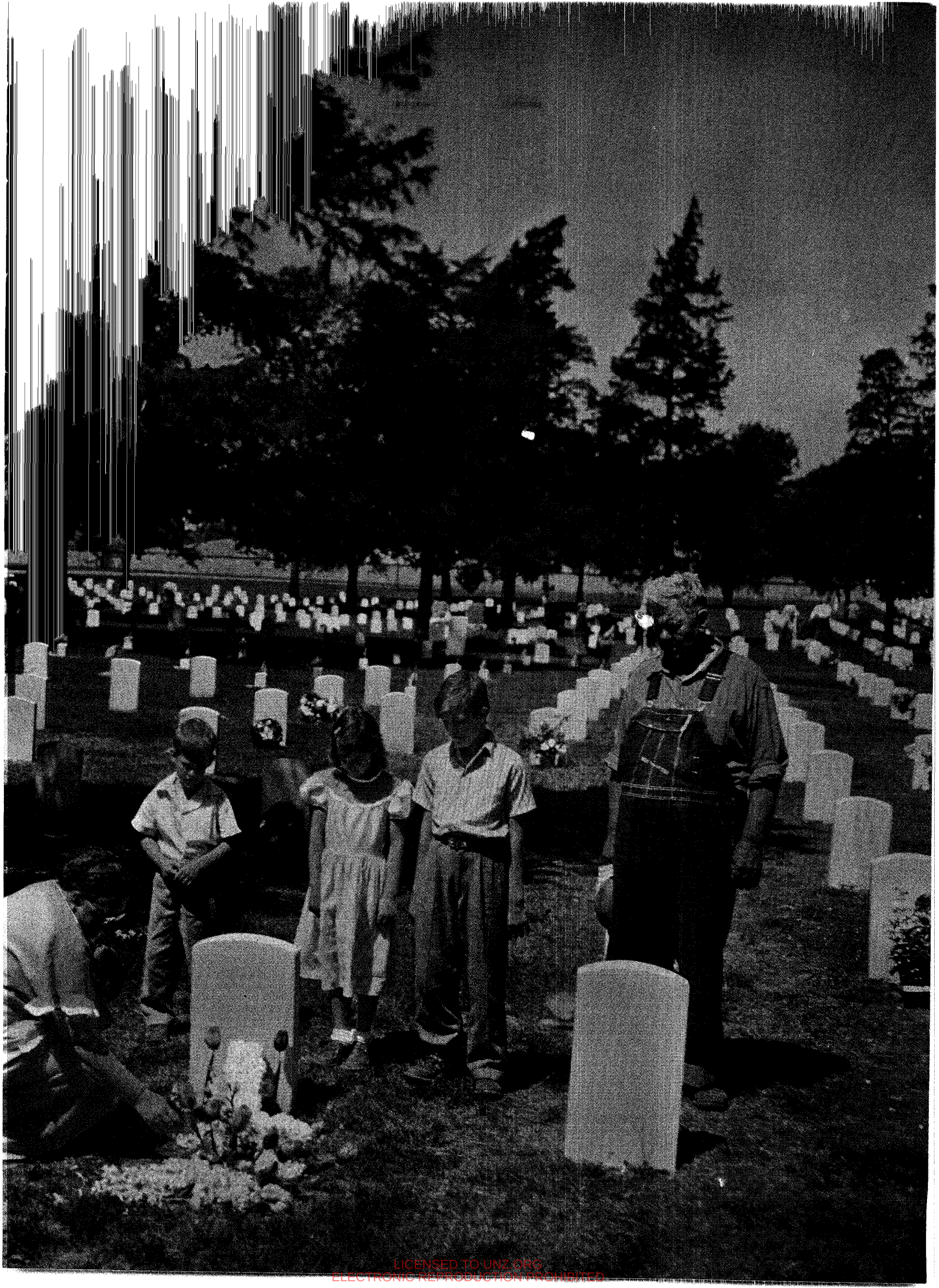

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his side, her cool fingers touching his ear. "May I sit here?" she asked.

Man on the String

Miriam's hobby was men, and she wanted to add this one to her collection.

By BEN MASSELINK

Little Barge sat back in the cab and waited for the coming-home feeling to take him. The air was soft and wet, like steam, even at eight in the morning, and this he remembered. They were skirting downtown Honolulu now and he looked up palm-lined Bishop Street to the green mountains and the white clouds covering the Pali. What struck him right off was the greenness, and he remembered how gray everything had seemed when he had first landed in California—gray and gritty, like a window sill. But here on Oahu everything sparkled and seemed new and eager. He sniffed the air. That was it. That's what he had been wanting to remember. The smell of flowers. Always the smell of flowers on this moist air.

They turned off Kapiolani Boulevard and onto Kalakaua Avenue and now they were passing the elegant shops and the high-rising, steel-and-glass hotels of the Waikiki Beach section. Little Barge saw the brown hump of Diamond Head behind the pink spires of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. They passed the Outrigger Canoe Club, where he had worked as a beach boy for ten years and where his dad had worked all his life, until just yesterday.

The cabby turned off on his street toward the mountain and they bumped along on the beat-up road under the fat foliage of the monkey-pod trees. The cabby was driving slowly, looking out the window at the numbers on the houses.

"It's in the next block there," Little Barge said. "The second house on the left."

There it was. There was the small, neat box of a house where he was born. The two coconut palms that he had planted when he was six stood slender and graceful on the tiny front lawn. He paid the cabby. A big man of twenty-six with a flat brown face, Little Barge bounded up the steps and onto the porch.

"Mom?" he called.

He swung open the screen door as his mother came into the living room from the kitchen, smiling and wiping her hands on a dish towel. She was a big, handsome woman with soft brown skin and white hair. "*Aloha, aloha,*" she said, embracing her son and kissing him on both cheeks. And Little Barge smelled the rooms that held the (Continued on Page 65)

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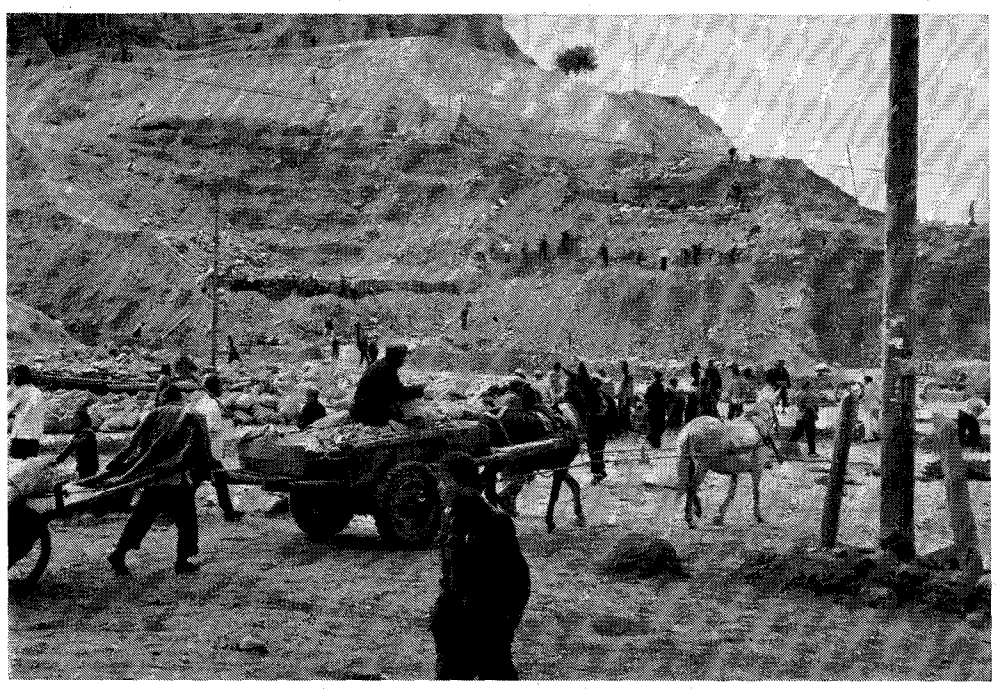
I SAW COMMUNIST CHINA:

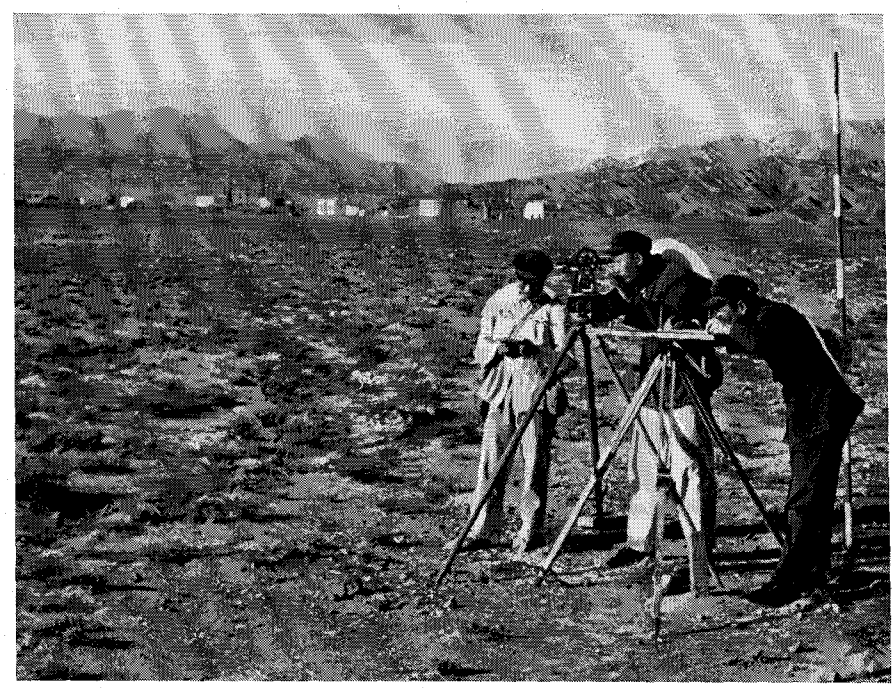
A Wild West of Their Own

China's new rulers are developing their country's forbidding interior and, like the Russians, "reforming" citizens contaminated by capitalism.

By ROBERT GUILLAIN



At Lanchow, in the heart of China's "Siberia," swarms of workers using primitive equipment build a road from the city to a new oil refinery. Since 1950, Lanchow has almost tripled its size.



Surveyors mark out a section of the vital Lanchow-Sinkiang Railway. When completed, the road will be the main line between Russia and China.

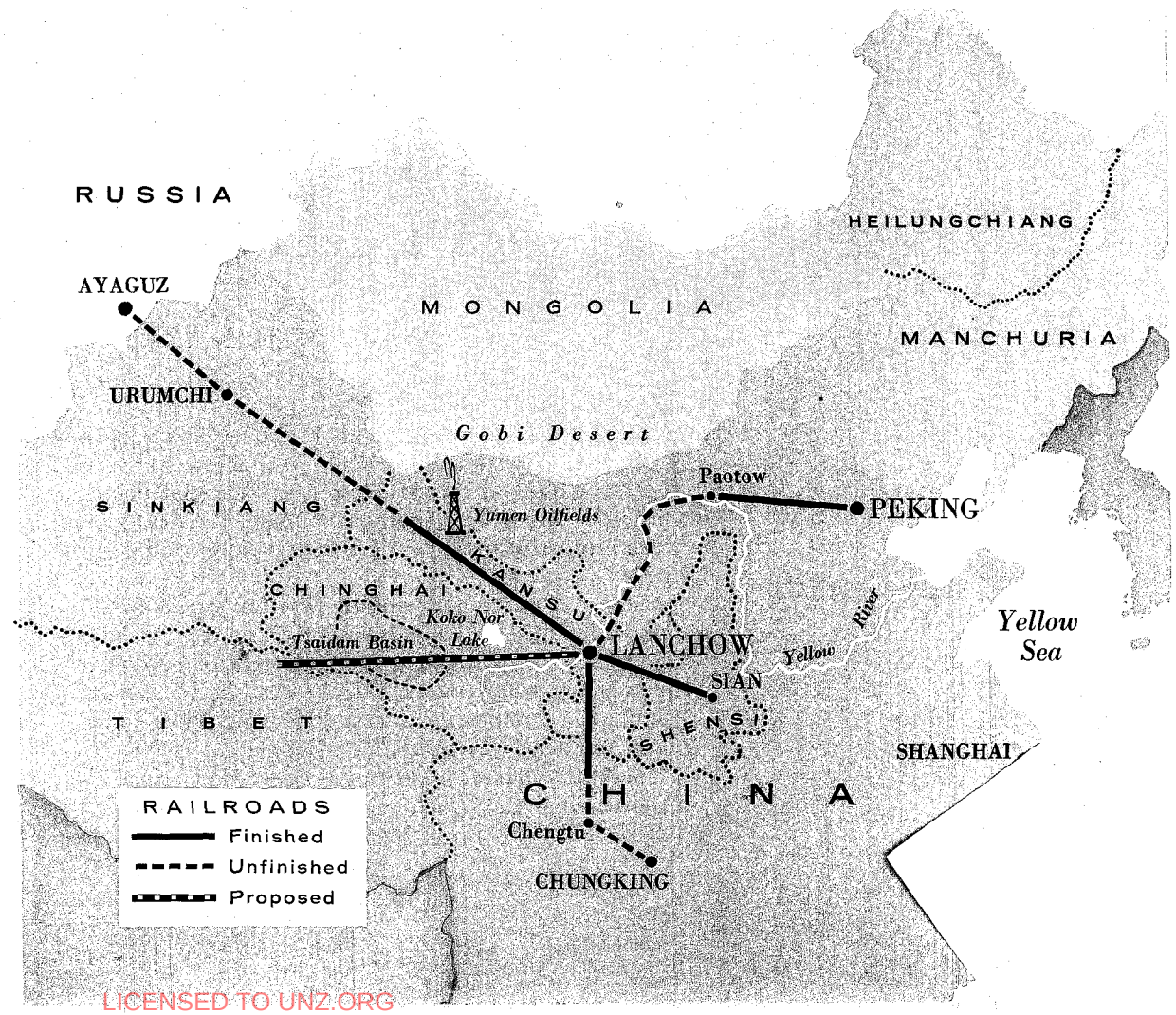
CONCLUSION

One day in Peking I received the welcome news that at last I had been granted permission to fly to the city of Lanchow, the booming center of China's northwest provinces. That was the region which I most desired to visit, and this observation tour was the high light of my two-month trip through Red China as correspondent for a French newspaper. This area, rarely penetrated by foreigners, is becoming the Chinese equivalent of Russia's Siberia.

Because Red China is following the Soviet Russian pattern in all things, she needs a Chinese Siberia for a number of reasons. The comparatively open spaces of Northwest China admirably suit this role. These provinces include Kansu, Shensi, Chinghai and the so-called Autonomous Region of Sinkiang—Chinese Turkestan—and they are being developed on a regional plan centered at Lanchow, capital of Kansu province. Lanchow already has become one of the most important railway centers of China, and it is the focal point of activity in China's Siberia.

To most westerners, "Siberia" suggests unhappy exiles, forced laborers and concentration camps. The Russian czars first used their Siberia for such purposes, and the Bolsheviks merely followed their example. In like manner, Red China is sending hundreds of thousands of prisoners into its own Siberia, and I saw many of them working there. But China's Siberia, like Russia's, also is (Continued on Page 114)

Since the Korean war, the Reds have gone all out in a tremendous effort to shift China's center of gravity from the vulnerable coastal regions into the wide-open northwestern provinces, reports the author.



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Campaigning in California, he greets UCLA students at a sidewalk rally. Kefauver, says a Washington reporter, has "a bashful-boy quality which many folks find almost irresistible."

Senator Kefauver's stock soared last March (see below) when he trounced Adlai Stevenson in the Minnesota primary. Since then, Estes has had his ups and downs.

HERBLOCK IN THE WASHINGTON POST AND TIMES-HERALD

"Remember those Davy Crockett caps you had on sale?"

This week the gentleman from Tennessee clashes with Adlai Stevenson in Florida's primary. Next week comes the California contest. What kind of man is that suave Ivy League product who sometimes appears to be a country bumpkin?

A Post editor reports on

The Mystery of Kefauver

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Last March, after Sen. Estes Kefauver had surprised everybody but himself by trouncing Mr. Adlai Stevenson in the Minnesota presidential primary, a jubilant Tennessean named William C. McDonough broke into print with a lyrical panegyric in praise of the senator's virtues.

In a letter to the editor of the Chattanooga News-Free Press, Mr. McDonough described Kefauver as having "the kindness of a Lincoln, the fiery spirit of a Roosevelt, the moral character of an Eisenhower, the idealism of a Wilson, the independence of a Jefferson, and a smile as reassuring as the Twenty-Third Psalm."

Therefore, Mr. McDonough concluded, since Mr. Kefauver had the heart, mind and dedicated spirit required of a great president, it was high time his home folks started doing all in their power to help him get the job.

This entreaty fell on deaf editorial ears. As the loudest and clearest voice of those who look upon Mr. Kefauver as more of a calamity than a candidate, the News-Free Press, owned by a wealthy grocer of conservative views, continued to refer to Mr. Kefauver as a scalawag, and viewed his victory in Minnesota as a catastrophe.

"It is a serious reflection upon our ability to govern ourselves," the paper thundered despairingly, "that the people of a large state would vote so strongly for a man so lacking the character, training, integrity, intellect, morality and patriotism that should be required of a president. . . . He is an unprincipled, ambitious man . . . a coldly calculating betrayer of his native Tennessee and

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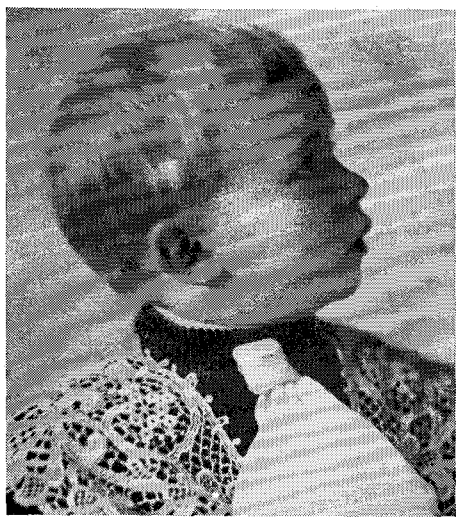
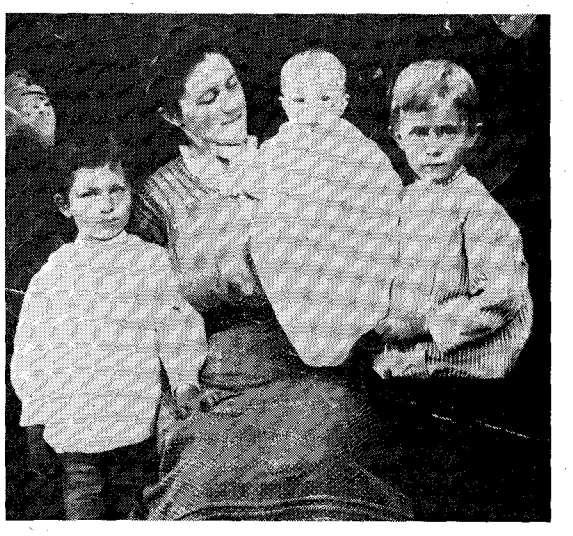
Progress of a Politician – Childhood to Chicago Convention

The house in Madisonville, Tenn., where Estes was born in 1903. His family was one of the area's most prominent and prosperous.



Estes in lace. His father remembers him as the loudest baby, and the strongest, he ever saw.



The future senator (left) with his mother, sister Nancy and brother Robert, who died tragically at 14.

Southland. Standing in the forefront of the integrationists in his seeking of Yankee votes, he has fooled too many people too much of the time. He is the Number One threat to the South and to the nation."

Somewhere between these two concepts of Senator Kefauver as a paragon of all the presidential virtues or as a menace to America there stands the senator himself, one of the best-known and at the same time one of the most enigmatic public figures of our age. Millions of Americans saw him on television in his crime-probe days, as in precise, professorial, almost prissy language he asked embarrassing questions of such unsavory citizens as Mr. "Greasy Thumb" Guzik. Millions have observed him beaming happily from the newspapers, wearing snowshoes, munching an éclair, getting shaved, playing checkers, bouncing on a pogo stick or posing with anything or anybody that would face a camera with him, from prize bulls to bathing beauties. Yet the man himself remains essentially a mystery, though political pundits and journalists specializing in "personality" pieces have gnawed their typewriting fingers to the bone trying to sum him up in one clairvoyant paragraph.

To Mr. Bill Cunningham, of the Boston Herald, he is merely a "political Johnny Appleseed," a "naïve Yahoo from the hookworm belt." Mr. Sidney Shalett, on the other hand, sees in him, "a mixture of gentleness and gentlemanliness laced with iron." To Mr. Stewart Alsop he is an "able, honorable, but too ambitious man who talks simply, sincerely and rather dully." Mr. Newbold Noyes, of the Washington Star, finds in him "a bashful-boy quality which many folks find almost irresistible," and analyzes his political technique as being closely related to the low-keyed "Aw, shucks" acting of Gary Cooper. To Mr. Charles (Continued on Page 89)

At Tennessee, "Old Ironsides" was an outstanding athlete and student president.

1926: Mrs. Kefauver sees her golfing son off to Yale Law School. Later, Estes practiced back home.

In 1935, he married Nancy, pretty red-haired daughter of Sir Stephen Pigott.

1939: Rep. Kefauver arrives for his first day in Congress. The guard at first refused to let him in.

The televised hearings of the Senate Crime Commission boosted Kefauver—and gambler Frank Costello (left)—into national prominence in 1951.

Kefauver's wife and father cheer him on at Chicago in 1952. Estes believes that Democratic bosses, embarrassed by his crime probe, put the skids under him at the convention.

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At right is Mrs. "Eve White," whose multiple personalities showed she could be "a dull, unhappy housewife," a "hell-raising hoyden" or "a dignified, cultured woman."

Psychiatry's Most Puzzling Patients

Here are authentic case histories of modern, real-life "Doctor Jekylls and Mr. Hydes"—tortured men and women who change personalities as easily as you change clothes.

To his fellow paratroopers at an East Coast Army camp, Pvt. Jim Rickett was reserved and withdrawn, but nevertheless a good soldier.

"Sort of a nervous fellow," one of his friends recalled. "Didn't talk much, and when he did, it was in this funny high-pitched voice. He didn't seem to care for women, or liquor, or going on a party—you know, things like that. But he was a real guy and a real paratrooper."

His commanding officer said, "Private Rickett was unquestionably one of our best men. His record had been outstanding. Then, for some mysterious reason—there hadn't been any trouble of any kind—he disappeared without a trace."

In contrast, a Navy seaman named Bob Dice was recalled by his mates as a drawling, deep-voiced, easygoing Southerner, cited for bravery in action during World War II, married and the father of two small children, and possessing a distinct liking for alcohol.

Until one fateful day in 1953 in a military hospital, Private Rickett and Seaman Dice had apparently known nothing about each other. Neither even knew that the other existed.

This, it was reported last year to the American Psychiatric Association, was somewhat strange, for Rickett and Dice were actually the same man—two strikingly different personalities in the same body.

To psychologists and psychiatrists, this is the condition known as dual or multiple personality, the real-life version of Robert Louis Stevenson's famed Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. First depicted in medical journals nearly a century and a half ago, it has been described by recent investigators as "the grand psychoneurosis."

In the case of Private Rickett and Seaman Dice, studied and documented by Drs. Joseph J. Peters, a Philadelphia psychiatrist, and David Cohen, of the Veterans' Administration Hospital,

(Continued on Page 92)

By MILTON AND MARGARET SILVERMAN

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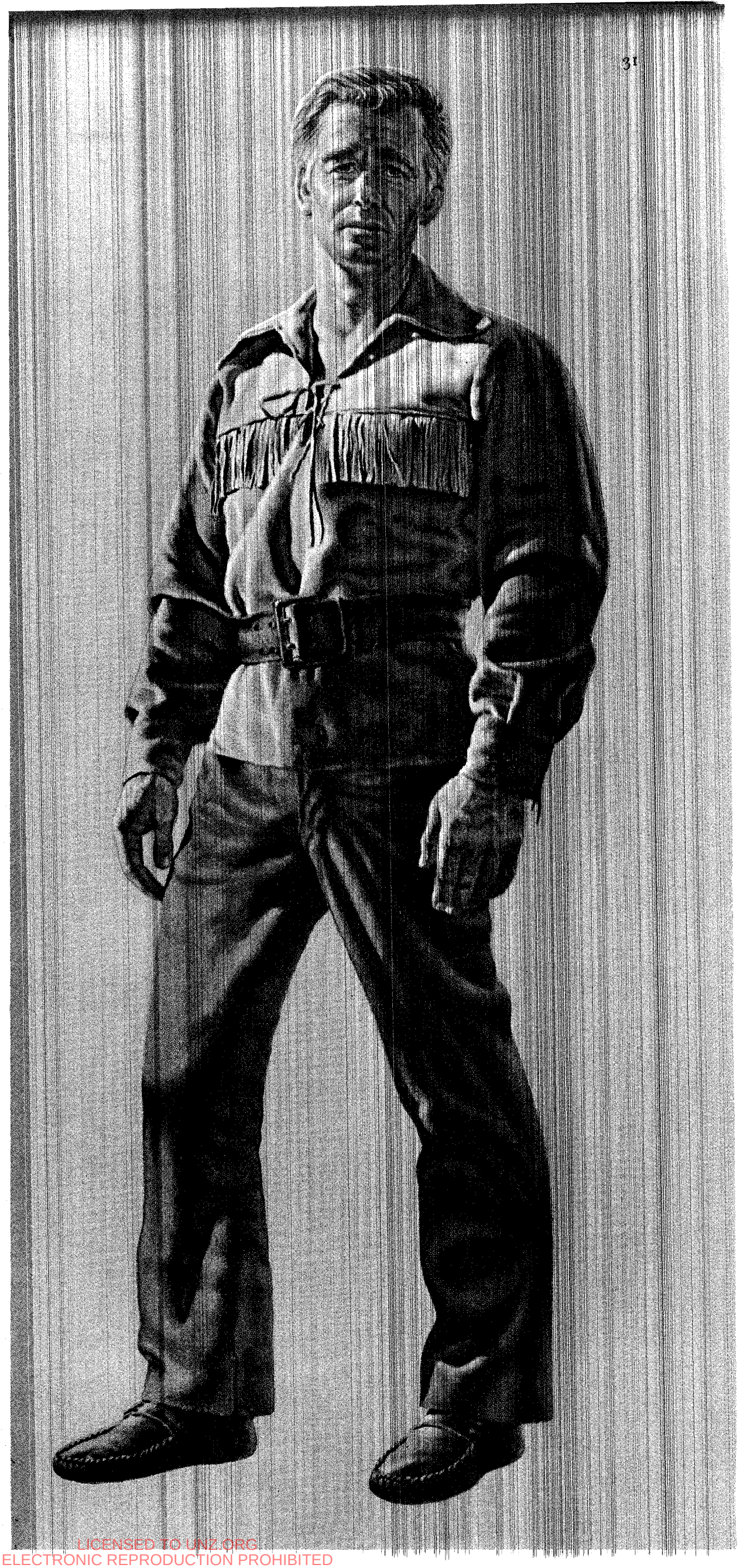
Once the people depended on him. But now, in easy, peaceful times, they had no more use for Simon Kenton . . .

Frontier Scout

By WALTER HAVIGHURST



It was spring in the Miami country, the creeks brimful of water, and dogwoods white in the underforest, when the big, battered man came home, sitting easy in the saddle while his shrewd eyes gathered it all in—the new cabins and the new clearings, the new mill hunched beside the creek, the new roofs of Urbana showing through the unleafed trees. In the shadow of the cabin he pulled off the saddle and his old blanket and some gear, and turned Cap into the snake-fenced pasture. Then he looked again, sharply, toward the growing town.

He had been a long way off from Ohio—the Seminole camps, perhaps, or out in the Osage country beyond the big slow river, or down in the Cherokee hills of Tennessee. But he walked in the cabin door like a man just back from the neighbors' or the mill.

"Well-with-thee, Betsy," he said in his soft voice, over his shoulder, and if his young wife was surprised in any way, it did not show. He was a coming-and-going man.

"You're in good time for supper, Simon," and she poured another gourd of cracked corn into the blackened kettle.

He leaned a bundle of switches in the corner, and his long rifle beside them. Pear whips, they appeared to Elizabeth Kenton, watching from the fireplace, and so he had been somewhere south, to Kentuck, or farther, over the Big Stone Gap and the Blue Wall to Carolina. She would get those whips into the ground, and by the time the buds were swelling, he might talk a little—about lands he had studied and places he had seen and people who had shared their fire with him on winter nights. But now the children came tumbling in, Matilda lugging little Mary, and Lizbeth toddling to her mother.

(Continued on Page 83)

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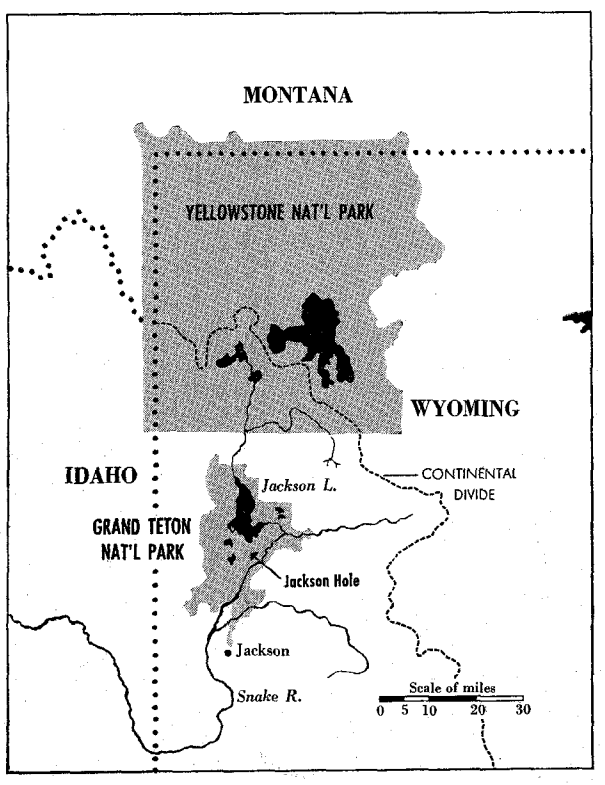
The 7000-foot-high valley of Jackson Hole, surrounded by what the author calls "the most dramatic mountain scenery on the continent."



Grand Teton National Park covers nearly 300,000 acres.

Wyoming Wonderland

By Richard Thruelsen

Vast, tranquil Grand Teton Park
is one of our most spectacular
and popular playgrounds.
But its creation almost caused a civil war.

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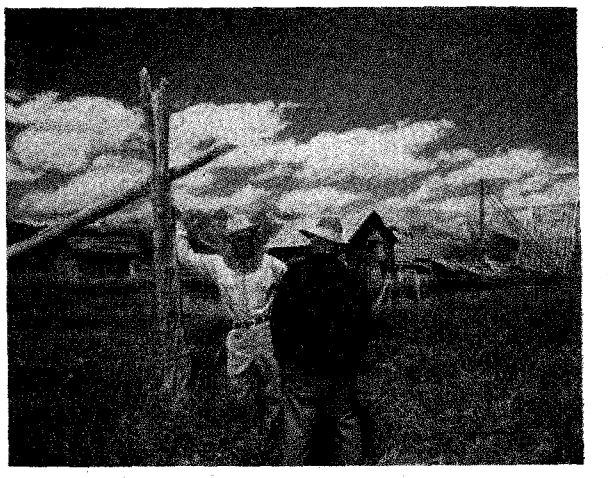
Sunday morning at the Episcopal Chapel of the Transfiguration, at Moose, Wyo., southern gateway to the park. Permanent settlers didn't arrive in this area until 1884.

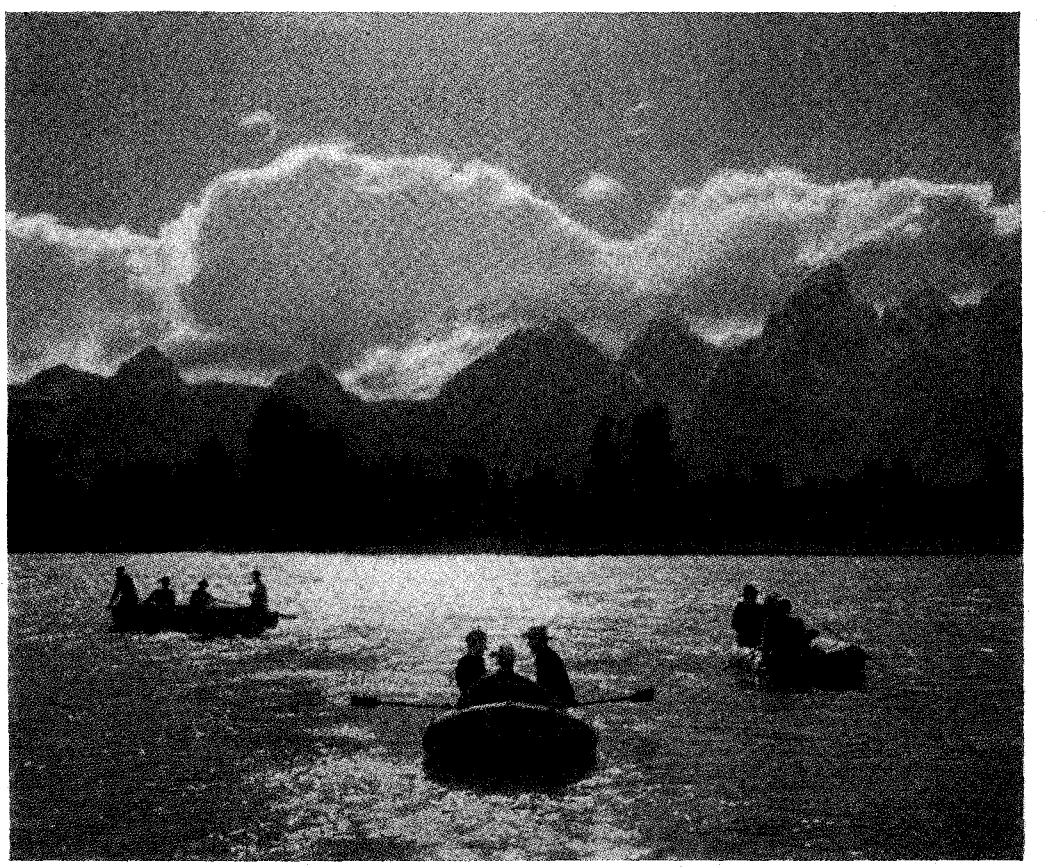


Rockefeller land-buyer Harold Fabian (left), at one of the "Mormon Row" farms he bought for the park.

The Stockade Bar in the $6,000,000 Jackson Lake Lodge, the newest and one of the fanciest national-park hotels.

A camping ground at Jenny Lake. Last year, nearly 1,250,000 tourists visited the dude ranches, cabins and other park sites.

For tenderfoot tours, park authorities plan thirty-mile rafting trips through the game-filled back country of the Snake River.



Photographs by Pat Coffey

This is the story of one man's efforts to present his fellow citizens with a gift worth $1,500,000—and of the terrible time he had in doing it. The donor was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; the gift was 33,500 acres of land, and the beneficiaries were 164,000,000 Americans. The accomplishment of this giant giveaway took twenty-two years, and the determined philanthropist found his course beset by politics, chicanery, greed, implications of violence, character assassination and enough honest controversy to last a lifetime.

The trappings of this odd story are familiar to millions of touring Americans who have moseyed the family car along U.S. routes 187, 287, 89 and 26 and Wyoming Route 22. There is the long valley carpeted with sagebrush and upland grasses, and spotted here and there with weathered ranch buildings and groups of Herefords. There are the bordering mountains, their slopes blue with cedar, fir and lodgepole pine. And, finally, there is the little town with its duckboard sidewalks, its municipal square with (Continued on Page 102)

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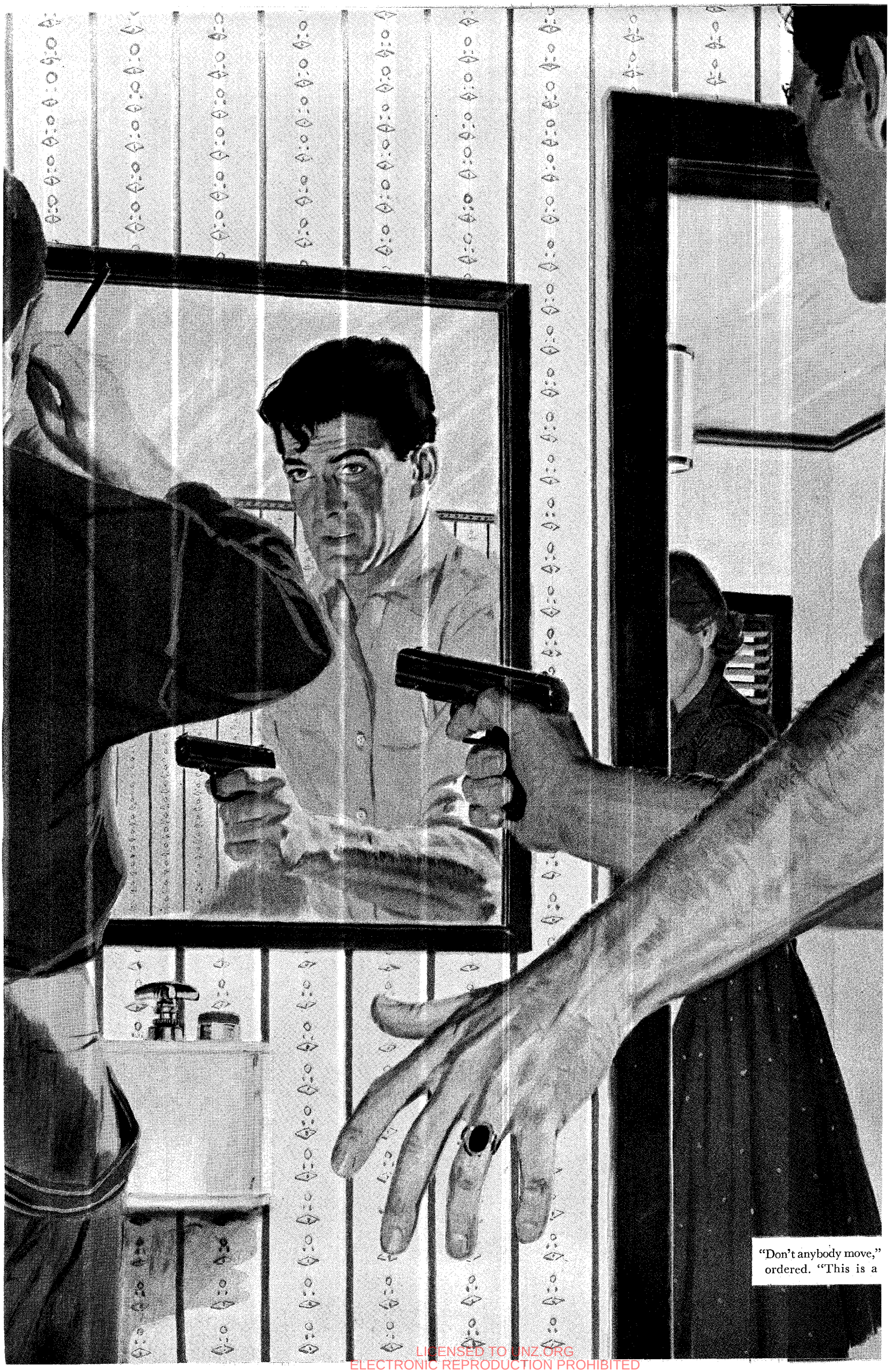

"Don't anybody move," ordered. "This is a

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Illustrated by Mac Conner

There was only one way the fugitives could break through the police dragnet— by carrying human shields.

THE SILENT HOSTAGES

By PAUL GALLICO

The car carrying the two escaped killers, Wylie Rickman and Art Hoser, nosed carefully into the unidentified desert town, its headlights burning blindingly. It was that darkest hour before dawn of a moonless, starlit night. Rickman, driving, small, dapper, with cold, saurian eyes and bloodless lips, judged it to be Pahrump, in lower Nevada. Somehow they had missed the Fairbank Ranch in the dark.

Ever since they had murdered their three hostages—the woman and her twins—and shot their way out of Beatty, northwest of Yucca Flat, they had been attempting to find their way southwest toward the Mexican border, twisting and turning, driving without lights on back roads and wagon trails, avoiding the glow of towns, fighting the panic of the hunted.

A few hours back they had listened to a news broadcast that caused them to change their plans and begin searching for a settlement where the alarm might not yet have reached. They desperately needed fresh hostages.

Now they approached carefully a brief main street between the small cluster of buildings that mushroomed abruptly out of the desert. They were jumpy, nervous, half drugged by fatigue, and deadly dangerous.

Fat Art Hoser, who had needlessly killed the policeman the day after they had escaped from the penitentiary at Carson City, had turned to a vengeful jelly of cowardice, for he knew what the police did to cop killers. Rickman was even more vicious, for he murdered in cold blood and was prepared to sacrifice a human life for every extended hour of his own if necessary. He was aware that if daylight found them without a shield of living flesh they were finished.

The town was apparently an early riser, for many of the buildings were blazing with lights. But this was not surprising. Life in desert communities frequently began before sunup. Caught in their headlights, the tall saguaro cacti, which, with the stunted greasewood shrubs and sagebrush, grew right to the edge of the community, pointed aloft like warning fingers. But as yet there seemed to be no one abroad in the street.

They passed the usual filling station on the outskirts. Rickman drove cautiously, his .38 automatic on the seat at his right side. Two rifles and a submachine gun were between his partner and himself. Hoser had a double-barreled shotgun resting on his lap, crossing his fat legs and beer belly.

A sedan with its engine running was standing by the pumps. Inside they spotted the white-overalled attendant with another man, apparently making change. It reminded Hoser of the gas-station jockey, no more than a kid, they had killed and robbed near Tonopah. Rickman thought only of the hostage he wanted. A woman, preferably with another kid or kids.

As they moved by, Rickman sought to assess the buildings of the town. There seemed to be a two-story brick hotel, a general store, some shops, a livery stable, several frame dwellings, a café, the usual adobe buildings, and at the end of town a small power station with what appeared to be a tall radio mast next it.

A lounger was apparently asleep on the porch of the hotel, chair leaned back, shovel-shaped sombrero tilted over his eyes. A ranch wagon was parked in front of it and a rancher sat at the wheel. Hoser nervously moved the shotgun.

Rickman picked up his gun and said savagely, "You shoot again before I tell you to, and you'll get this across the bridge of your nose."

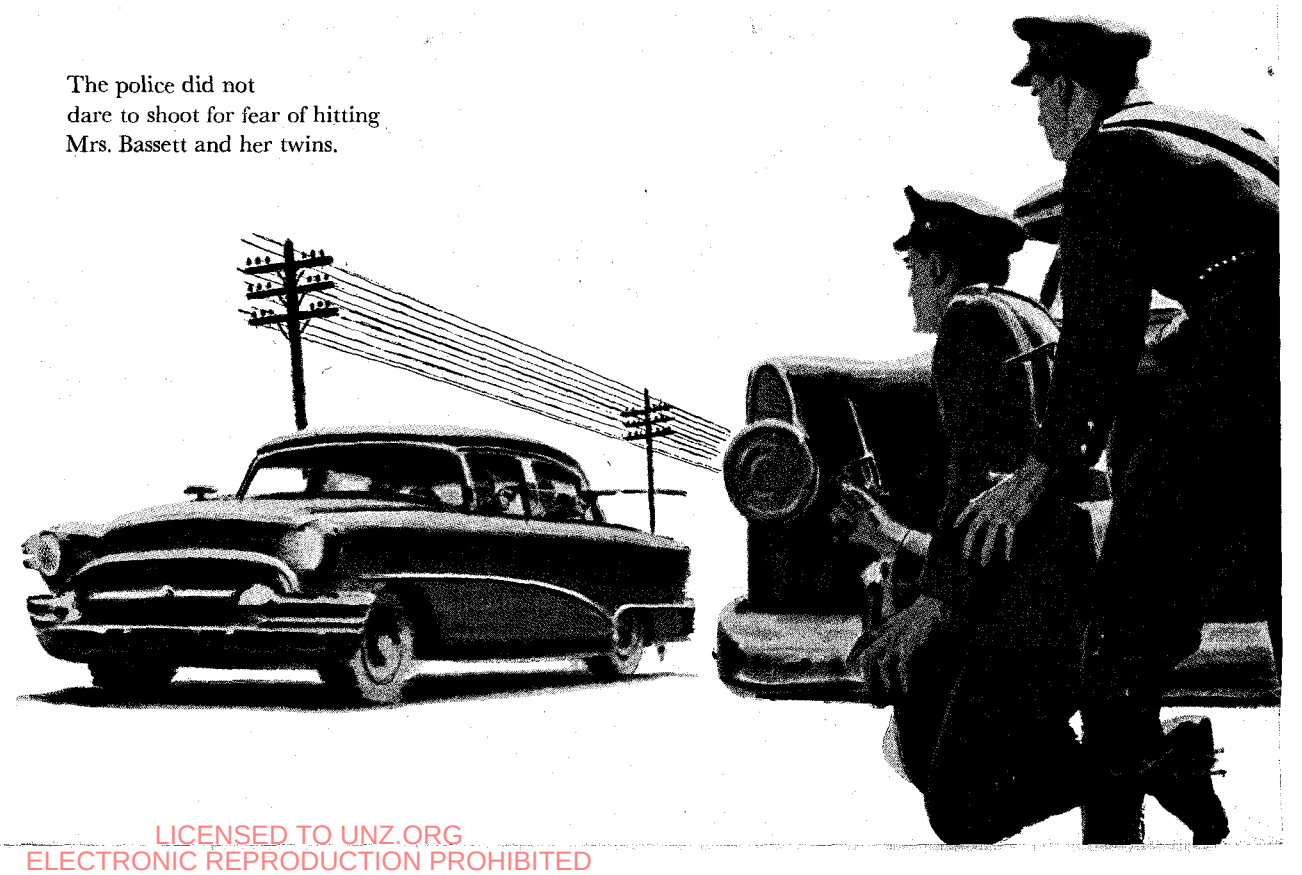
They drove quickly by. The rancher did not even bother to turn his head. It was Hoser's nervous and wanton shooting of a policeman after they had escaped from the prison that had started the hue and cry at their heels prematurely.

Glimpsed through a grimy window, the café appeared to be filled, with the counterman at his griddle and the waitress serving coffee across the bar. A jukebox bawled from the restaurant. An asphalt-carrying tank truck and a big freighter with trailer were drawn up in front, their drivers apparently breakfasting inside.

As they drove on, voices emerged from several of the houses where radios had been turned on by early risers. In a nearby house a telephone was ringing, and there was a thumping noise of some kind of pump or gasoline engine. A window a few houses down showed a family seated at early breakfast. It seemed as though only the first rays of the sun were wanted to send the inhabitants of the town spilling out onto the street and about their business.

They passed a frame house with a big sedan parked in front and the blinds up, revealing the occupants. A man in trousers and shirt, with suspenders hanging down, was shaving himself in front of a mirror. In the kitchen, a woman was bending over a mixing bowl. There was no one in the living room, from which the radio was playing loudly, but in an adjoining bedroom they snatched a view of a cot with a girl (Continued on Page 81)

The police did not dare to shoot for fear of hitting Mrs. Bassett and her twins.



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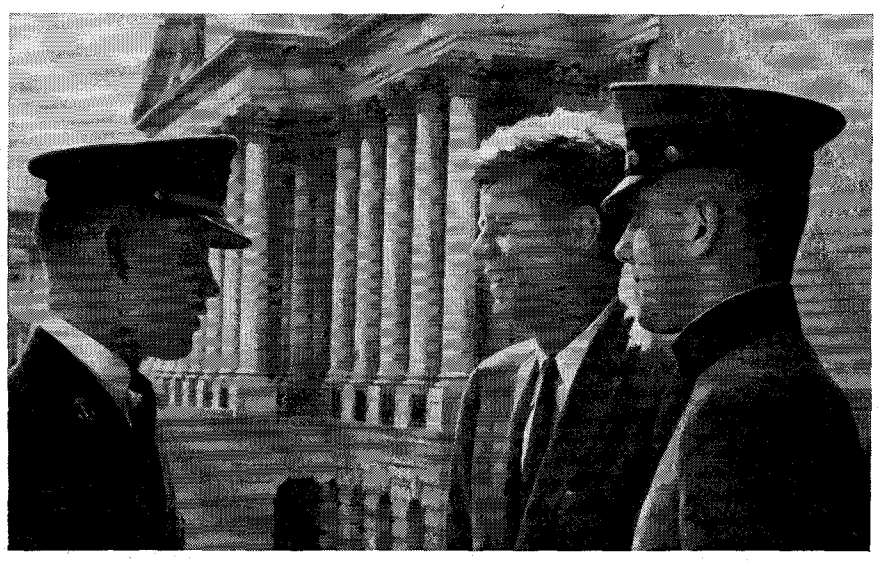
Take the Academies Out of Politics

By JOHN F. KENNEDY,
United States Senator from Massachusetts



The author (center) with two of his service-academy appointees, Midshipman David Noonan and Cadet Donald Palladino.

THE FACTORS OF SUCCESS

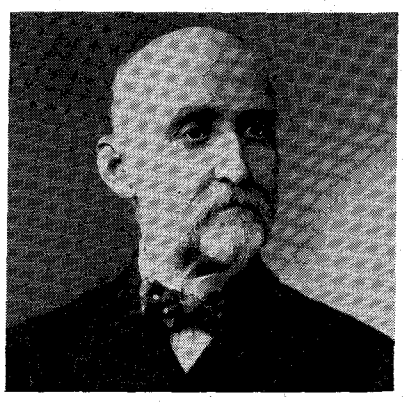
In this article Senator Kennedy points out that "good grades are not enough" to insure that a future military commander will provide the highest type of leadership. It certainly doesn't hurt a man's chances to compile an outstanding record at West Point or Annapolis, as has been proved by General MacArthur and by Admiral Mahan, the great naval strategist and author of The Influence of Sea Power Upon History.

On the other hand, if Dwight Eisenhower's future had been nailed down by his West Point scholastic record he probably would never have made more than a one- or two-star general (his class produced fifty-seven general officers). When Gen. Lauris Norstad graduated below the middle of his class, he hardly seemed a candidate for such a job as Supreme Commander of NATO Forces in Europe, which he is scheduled to become later this year. General MacArthur's older brother (who died in 1923) was a middle-of-the-heap student, but he was designated commander of the United States' first submarine.

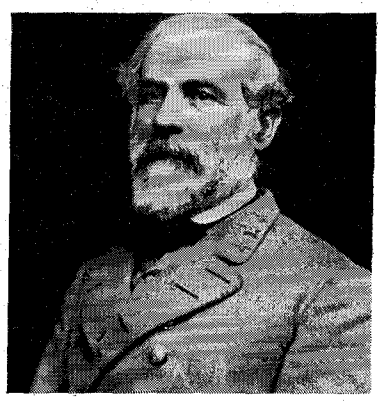
The Korean-war achievements of a bottom-rung student, John Michaelis, furnish ample proof of the overriding desirability of what Senator Kennedy calls "native intelligence, aptitude, character and desire."

The Editors.

Upper Third of Class



REAR ADMIRAL ALFRED T. MAHAN, '59,
2nd in a class of 20.



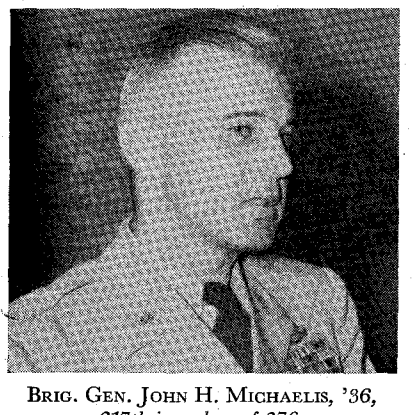
LT. GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, '29,
2nd in a class of 46.

Middle Third of Class

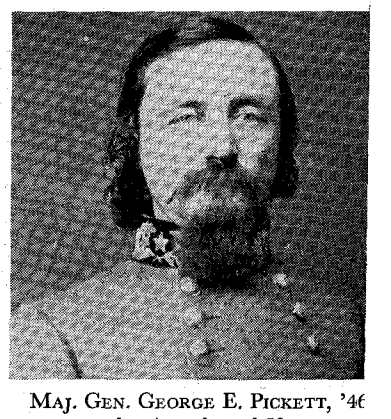
GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, '43,
21st in a class of 39.

GENERAL LAURIS NORSTAD, '30,
139th in a class of 241.

Lower Third of Class



BRIG. GEN. JOHN H. MICHAELIS, '36,
217th in a class of 276.



MAJ. GEN. GEORGE E. PICKETT, '4(
last in a class of 59.

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Neither Annapolis nor West Point is obtaining enough of the type of boys we need to guard our future security, says the author, who tells what should be done.

Gen. George C. Marshall never went to West Point because his family and their congressman were on different sides of the political fence.

Ulysses S. Grant almost lost his chance at the academy because his father and congressman did not see eye to eye politically.

Today, as hundreds of service-academy openings go begging, potential George Marshalls and Ulysses Grants all over the country are devoting their talents to other fields less vital to our national security and less challenging to their ability—all because they feel they don't stand a chance to enter West Point or Annapolis under the ancient congressional appointment system. Members of Congress, by default or indifference, are failing to fill vacancies at the two service academies that are worth thousands of dollars, and, more important, are costing the nation vitally needed leaders for the atomic future.

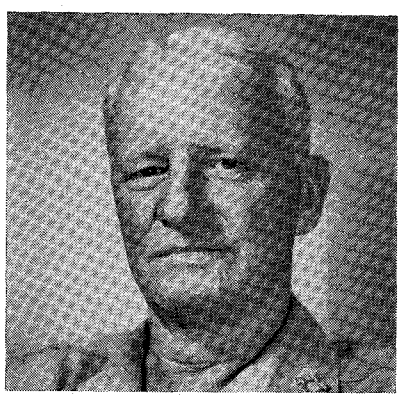
Here are the shocking facts: Last year, members of Congress were entitled to appoint 866 boys to enter West Point. Yet 324 of these vacancies were never filled, either because various representatives and senators simply neglected to make any nominations or because they nominated candidates who lacked the necessary qualifications for admission. At Annapolis, in 1955, of 1134 congressional appointments available, 460 nominations went unfilled.

The same story can be told for previous years. In 1954, for example, 1279 congressional Annapolis appointments were available: 45 per cent went begging; 976 West Point appointments were authorized, and 38 per cent went to waste.

When we realize that each cadet and midshipman during his four-year training at the academies receives a Government-paid education worth roughly $26,000 to $32,000, the failure of congressmen to find and nominate qualified boys is appalling.

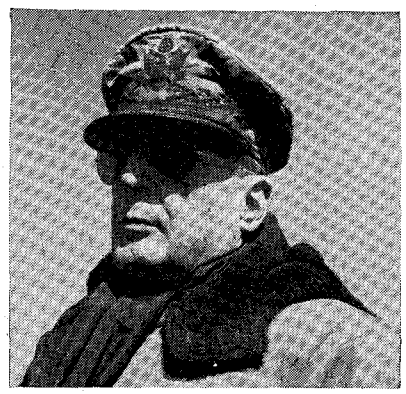
There are other avenues that lead to West Point and Annapolis—presidential appointment, competitive examinations among the enlisted ranks and (Continued on Page 46)

General Maxwell D. Taylor, '22,
4th in a class of 102.



Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, '05,
7th in a class of 114.

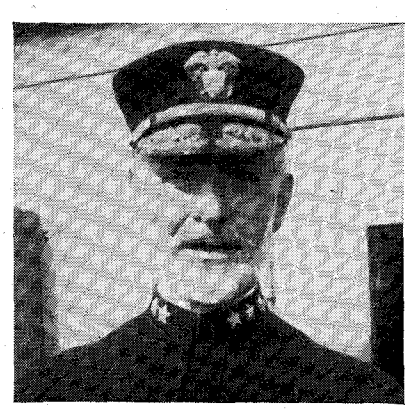
Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King, '01,
4th in a class of 67.



General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, '03, *1st in a class of 93.*

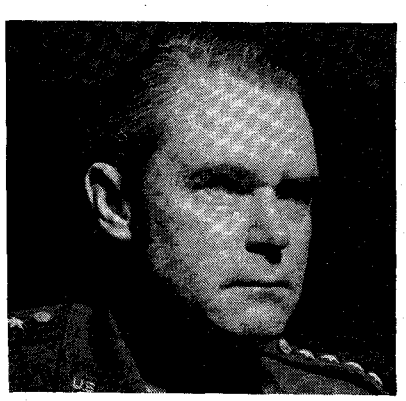
Captain Arthur MacArthur, Jr., '96,
21st in a class of 38.

General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, '15, *61st in a class of 164.*

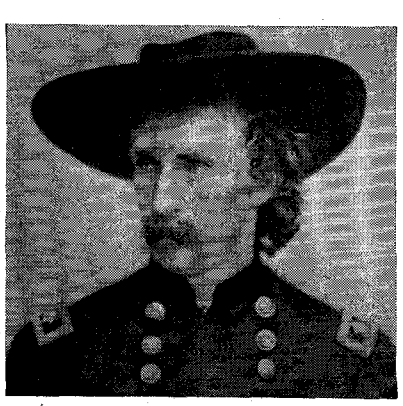


Admiral William S. Sims, '80,
33rd in a class of 62.

General Nathan F. Twining, '19,
138th in a class of 284.



General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, '23,
240th in a class of 261.



Maj. Gen. George A. Custer, '61,
last in a class of 34.

Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., '04, *43rd in a class of 62.*

Lt. Gen. William H. Simpson, '09,
101st in a class of 103.

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The girl's tragic outcry gripped everyone, holding them silent

Counterfeit Cavalier

Agent Baldwin bet he could beat the racketeers at their own game—with his own neck at stake.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Artemus Baldwin knelt beside the bullet-riddled corpse in the desert and carefully extracted a wad of money from the dead man's mouth. "Beats all what people eat," he said to Jick Roche callously as he spread the currency on the sand.

Suddenly Baldwin picked up one of the bills and examined it closely. "What is it?" Jick asked. "What's about that ten-dollar bill?"

In the guise of a fugitive Chicago gunman, Baldwin, a Secret Service agent, had come to Arizona to track down a gang of counterfeiters. He met Jick Roche, an inquisitive rich girl, at a society picnic to which he'd wangled an invitation. Together they discovered the body in the desert.

Jick's suspicions were aroused when Baldwin pocketed one of the bills from the corpse's mouth. She was certain the bill was a counterfeit. But why would Baldwin want it? Despite her suspicions, Jick followed Baldwin's request not to tell the police about the counterfeit.

Back at his motel room, Baldwin forwarded the bogus note to his boss, Norman Wessler. Then Artemus went out to make himself known to the Phoenix underworld.

In a night spot he was approached by a pudgy, bald young man who introduced himself as Porque the Egg. Porque, a race-track tout, told Baldwin that two Phoenix mobsters were anxious to meet him.

The Secret Service man used the meeting to establish himself as a tough guy. When the two gunmen, Moose and Burps, tried to browbeat Porque, Baldwin single-handedly gave them a going over.

"Boy," said Porque with awe as he padded after Artemus, "will you have a reputation tomorrow!"

"A very handy thing to have," Baldwin replied. "And a tough thing to live up to."

II

Porque the Egg was plying his trade outside the gate of Arizona Downs, offering for sale to the gullible slips of paper stating somebody's guess as to the winners of today's races. It was a rare and cloudless day. Camelback Mountain reared its colorful mass to the northward; many miles away, Four Peaks was visible, in that clear air seeming so near that one was deluded into thinking it but a short ride away. The parking space was filling with the cars of local *aficionados* and winter visitors.

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Porque's eyes widened and his obese, short body wriggled with welcome as he saw Artemus Baldwin walking toward him from the parking field. He scrambled toward Artemus through the grit underfoot, and one could imagine a wagging tail behind.

"Hi, Mr. Baldwin. It's me—Porque. Porque the Egg. You remember me, huh?"

Artemus was brusque, as befitted one in a loftier echelon. "So what?" he demanded inclemently.

It was what Porque had expected. If the reply had been more courteous he would have been disappointed. The great man had spoken to him. It had not been a brush-off.

Thus encouraged he sidled closer to Artemus. "Look," he said confidentially; "you made talk."

"So I make talk," Artemus said thinly.

"People," Porque said proudly, "who never give me a tumble comes up and speaks to me and says, 'Porque, what's the low-down? Porque,' they says, 'you seen it. Does this Baldwin character take Moose and Burps like is bein' talked?' And I says back, 'Take 'em! He takes 'em like they're palooka graduates of Harvard College.' Moose and Burps ain't no pushovers."

"So," said Artemus, "they buzz. They ask questions. What questions?"

"Like who's walkin' behind you. Like nobody shows his muscles like you done if he's all alone. So who else? Like are you on the lam, and from what."

"You get told to stick in your snoot and ask?" Artemus said harshly.

"Nix," Porque protested. "I ain't that big."

"You're seen talking to me now," Artemus said.

"Is that good?" Porque asked anxiously.

"Not good, not bad. Not for me. Maybe for you."

"After last night," Porque said, the light of hero worship in his eyes, "if word goes out I'm on your team—maybe not on the team, Mr. Baldwin, but maybe just bat boy—nobody dast bother me."

Artemus studied Porque with cold, calculating eyes. Maybe Porque was smarter than he seemed; maybe he was being planted. Maybe he, Artemus Baldwin, would do well to watch his step. It could do to play it both ways until events developed. "If I let you shag balls for me," he said in a moment, "what value do I get?"

"I got good ears," Porque answered. "I got good eyes."

Artemus curled his lip. "You got a mouth," he said. "To say words with. You get asked questions after this, so you make like you're mum, see? But you let slip."

"Sure," Porque said, "I play hard to git, but I let slip. That I can do."

"You let slip I'm here because other places, like Chi, ain't good for my health. I'm here for quiet. Vacation. No business till the wind quits blowing." His eyes narrowed. "Last night somebody shoves, so I shove back. If nobody shoves I don't shove back. I make like a winter tourist."

"This I let slip?" asked Porque.

"Not too easy," Artemus said.

"Now," Porque said, wriggling and grinning, "I make my point. I get around." He held out one of his slips. "For suckers," he said, "but you do yourself good if you play Susy's Boy in the third. You make a two-buck bet for me. We win, but don't slip me the dough here. I collect private when I see you around."

Porque returned to his station at the gate. Artemus went inside, bought a card and a form sheet, and after strolling around to make sure he was seen, he climbed the stairs to the grandstand. With expressionless face he walked along the aisle separating the boxes from the ordinary seats. In seats at the finishing line he noticed a party in which he recognized the painter, Walker Bayside, and the erect, trim shoulders and artfully tousled coiffure of Jick Roche. There were three other young people occupying the chairs inside the pipe railing. Artemus, assuming an overelaborate social manner, which was not the casual, informal way in which acquaintances unconscious of any need for reference to a book of etiquette greeted one another, lifted his snap-brim and said, "Miss Roche. Charmed to see you here."

Jick let her eyes travel over him from polished shoes to pearl-gray hat. There was neither derision nor amusement in her glance, but rather a sort of scientific interest as in an interesting specimen.

"Why," she asked, "should you be charmed?"

He was awkward, obviously nonplused, but after the fashion of his kind sought to conceal it by brashness. "Because," he said with a laugh that was a shade too hearty, "you're a charmer."

The other occupants of the box stared at him blankly, which pleased him as a tribute to his impersonation.

There was a slight pause while Jick continued to study him; then she made up her mind. "Won't you join us?" she asked. "There's an extra seat."

"Happy to do so," Artemus said.

Jick performed introductions of the other young women. "You've met Mr. Bayside," she said. "Sit here," she indicated a chair. "Tell me, Mr. Baldwin, have you had any more adventures? I mean like finding bodies with their mouths stuffed with money?"

"None," he answered.

"Too bad. I hoped you were one of those people."

"What people?"

"That shocking things always are happening to. I like to end sentences with a preposition. It makes people think I don't know better." Then, without pause, "Why do you dress so uncomfortably?" He was to discover that she was devastatingly frank both in her questions and her observations.

"I believe," he said stiffly, "in dressing correctly."

Again her eyes traveled over him and she raised her brows. "Then why don't you?"

"This suit cost ——"

"Don't tell me!" she commanded. "Do you like music?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I bet radio gobblers," she said. "I was thinking about a soprano that always sings sharp. No pitch." Again she was devastatingly frank. "You are like that, Mr. Baldwin. Not your voice. I mean everything—off-key. You sharp everything." Her voice was a crisp monotone without inflection. He found it oddly attractive. She ran on, "Robespierre said to a man that he detested everything he said, but would fight to the death to defend his right to say it."

The change of topic jolted Artemus. "Voltaire," he corrected instinctively.

"Tag," she said promptly.

"What do you mean—tag?" he demanded.

"I caught you off base," she replied. "That kind of a suit (Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Hy Rubin

"I'd like to give your pictures the once-over," Artemus said. "To see if your inspiration's as good as mine."

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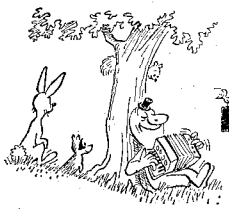


Post Scripts

Sour Note

Though calling them Glee Clubs
Is O.K. for some clubs,
Quite often I see clubs
That ought to be Glum Clubs.

P. J. BLACKWELL

Heinrich Schnibble and the Classified Ad

"Good morning, sir. May I help you?"

"Ja. Ich ben needen der help mit sellen mein squawkisch honkenflappers."

"Well, the classified columns are just the right —— Mit sellen your squawkisch what?"

"Mein honkers mit outgaben der downfluffen."

"Oh! Downfluff—you mean geese?"

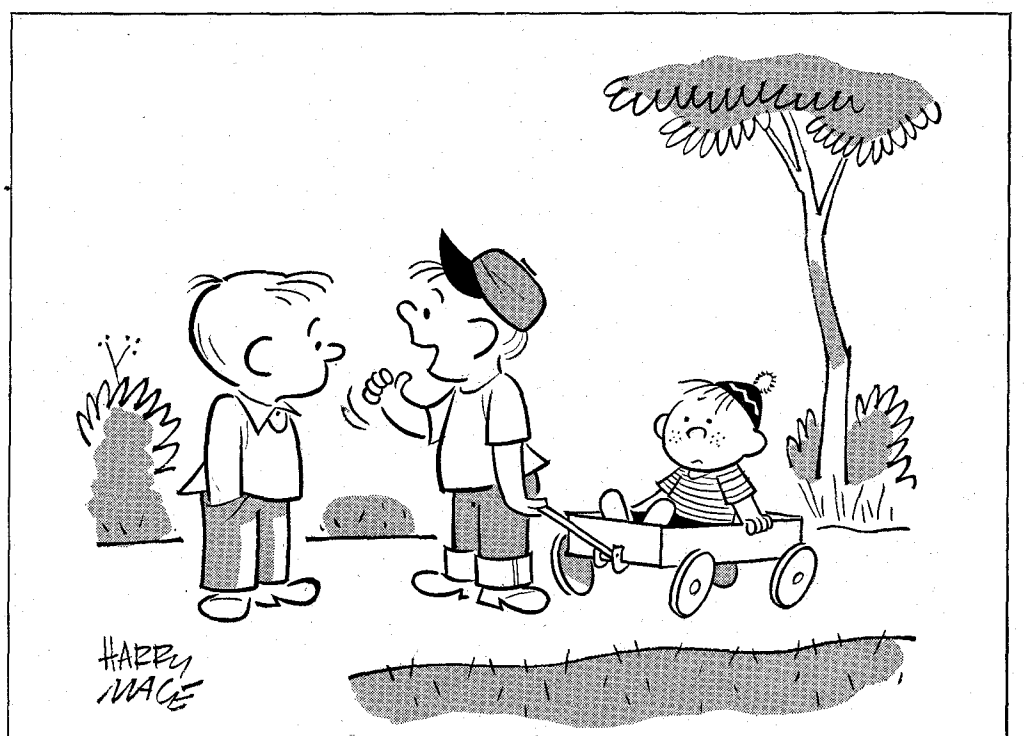
"Ach, ja! Der honkers ist ober-gerunnen mein barnyard."

"I see. Now, what do you want to put in your ad?"

"Himmel, dummkopf! Ist meinself knowen? Ich ben expecten der paper ist ——"

"Just a minute, sir! Just a minute! I'll ben glad to write the ad for you. How many geese you got to sell?"

"Meinself ist sellen ein dozen."



"He's a barrel of fun when you get to know him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All right, sir. How does this sound? 'For sale, twelve honk—er, geese. Healthy. Reasonable.'"

"Himmel! Ist geese ben reasonable? Nein! Der dumbisch squawkers ist ——"

"No, no, sir. I meant reasonable in price."

"Goot, goot! Meinself ist bringen der honkers insiden."

"Fine. Now —— What? Hey, come back, sir! We don't keep der honkers here. The people who read the ad call you, and you sell them."

"Ach!"

"Now, what's your name and phone number?"

"Ich ben Heinrich Schnibble, und das number ist in der book."

"But if we put it—O.K., I'll look it up. That will be $1.96, please."

"Ach, du lieber! Ist meinself payen mitout der honkers ben sellen?"

"Of course, Mr. Schnibble. We can't guarantee der sale."

"Himmel! Ist der paper ben doubten das ad ist sellen?"

"Indeed not! We don't ben doubt—I mean, we have every confidence in das ad. But it's our policy to collect ——"

"Ach, nein! Soonisch mit sellen, meinself ist payen."

"But, confound it, man, I've already ben—I told you der paper ist not ——"

"Der paper ben cowardisch!"

"Der paper does not ben cowardisch! Yourself can pay any blank-blank way you want to. Ich just don't ben caren any more."

"Goot! Meinself ist payen mit ein honkenflapper."

"Very well. Just —— Oh, no! We positively won't take —— Ach, Mr. Schnibble. Ach and Himmel! Bring me der honkenflapper. I think meinself can use it."

"Mit picken der downfluffers?"

"Nein, Mr. Schnibble. Nein! Ich ben needen ein reasonable goose to take over mein job!"

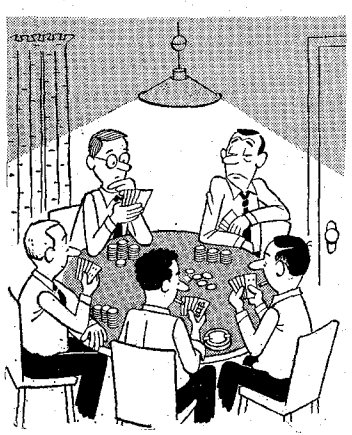
DAVE MORRAH

GUESS WHO

By BILL HARRISON

. . . was eavesdropping

. . . insisted on watching this program



. . . is holding four aces

. . . has no children

. . . is J. P. Dingle, Jr.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Point of No Return

When the campus elms, by the June breeze
shaken,
Filter the warm bright sunshine down,
And the ivied halls, to be soon forsaken,
Glow with a richer tinge of brown,
I wish I were having my picture taken
And being measured for cap and gown.

Songs in the rooms, and the late lights burning,
The moon-bleached entries whiter than chalk,
Convivial groups of grads returning,
Echoing laughter, carefree talk,
Fill me full of nostalgic yearning
To travel again that flagstoned walk.

Oh, to be young in that gold-touched season
When being young was like being drunk!
But my jowls grow heavy, my hair plays treason,
The zest is gone, and my spirit's sunk.
I cannot go back, and for one good reason:
With standards as high as they are, I'd flunk.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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How an African flower has been tamed for the soup kettle

(Okra is a typical example of the pains Campbell takes to begin with the best)

Originally a native of Africa, Okra is an ornery sort of a vegetable.

Long, sharp spines stab the unwary picker of the edible pods. The pods have to be picked at exactly the right time to be at their full-flavored best. An experienced picker knows when the pod is ready by the color, but the Okra plant hides the pods under its broad green leaves.

Okra's delicate flavor combines unusually well with chicken in a soup. Campbell, with its genius for blending, uses Okra in its good Chicken Gumbo. It's also a tasty part of Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

The way our plant scientists have helped tame it is a pretty typical example of the way Campbell starts at the beginning to get the best raw materials in the world for the Campbell Kitchens.

Through generations of crossbreedings, Campbell agricultural research men have developed a spineless variety of Okra with more attractively colored, more uniform pods. They've also made real progress toward a plant with lacier leaves so it will be easier to see when the pods are ripe.

All this, of course, has meant better yields for Campbell growers, easier work for Okra pickers, and better Okra in those Campbell's Soups to which it adds its flavor.

When the Okra arrives at the Campbell Kitchens, men who have devoted a lifetime to blending fine flavors take over. Most people seem to feel that the results they get make it worthwhile to go to all that trouble to get them the best ingredients to work with. So we imagine they'd agree with the saying that Campbell lives and works by:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products*
Swanson *Products, including* **"TV"** *Brand Dinners*

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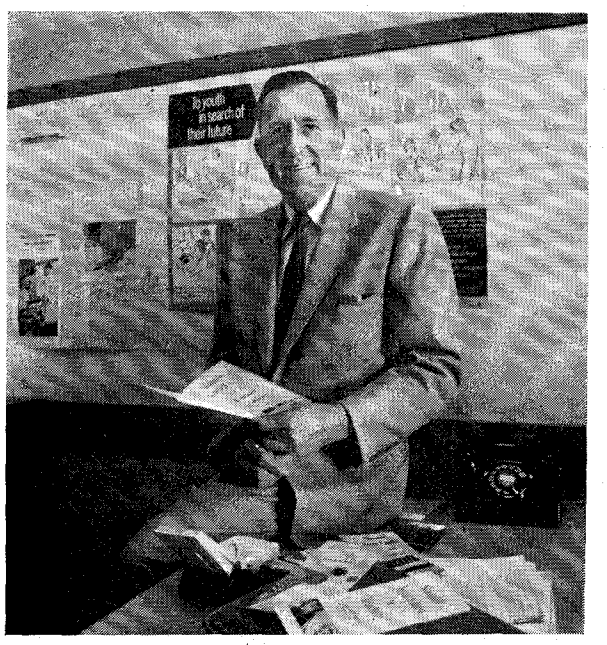
WORK is Good for Kids

By FRANK CAMERON

Out in California,
some schools are bringing
back the old apprentice system,
with modern variations.
The experiment
has been a revelation
to both students and adults.



Cedric Boeseke runs the Work Education Program at Santa Barbara High School. The program gives students a chance to choose and try out a career before they leave school.

Photographs by Sid Avery

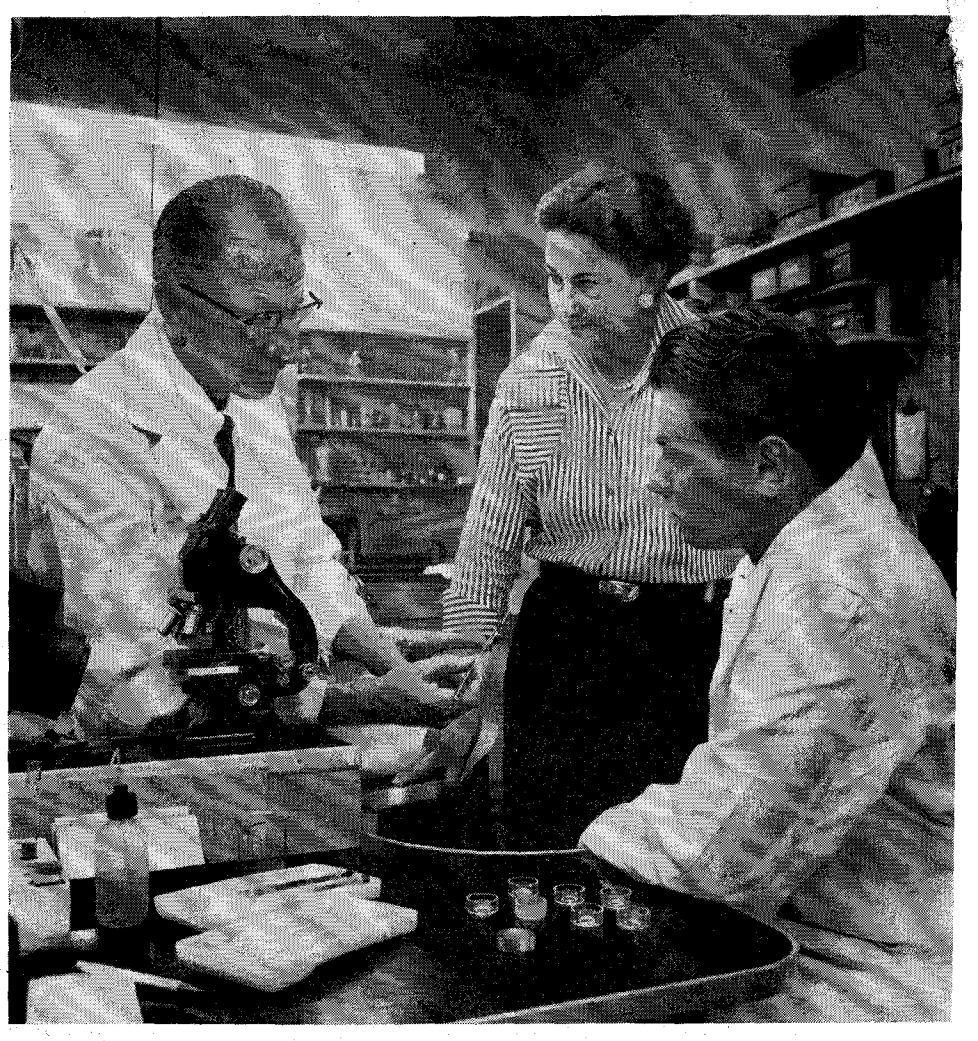
If you had stepped into a State Street men's-wear store in Santa Barbara, California, late some afternoon not long ago, the salesman who sized you up would probably have been a high-school senior we'll call Randy. Like all good salesmen, Randy has a knack for making you want a lot of things you never knew you wanted before; and the chances are that you'd have walked out of that haberdashery a good deal poorer than you had intended. But had you known the history of Randy and his problems, far from minding the raid on your wallet, you'd probably have felt something of the pride and pleasure that most residents of Santa Barbara take in the educational experiment that put Randy in that store.

This experiment, now going on in the five high schools of Santa Barbara County, is called the Work Education Program. Students who enroll in WEP—it is purely voluntary—spend part of each school day out in the working community instead of in the classroom. In a variety of ways this program is turning diffident, and even difficult, teen-agers into self-confident fledglings in the business and professional world.

Actually, Randy is not an altogether typical example of how WEP works. Few upperclassmen in Santa Barbara's high schools posed quite the problems he did at the start of his junior year. He was on the verge of being expelled from school and if he wasn't exactly headed for delinquency, he wasn't running away from it either.

"I was doing awful," he admits. "I didn't like my subjects and I knew other fellows who felt the same way. So we'd just stay out of school and hang around town having fun. I was really headed off the wrong end."

Randy had a routine after-school job as a stock boy in a department-store (Continued on Page 111)



Dr. Douglas Warner took Dick Middleton into his clinical laboratory and started him on a career as a technician. With Dick is his science teacher, Fern Johnson.

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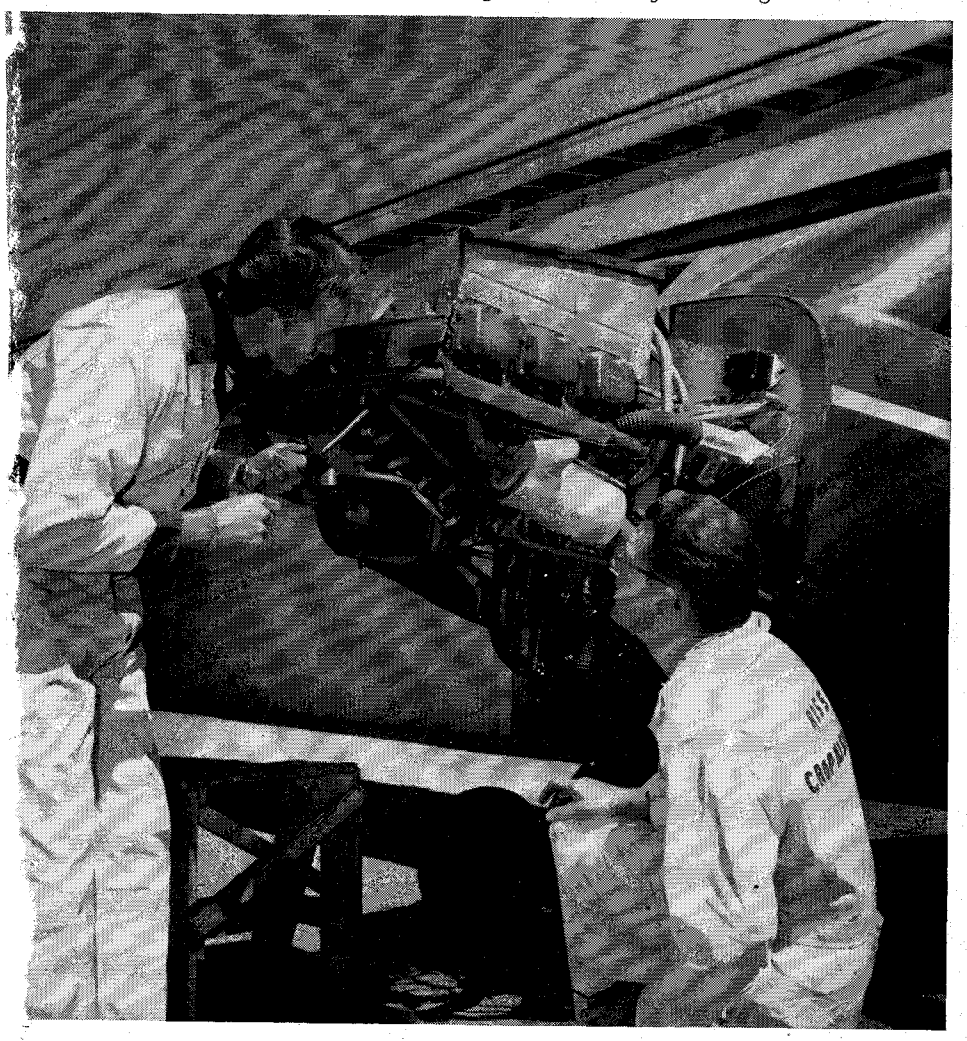
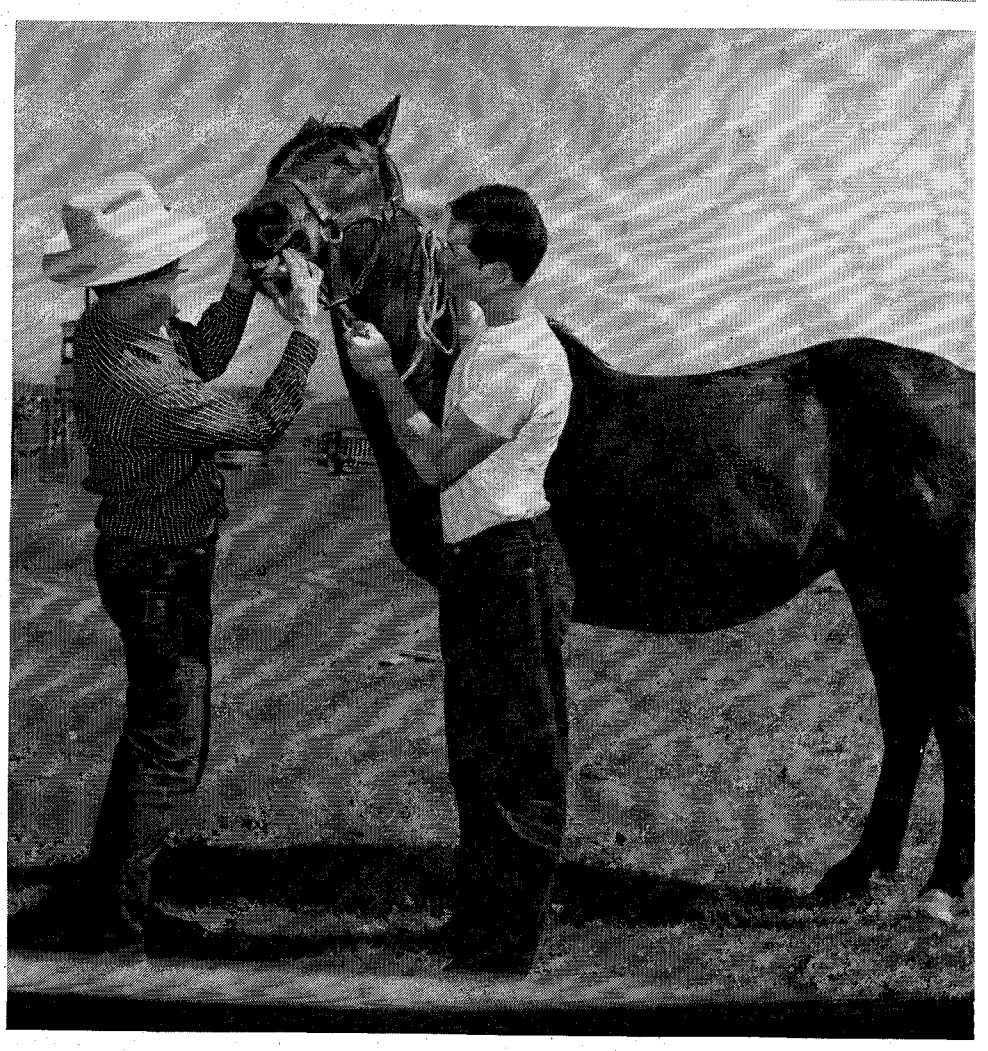
Under WEP, students work at jobs on school time and for school credit. Here, mechanically minded Don Barnes gets some on-the-job training from Bob Ross.



Their part-time jobs in the office of Vern Thomas, Santa Barbara's district attorney, teach Keith Barry and Joan Perry what a lawyer's career involves.

Gordon Lord, owner of the Carpinteria Herald, shows Dwight Pelky how to get out a small-town paper. Many adults find working with kids is stimulating.



Veterinarian William Smart, young Jerry Holden and a patient. WEP proves that "once young people get experience on a job, they really begin to grow up."

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Modern Equipment Bringing a Dream to Reality . . .

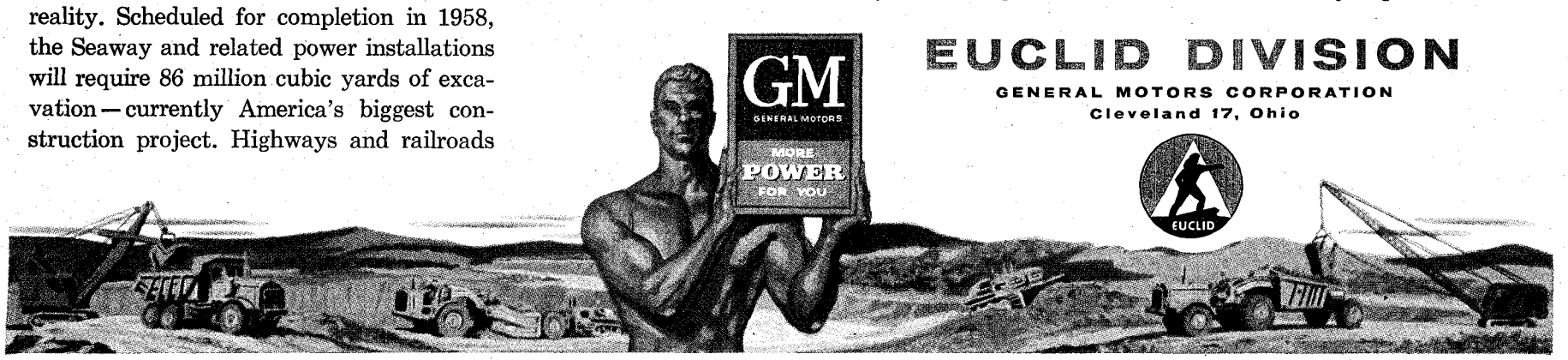
THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY

THE International Rapids section of the St. Lawrence has been a shipping bottleneck for years. Only small ocean-going ships can now enter the Great Lakes due to limitations of the canal that skirts this rocky, rushing stretch of river. Harnessing these rapids to make a super-highway for ships and to generate hydroelectric power has been an engineering dream for over half a century.

Today that dream is well on the way to reality. Scheduled for completion in 1958, the Seaway and related power installations will require 86 million cubic yards of excavation—currently America's biggest construction project. Highways and railroads will be relocated, new bridges built, and three big dams with a canal system including six huge locks are now under construction.

Tremendous projects like this would not be economically feasible, or even possible, without the mechanized muscle power of big, modern machines. Hundreds of Euclid earthmovers, like those illustrated, are at work on both sides of the river for U. S. and Canadian contractors. They are moving mountains of material—boulders, shale and heavy clay—to remodel the St. Lawrence. As on other heavy construction, mine and quarry work throughout the world, Euclid equipment is the outstanding choice of contractors for the big, tough jobs on the Seaway.

Information on Euclid's complete line of products for moving earth, rock, ore and other materials is available from Euclid dealers, or write direct if you prefer.



EUCLID DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
Cleveland 17, Ohio

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A sudden shifting of the ship flung me through the door, and I fetched up against the passage wall with a sickening thud.

The Wreck of the Mary Deare

By HAMMOND INNES

The murderer didn't need to kill us.
He was letting the sea do the job.

Squelching soggily on the steel deck, Patch and I searched the length of the Mary Deare, shouting: "Ahoy! Anybody there?" Not even an echo came back to us. Then we breathed in relief. We had reached the wreck of the Mary Deare before Higgins.

Higgins was the Mary Deare's first officer. At the instigation of the ship's owner, Mr. Dellimare, Higgins had started a fire and tried to sink the freighter. Dellimare wanted the vessel sunk to cover up a shady deal he had pulled.

Earlier, Dellimare offered Patch 5000 pounds to wreck the ship. Patch refused. Later, when he caught him trying to sabotage the ship, Patch accidentally killed Dellimare. Patch hid the body in a coal bunker.

After Higgins started the fire, the crew deserted Patch. Alone, he extinguished the blaze and beached the ship off the French coast.

A formal inquiry was then launched into the circumstances of the wreck. Meanwhile, the company directors hired a French salvage company to float the ship. Patch suspected that the directors only wanted to get the vessel into deep water where they could sink her.

To prevent this, Patch asked me to take him out to the Mary Deare. Higgins followed us, and tried to stop us by crashing into our ship, Sea Witch. Patch and I struck out toward the Mary Deare in a dinghy. Higgins followed us in his dinghy.

We lost Higgins. Then, rowing, wading and swimming, we covered the distance to the Mary Deare. Utterly exhausted, we staggered to the deck. Not a soul was on the ship. As the tide came in, we noticed with disbelief that the ship was afloat.

Patch and I were too exhausted to think coherently, however. I know all I wanted to do was to escape the cold and pain, and sink into the oblivion of unconsciousness.

CONCLUSION

A hand reached out and gripped me, holding me hard, and my feet trod the iron of the alleyway and climbed, without volition, up into the cold of the night air, to glimpses of stars and a drunken funnel and the unending noise of the sea. Down aft we stumbled over a steel hawser laid taut across the well deck. It thrummed and sang to the sea's roll, and the ship moved like a drunkard, tottering its masts against the sky, as we climbed the ladder to the poop's platform and vanished into the black abyss of the little deckhouse. There was clothing there in the bos'n's cabin. As I remember, it was neither wet nor dry, but it had more warmth than my own sodden clothes, and there was a dank bunk, with blankets smelling of wet like a dog's fur, and sleep—the utter oblivion of sleep, more perfect than any heaven ever dreamed of by a well-fed man seated by his own fireside.

A long time after, it seemed—many years perhaps—the (Continued on Page 96)

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NEW INVENTIONS CREATE UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITIES

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Latest Beltone inventions are so unique and revolutionary that more and more hard of hearing people every week are now inquiring about them. This newest upward surge climaxes sixteen years of ever-increasing public demand for Beltone electronic inventions, individual fitting and personal service.

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Because Beltone Hearing Glasses are radically new and represent electronic and mechanical advances never before achieved, they have received unprecedented publicity on network TV, radio, magazines and newspapers. This publicity is generating tens of thousands of inquiries from people who never used a hearing aid before and from users of every make and model of ordinary hearing aids.

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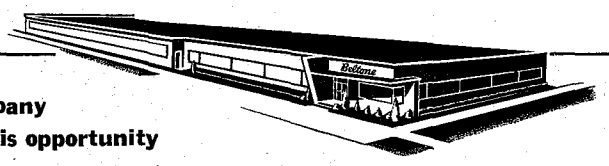

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Beltone
HEARING AID COMPANY

Attn: David H. Barnow, Executive Vice President

2900 WEST 36TH STREET, CHICAGO 32, ILLINOIS

Take the Academies Out of Politics

(Continued from Page 37)

selection of qualified congressional alternates by the Secretaries of the Army and Navy—but eight out of every ten West Pointers and six out of every ten midshipmen owe their appointments to their congressmen. The responsibility for defects in the appointment system is largely ours.

Vacancies are not the only problem—the *quality* of personnel is just as disturbing. The Coast Guard Academy, which recruits its students by open competition, has eight or nine times as many applicants as vacancies—men who in many cases might have gone to the other academies, but who felt that they did not have the political influence to get an appointment. And in the three years in which the same testing service prepared examinations for both the Coast Guard Academy and the Naval Academy, Coast Guard candidates consistently achieved higher scores. A study made for the War Department in 1944 compared the records of cadets who were appointed by congressmen with those appointed as a result of a competitive examination. Over a ten-year period, the cadets who were not congressional appointees had performed better academically, year after year, than those owing their appointment to a congressman.

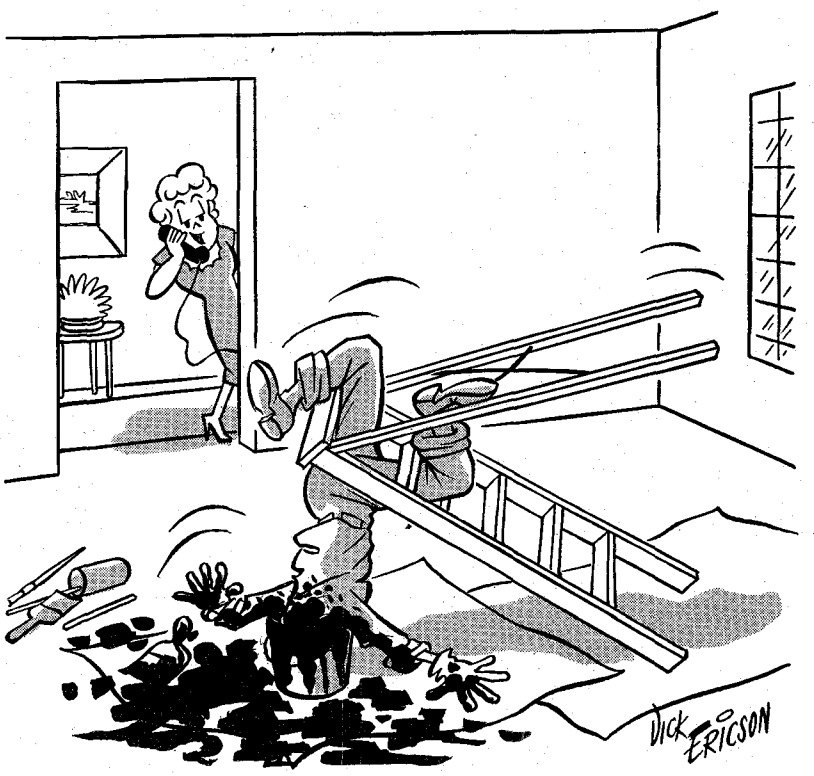
Favoritism, unfairness and unsoundness in the selection of future officer material are not even avoided by those congressmen who exclude politics in their appointments by relying exclusively on the results of the competitive examinations offered. The highest grades in these examinations are quite likely to be received by those from relatively well-to-do families who can afford the private tutoring for such exams offered by the so-called "cram schools." These "cram schools" have been established to meet the need of candidates for the academies to receive additional instruction. A survey made of the Annapolis class of 1942 disclosed that 97.3 per cent of the 298 members of the class who qualified by passing the regular entrance examination had preparation supplementary to their high-school courses. That survey substantially confirms four previous studies which have shown that more than 95 per cent of the candidates who passed the regular examination had extra instruction in addition to their regular high-school work.

Moreover, such a system places too much emphasis on mere "grades" to the exclusion of other factors essential for future military leadership. Good grades are not enough. Native intelligence, aptitude, character and desire are just as essential, if not more essential.

A study of the service records of 1000 naval line officers who came from the Annapolis classes of 1912 through 1922, and who were on duty at the time of Pearl Harbor, indicated there was very little relationship between a boy's scholastic record as a midshipman in school and his later achievements as a career officer. In fact, those in the middle or even lower third of their classes frequently turned out to be better qualified naval officers than their academic superiors when they found themselves in situations where character and leadership really counted.

This, of course, does not apply in every individual case. Among the great naval and military leaders of this country have been men like Admiral Ernest J. King, who ranked fourth in his class at Annapolis; Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, who ranked seventh in his class, and Admiral Forrest Sherman, who was second in his class; Gen. Robert E. Lee, who ranked number two in his class at West Point; Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who was top man in his class, and present Army Chief of Staff Gen. Maxwell Taylor, who was fourth man in his class.

But even General Taylor himself recently told the student body of The Citadel Military College in South Carolina that academic proficiency does not insure successful military leadership. When he was superintendent at West Point, General Taylor told the student body at The Citadel, "I often tried to determine a relationship between cadet records and subsequent success in the Army. I would like to report that scholarship—that is, high class standing—accounts for success in the Army. I must report in all honesty that the record (*Continued on Page 49*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's only Fred, Louise . . . now what was that about Harriet?"

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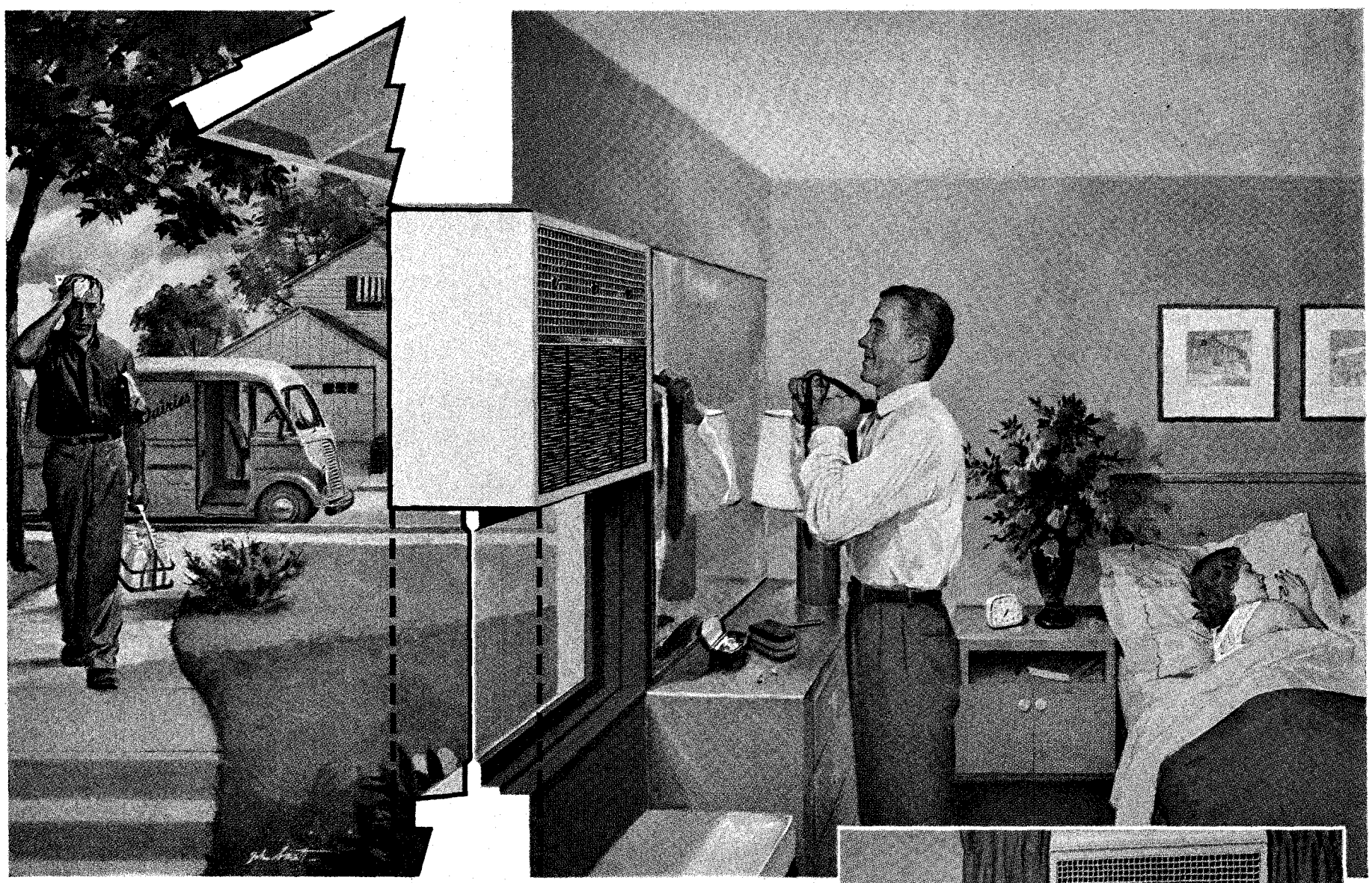

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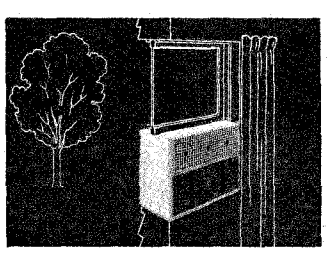
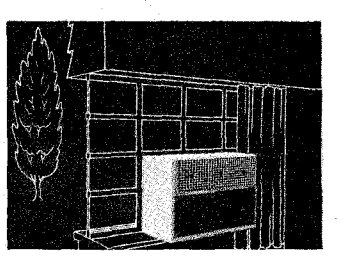


Fits anywhere—in upper or lower sash. Can be mounted flush with inside wall as shown here or all-outside to allow windows to be closed. All inside installation is ideal for use in offices.



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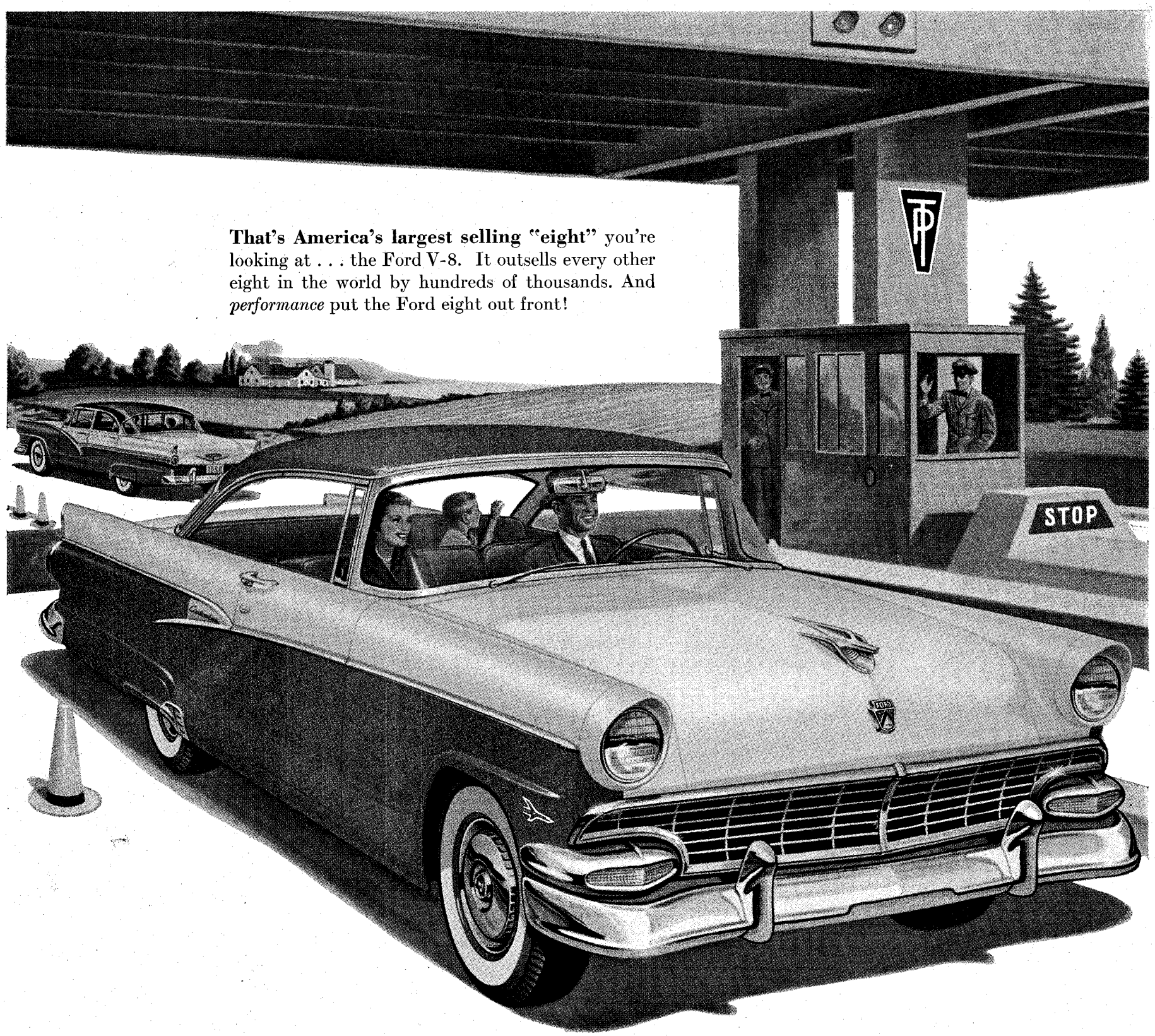

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(*Continued from Page 46*) proves no such thing. An examination of the records of successful World War II generals indicates that it is only a slight advantage to graduate in the upper half of the class rather than in the lower half. Even the very tail of the class—the immortal goats, as we call them—have contributed their part to American generalship. . . . Several of our most successful generals in World War II were in the lowest academic ten per cent. It took George Patton five years to complete a four-year course."

Unfortunately, the lack of the proper desire, temperament and qualifications of leadership on the part of many congressional appointees is apparent even before they reach the firing line. Of the West Point class which graduated last June, 665 cadets entered the academy, but only 470 finished. This was a loss of almost three out of every ten cadets. For the same class at Annapolis, 1101 midshipmen entered together in 1951. Only 742 were on hand for their commissions in 1955.

In the four years in between, "undesirable attrition" had taken its toll. Spelled out, this means simply that poor grades, disciplinary dismissals, physical disqualification and resignations—evidencing lack of desire—washed out almost one third of the corps at the two schools. As opposed to this, the normal attrition of an entering class at Harvard College, from the time of entrance until graduating, is in the vicinity of only 15 per cent.

Nor is this the end of the waste stemming from unintelligent congressional appointive methods. Those who graduate from the academies quit the services at a startling rate after being commissioned.

For the Naval Academy class of 1946, the resignation toll, ten years later, cost the nation 45 out of every 100 who had been graduated. For the same class from West Point, the resignation rate over the same ten years amounted to 13 out of every 100 graduates. Millions of dollars' worth of education—at the taxpayers' expense—is thus wasted, at least in terms of its original purpose.

In short, as the result of the present outmoded congressional appointment system at two of the finest institutions this country possesses, from one third to nearly one half of the possible appointments are never filled; about a third of those nominated never finish; at least one out of seven graduates gives up his military career before completing ten years' service; and unknown quantities of men—superior to those who do reach the battlefield—are engaged in other occupations less satisfying to them and less essential to our nation.

I do not mean to imply that members of Congress are solely to blame. Most members of the Congress give serious thought to the selection of their academy candidates. And among such congressional nominees in the past have been the Grants, the Eisenhowers, the Pattons, the Kings, the Spruances and the Radfords. But in spite of the brilliance of these figures, the deficiencies of the present system are still apparent. These men, undoubtedly, would have been selected in any fair competitive system for the academies, and we do not know how many other talented potential leaders we have lost because of our inefficient and sometimes unfair selection system.

The fact is that members of Congress are hamstrung by an outmoded selection system which fails, by its very structure, to give the guideposts so necessary in the selection of future military leaders—a system which has remained basically unchanged since the two service academies were established well over a century ago, when the United States was internationally a snail-paced, homespun nation.

Under that system, each congressman and senator has been empowered to fill a quota of four West Point cadets and five Annapolis midshipmen each year. Beyond that, there has been no rigid yardstick. How he makes his selections—or, for that matter, whether he makes any selections at all—has been solely traditionally a matter for his own conscience. It is not surprising that the history of such a system is replete with abuses of personal favoritism and political back-scratching. Cries for reform have been sounded on the House and Senate floors for more than a hundred years.

In 1815, Congressman Cyrus King, of Massachusetts, bluntly declared that "... abuses have crept into the institution at West Point—none but the sons of the rich and the powerful can gain admittance there. And the most odious partiality is manifested in some of the appointments in the Navy, particularly of midshipmen."

Five years later, Congressman Newton Cannon, of Tennessee, offered a bill to abolish the Military Academy because of "favoritism." The House member said he favored a school of military science, but asserted his firm opposition to "confining it to a favored few—a privileged order"—and to this device for "teaching the sons of our most wealthy citizens at public expense."

One of the most forceful appeals for a change was made as long ago as 1863. Calling the service-academy rate of attrition to the Senate's attention, Sen. Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island, moved to make admission to the academies dependent on nationwide competitive examinations. "We reject from one third to one half of the cadets both in the Naval School and at West Point," Senator Anthony declared. "We go on educating them for a year or two, and that is all thrown away because persons who have no claims or qualifications are pitchforked in there by favoritism and political influence."

Urging that a board of examiners be created to conduct competitive tests in each state, the senator concluded, "I think an examination by a board of examiners of all young men who apply cannot be any less likely to get the best men than for a senator or representative to select some young man whose father has rendered him some political service, for it is in that way we know that half the appointments are made." His proposal was defeated thirty-two to six. "It was," Senator Anthony declared, "one of those propositions that everybody was in favor of and nobody would vote for."

Surely the time has come for Congress to establish a better way to award what are, in effect, military and naval scholarships—to insure that we are producing intelligent and capable leaders we can entrust with the life-and-death decisions of the atomic age.

Some steps to improve selection methods have already been taken, but they fall

To My Neighbor

By Anita Raskin

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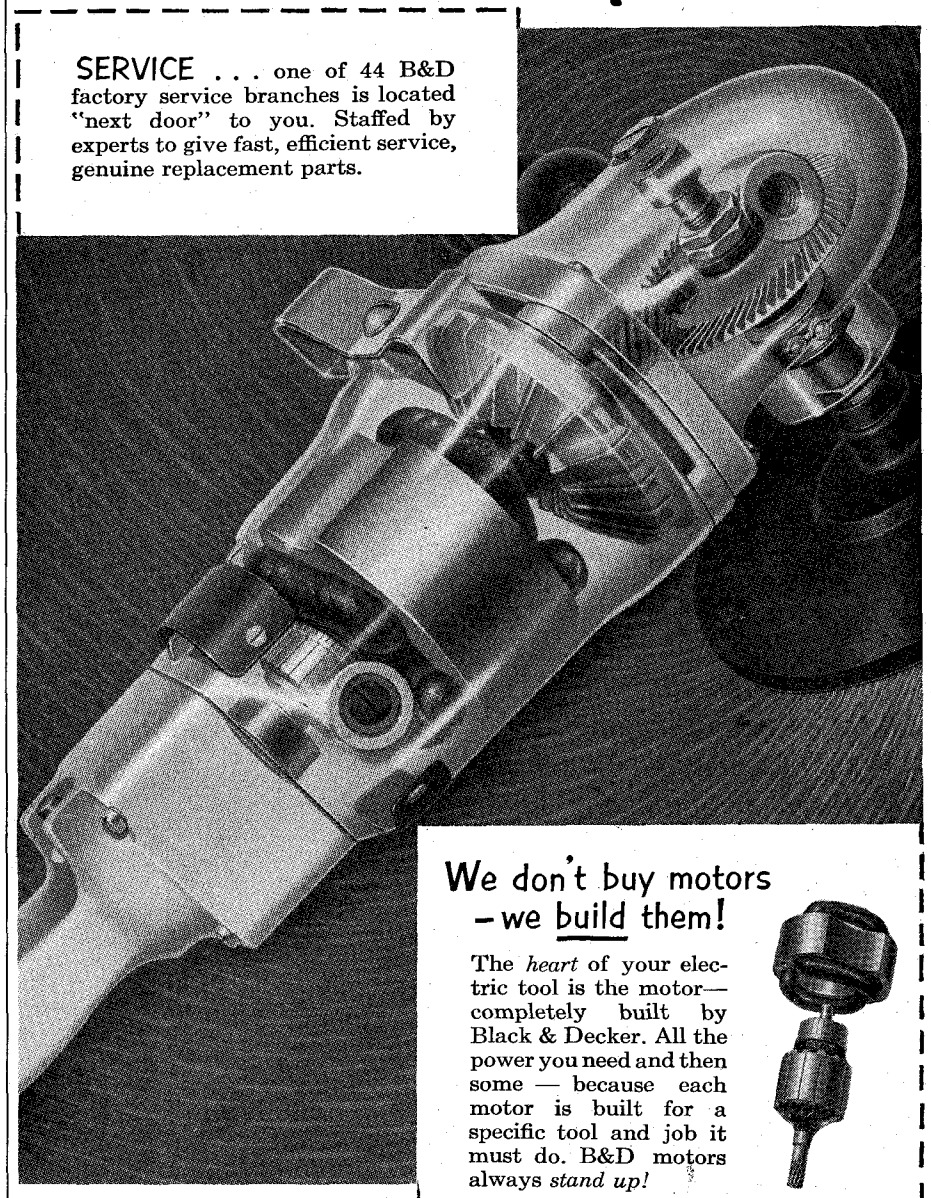

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far short of the desired goal. Civil Service tests, which have been continuously improved, are made available to congressmen for their use. But, although some 50 per cent of the members of Congress utilize these tests, all too often mere lip service is paid to their results, and the son of a political friend is appointed to West Point or Annapolis.

An even more important stride forward was taken when a system was devised for picking appointees to go to the fledgling Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs. Each state was given an over-all quota of appointees and each House member and senator from that state was authorized to nominate candidates. But these appointees were to be finally selected on the basis of merit, following a state-wide competitive examination.

In Massachusetts, for instance, the state as a whole was allocated eight vacancies for the first class to attend the academy. Each of the sixteen members of the Massachusetts congressional delegation was allowed to nominate ten candidates.

These 160 youngsters then compete for the eight nominations. The Air Force itself, after weighing the examination results, plus such factors as personality, competitive spirit and the intangibles that make a leader, made the final selections.

When the Air Force suggested such a system might lead the way for the two senior academies, representatives of the Army and Navy turned thumbs down on the proposal, convinced that members of Congress would begrudge surrendering their right to appoint whom they pleased.

In fact, Congress approved the new competitive system for the Air Force only until such time as the academy graduates its first class in 1959. Then, Congress indicated, it wants the new academy to return to the traditional selection method used for the two senior academies.

What can the individual senator or congressman do about this problem, if new legislation is impossible? How shall the right men be encouraged to seek academy appointment? Should good scores on scholastic tests alone be the basis for selection? Is there any way to make a true objective choice? How can we be reasonably sure that the boys we send to the academies can pass the stiff entrance requirements, undergo a tough four-year schooling and then be willing to serve the nation in the badly needed capacity for which they were trained?

When I came to Congress nine years ago, I conducted a study of this entire question, comparing among other things the modern techniques used by other governmental, scholastic and business institutions in their attempts to predict leadership qualities accurately. As a result of this study, I initiated a "pilot" selection system for my academy appointments which I have used continuously since that time. It may not be the system for every congressman. It is by no means perfect. But it represents, I believe, one method of eliminating the abuses that have afflicted congressional appointments.

Each year I publicly announce that examinations, open to all, will be held for the appointments I am entitled to make to the academies. Newspapers, radio and television media throughout the state cooperate as a public service in carrying these announcements. In addition, the headmaster or dean of every school and college in Massachusetts is informed of the competition and is asked to encourage all interested candidates to apply.

The first step for each boy is to undergo an examination to make certain he is physically qualified for entrance. This is essential, for between 15 and 20 per cent of all congressional appointees fail to meet the physical requirements at the service academies each year.

Candidates found physically acceptable are then given aptitude and achievement tests, specially tailored by the Test Development Section of the United States Civil Service Commission. Scholastic records in high school, prep school or college are carefully compiled and evaluated. At that point, every boy's file is processed and screened, and the entire list of candidates is given a competitive ranking.

This is merely the beginning. Objective questionnaires devised to bring out data on the candidate's character and personality are sent to former teachers, employers and others closely acquainted with him. The questionnaires are deliberately and scientifically fashioned to make it almost impossible to give any candidates perfect marks. We want something more useful than a polite letter of recommendation.

With these facts at hand, a special selection board, serving without pay, takes over. This year, for example, my selection board consisted of the headmaster of a preparatory school who is himself a West Point graduate; a clergyman who was formerly an Army chaplain in the combat zone; and a physician with extensive Navy and educational experience.

It is the selection board, not I, that personally interviews each of the highest-ranking candidates and makes the final decision as to selection. It is the selection board, not I, that notifies the boys that they have been nominated, without any opportunity for veto, approval or even review by my office. I have never even met one of my West Point or Annapolis nominees until after he has actually been appointed. I honor the judgment of my selection board without question.

Perhaps my proudest recollection came when I found my system gave the son of a Chinese laundryman the same chance to go to Annapolis as the son of a prominent ex-mayor in my district. That influential political figure—a fellow Democrat—wrote me that his boy wanted an appointment, and asked that I give him "special consideration." He learned from my reply that I could not give anyone's son special consideration, but that his boy—like all boys—was "more than welcome" to enter the competition. And among those competing from that same city was a young Chinese-American boy, the son of the local laundryman. On the basis of sheer merit, the politician's son did not qualify; the laundryman's son did.

A few years ago I learned that one of the boys interested in gaining an appointment was a young soldier stationed on the West Coast. After I had arranged for the boy to obtain leave and military-plane travel back to Massachusetts, he succeeded in winning one of my West Point appointments. Only when I received from his father one of the most sincere letters of appreciation I have ever received in my political career did I discover that the latter was one of the most active Republicans in my district.

But these are personal incidents. The over-all results of my experience with the system tell an even more encouraging story. Two years ago, for example, I was allowed two West Point appointments. A total of 140 boys sought the nominations. My selection board chose eight—two as principals, six as alternates. Not only did both of my principal appointees make the grade but, in addition, four of the six alternates were selected for admission under the qualified-alternates system. When you consider that the Army in 1954 admitted only about fifty qualified alternates from its nation-wide pool of qualified congressional alternates, the performance of these candidates is obvious. Today, four of these six boys are on the dean's list, and West Point officials advise me they are doing outstanding work.

The qualified-alternates system is briefly the method by which the Secretaries of the Army and Navy are empowered by an act of Congress in 1950 to fill congressional vacancies by selecting candidates for admission from the nation-wide pool of all congressional alternates who qualified for admission.

Last year 190 Massachusetts boys participated in my state-wide competition for the three vacancies I was allowed to fill at Annapolis. All three of my principals were admitted, and six out of the fifteen alternates were selected as well. Since the Navy admitted to the Naval Academy as qualified alternates a total of 134 boys from its nation-wide alternates pool, again the outstanding performance of these candidates is apparent.

Screened by the same system, my nominations for appointment to the initial class of the Air Force Academy last year won two of the eight places available from the nominees of the fourteen congressmen and the two senators from Massachusetts.

The chief fault in the present system of appointment generally in use does not lie in the fact that congressmen have most of the appointive power. For this is in keeping with the traditional American concept of civilian supremacy over the military, and it makes certain that the selection of cadets and midshipmen is apportioned throughout all sections of the nation. But self-reform by Congress itself is long overdue. It is high time that senators and House members availed themselves of the scientific testing yardsticks that have been developed in recent years.

Those congressmen—the great majority—who do give conscientious thought and consideration to the task of selection of academy appointees should be provided with a more expert, farsighted means of doing so.

There is evidence that the academy officials themselves are eager to see such a selection system used universally.

In a letter to former Congressman William J. Miller, of Connecticut, who, as far back as 1940, used a method similar to my own, Brig. Gen. Jay L. Benedict, then superintendent of West Point, declared: "Our own test of determining entrance qualifications is necessarily restricted to tests of mental and physical qualifications. It contemplates that other desirable qualities, such as personality, character, initiative, determination, potential leadership, and so on, be determined by the appointing authority before principals and alternates are designated for our mental and physical tests. Your method should be most effective in accomplishing this."

While I am sure that the academy officials have since that time made improvements in their own criteria of worth-while academy material, the services cannot do this job by themselves. Congress itself must take action—and take action soon, before the present system brings widespread disrepute to our service academies.

First, a commission should be established to improve methods of selecting Military and Naval Academy appointees, empowered to study and devise aptitude techniques similar to those used by almost every up-to-date business in the United States to pick the best-qualified men.

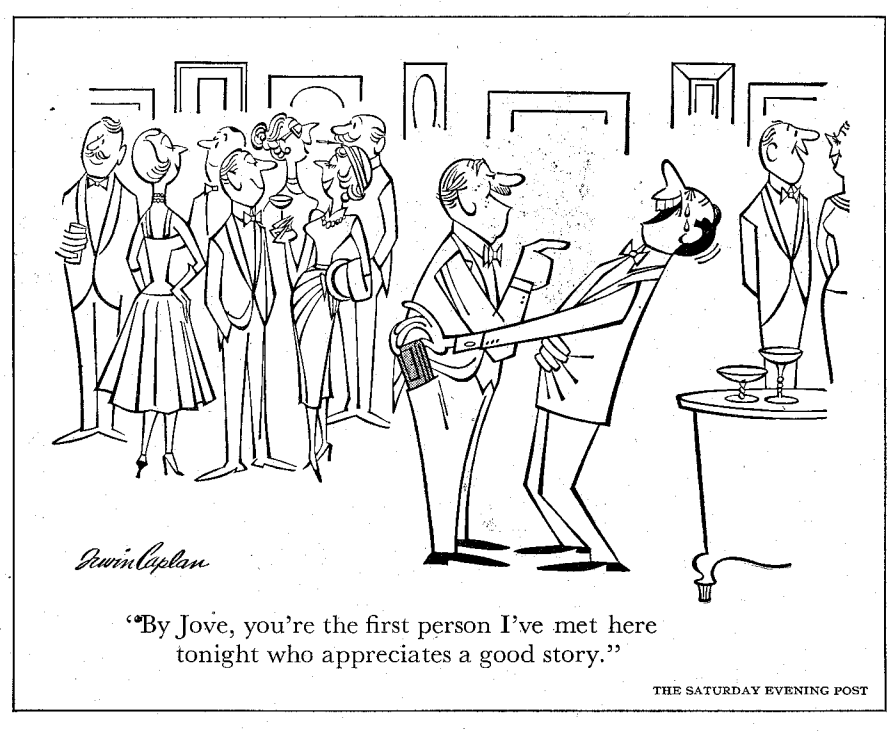
Second, the present quota system should be changed to eliminate the carry-over that presently results when a congressman fails to make his appointments for that year. Each House member and each senator should be allowed to name one boy to each academy each year. If he fails to do so, then the academies themselves should be allowed to make the selection and wipe the vacancy off the books. Under the existing system, congressmen can hoard their appointments over a four-year period. The academies themselves have no way of knowing the exact number of new students they will have from year to year.

Third, adequate administrative facilities should be made available to members of Congress who desire to conduct a competitive-selection system similar to the one I use, in order to encourage them to appoint young men who have been screened mentally, physically and psychologically for the important future that lies before them. The expense for such facilities would be small. The Test Development Section of the Civil Service Commission has had long experience in the field. My own selection board serves without pay, and the newspapers, radio, and television stations in my state are glad to publicize the forthcoming selection tryouts as a public service.

Let us send to our academies young men who are more than good students, able athletes or militarily poised robots. By using available modern selective methods, we in Congress can get the type of boys we need to become the guardians of our future security.

For it is the military and naval officers with character and courage who may well prove to be, in the crucial years ahead, this nation's truly ultimate weapon.

THE END



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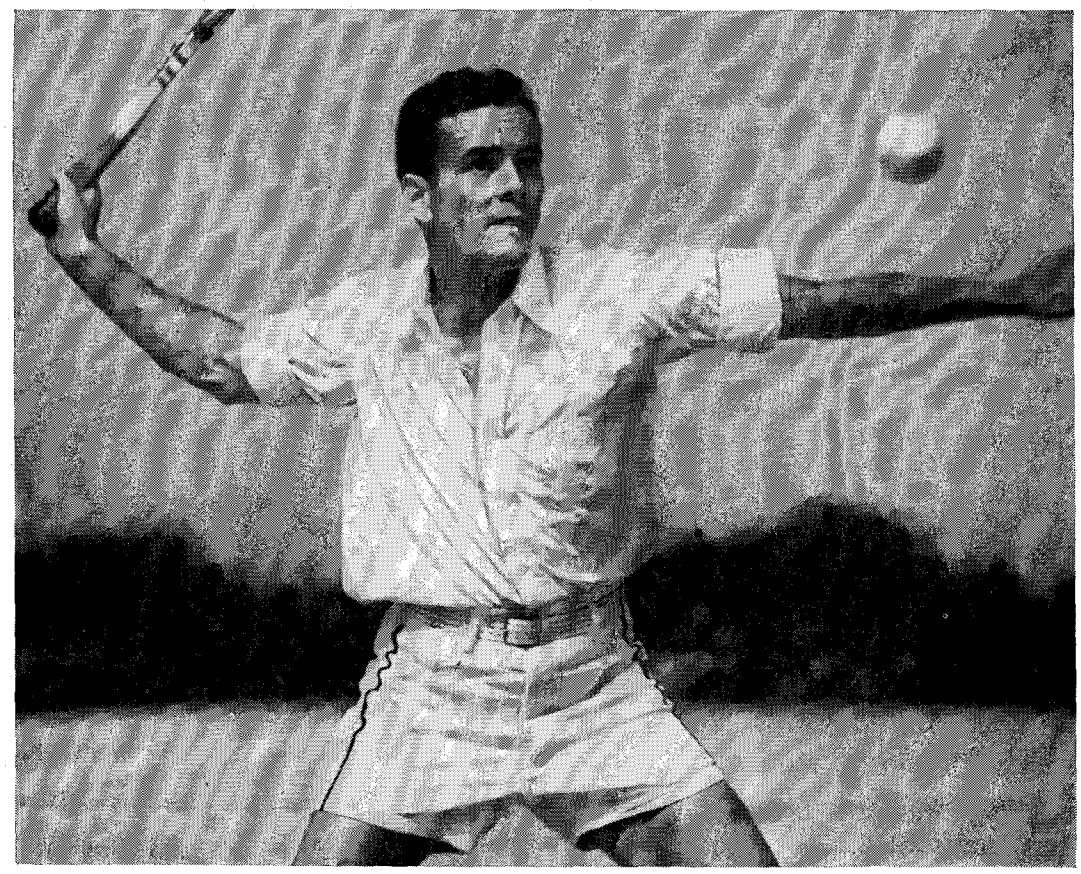

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Counterfeit Cavalier (Continued from Page 39)

wouldn't know Voltaire from Confucius. I detest your suit, but I will fight to the death to defend your right to wear it. But why?"

"Why what?" he asked uneasily. He hoped the others did not overhear.

She did not answer his question. "Your face," she said, but now she lowered her voice from its habitual metallic monotone, "when you are interested, doesn't match your necktie."

"I didn't buy it to match my face. I bought it to match my shirt," Artemus said.

"Your gauche," she said, "doesn't match your smile when you forget to do it by curling the corner of your mouth." She nodded her head jerkily. "It is a nice smile."

She was disturbing; she was alarming; she was dangerously acute. "What's gauche?" he asked, on his guard.

"You slid back to base that time," she answered. "I like enigmas," she said. "I like the races," she said, with a bewildering change of subject, "but I do not like to bet."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because," she said, "it doesn't work out. You bet the horses to make money. You buy land to make money. You buy stocks to make money. You make deals to gain money."

"Right."

"If you are smart, and if you study, and if you exercise judgment, your chances of making money are good—except with horses. With them you study form sheets and blood lines and past performances and all kinds of information. And then you pick a horse and bet. And then some nag that feels his oats gallops in at twenty to one, and your research and judgment get knocked for a loop. I do not like to risk money that way. I am willing to bet I am more astute than other people, but astute won't tell you what kind of a mood a horse is in when the starting gate opens. Betting on horses," she said, opening her eyes wide, "is simply gambling."

He laughed naturally. "There is an element of chance," he admitted. "But I will show you that sometimes there is not an element of chance and that sometimes, if you are smart and know the right people, there isn't a gamble."

"You mean chicanery?" she asked.

"That," he said, "is a very elegant word and I wish I was hep to what it means. I will now write the name of a horse in a certain race and fold the paper, and you will put it in your handbag. And I will bet a five-spot for you on that horse."

"If it wins, what will it prove?"

"That I know the right people," he said, and wrote down the name of the horse in the third race that Porque the Egg had given him. He folded the paper, and Jick put it carefully away in her bag.

Walker Bayside, who seemed to have been engaged in animated conversation with the young lady beside him, turned to Artemus and asked jocularly, "An experiment in second sight, Mr. Baldwin?"

"No," Jick said, "a demonstration of inside information."

"Which," said Bayside flatly, "Mr. Baldwin looks as if he would possess."

Artemus turned to look at the artist. He saw a man in his early forties, handsome, with hairline mustache and gray eyes. His six feet of body showed no signs of softness or of the inroads of middle age. It occurred to Artemus that this man might be worthy of attention. There was strength and character in his face, and something sardonic in his eyes.

"Was that," Artemus asked coldly, "a nasty crack?"

"Indeed not," Bayside said promptly. "A tribute to personality."

The eyes of the two men met and clashed. The Secret Service man knew that he and this handsome artist were not destined to be friends. His eyes dropped to Bayside's left hand, which rested on the back of the chair. It was a strong hand, muscular, with spatulate fingers. His brows drew together slightly as, trained to note details, he saw the man's thumbnail. Careful manicuring had not been able to conceal that it was marred by numerous tiny nicks or pinpricks.

"Sometimes," Artemus said bleakly, "tributes don't set so good."

The string of horses was parading before the third race. Artemus stood up abruptly. "For you," he said to Jick, "I bet a fin."

He went down the stairs to the five-dollar window where he bought two tickets, one for Jick, one for himself. Then he went to the two-dollar window and bought a ticket for Porque the Egg. When he arrived again at the box, there was a sudden silence that told him he had been under discussion. Over the loudspeaker came the announcer's voice. "In two minutes the horses will reach the gate!" it blared.

The stands fell silent; necks were craned toward the gate. "They're off!" said the announcer and commenced to call the race. The eight horses flashed past, closely grouped; at the turn they were less closely bunched. The favorite drew ahead. He was a length ahead as they turned into the stretch. Then a shout went up, not exactly a shout of joy, as a roan horse made its move. One, two, three horses he passed. A hundred yards short of the finish line he overtook the favorite, drew ahead and crossed a winner by a full length.

"That dog!" Bayside said ruefully, and tore up his ticket.

"Look in your bag, Miss Roche," Artemus said, using only the corner of his mouth. Jick took out the paper on which Artemus had written, and unfolded it.

"Susy's Boy in the third," she read.

"Pays eighteen-fifty," Artemus said. "Just shows the difference between investing and betting."

"Forty-six dollars and a quarter." Jick was a lightning calculator.

"Less," Artemus said, "the five I bet for you."

"When one bets for a lady ——" Bayside said, not genially, but Artemus interrupted brusquely.

"When one bets for a lady," he said, "she pays like a man."

"Maybe in your set," Bayside said.

"She still wins forty-one, two bits," Artemus retorted. "How much you made for her today?"

Jick was eying the two men. Artemus thought she was comparing them, assaying them.

"Any more sure things?" Bayside asked.

"The horses," answered Artemus, "only talk to me once a day." He smiled crookedly. "For playing the gee-gees," he said, "you got to have inspiration, like when you paint a picture." He deliberately narrowed his eyes at Bayside, in a way no cultured gentleman would do. "Sometime," he said, "I'd like to give your pictures the once-over. To see if your inspiration's as good as mine."

Again Jick Roche studied the two men. Before the last race of the day Jick said to Artemus, "You must drop around at the house. I think papa would like to meet you."

"Me," Artemus said in his best manner, "I'd be charmed to meet your old man."

Before he sought a place to dine, he wrote a brief note to Norman Wessler, addressed to the Federal building. "The artist, Walker Bayside," it said, "has nicks on his left thumbnail."

Artemus Baldwin expected no mail; therefore, when he found a letter awaiting him at his motor-court address he was surprised. He had been trained to be suspicious of the unexpected. So, before opening the envelope, he examined it meticulously. The return address on the upper-left-hand corner was that of the Westward Ho Hotel. His own name and the name of the motor court where he lived were typewritten, the letters black and clear-cut, indicating a new ribbon and either a new or well-cared-for machine. The stamp was placed exactly in the upper-right-hand corner. He had no apparatus to examine for fingerprints.

Only when Artemus had exhausted the possibilities of the exterior did he slit the envelope open. Inside was nothing but a ticket without accompanying letter—a ticket to next afternoon's ball game between the Cleveland Indians and the New York Giants at the Phoenix ball park. The Giants were carrying on spring training in the city, and the Cleveland men had headquarters in Tucson. The ticket called for a seat in a box.

Evidently someone, for some purpose, wanted him to attend that ball game. It might be Norman Wessler, the Secret Service agent in charge, but Artemus did not think that was the case. He was quite sure that if Wessler had sent the ticket of admission there would have been an accompanying explanation or instructions. If it were not Wessler, then it could be anybody in Phoenix—except someone who was a guest at the Westward Ho.

Definitely the ticket represented some sort of move in some sort of game. Artemus felt a faint glow of satisfaction. In one thing he had been successful—he had attracted someone's attention. Possibly someone not connected with the dubious half world desired to look him over—someone who did not want to be seen in places which Artemus frequented or someone who did not find it convenient to arrange by more normal means a meeting with him.

He retired and slept soundly. In the morning he arose, showered, put on his natty, overstyled suit, arranged carefully a handkerchief in his breast pocket and drove downtown to breakfast in the coffee shop of the Adams Hotel. He lingered over his orange juice and griddlecakes and coffee, and then sauntered out to buy a morning paper and to find a seat in the famous, but now modernized, lobby of the hotel. It was a spot where for generations Arizonans had congregated, cattlemen, miners, legislators. If one sat there long enough he would see every notable of the state.

As he sat there he saw ballplayers whose faces had been made familiar to him on the sporting pages; there were cowboys in high-heeled ornate boots and dungarees and ten-gallon hats; there were winter visitors and traveling men, Eastern young women in gaudy shirts and trousers. It was an entertaining mixture of authentic West and of Easterners preening themselves in expensive imitations of Western garb.

Artemus scanned faces. A Secret Service man, no matter how idle he may seem, is always (Continued on Page 54)

The Perfect Squelch

Miss Simon, a department-store clerk, operated on the principle that the customer is always wrong, especially if he or she expects prompt and cheerful service. Therefore, when a young matron hurried up to her counter, she was very aloof, cool, and lazily busy with the mysterious things clerks do behind counters.

When the customer finally asked for service, Miss Simon looked annoyed and called back, "Just a minute." After two more tries, the customer moved away and made her purchase at the other end of the counter.

Later, passing the same counter, the hurried customer noticed a floorwalker standing near Miss Simon. So she wasn't too surprised when the clerk, suddenly alert and friendly, called out, "Did you find something you liked?"

Pausing only long enough to answer clearly, the customer said, "Yes; another clerk."

Jean H. Fitzgerald

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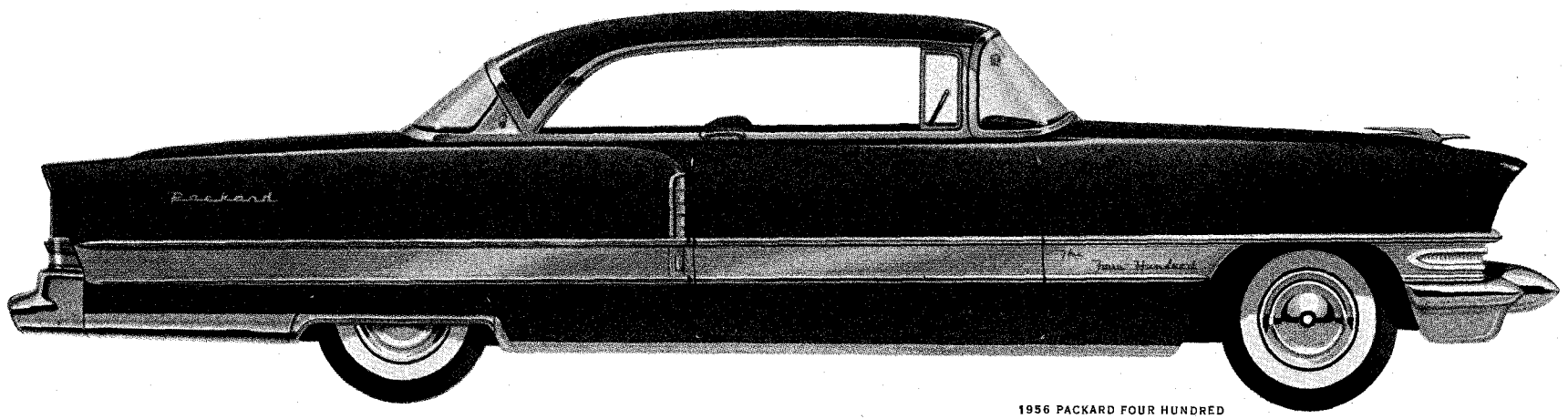

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(*Continued from Page 52*) at work. It might be his good fortune to see some face known to him as a wanted man or one with convictions of crime to his discredit—a person with a counterfeiting past or one who had served his term for filching pension checks. But no such person crossed his line of vision.

His attention was directed to a couple who emerged from the elevator and walked toward the Central Avenue entrance. They would have attracted glances anywhere or in any company. The man was in his sixties, with whitening hair and goatee beard. His suit was of immaculate white linen. He wore a gray sombrero with tooled-leather band that must have cost nearer to a hundred than to fifty dollars. He was tall, inches over six feet in stature—the very ideal of an aristocratic, unreconstructed Southern gentleman. The girl who accompanied him was also tall, with a wealth of brown hair that verged upon the auburn. She carried her shoulders erectly. Her cheekbones were high, with flat planes beneath, and her skin seemed never to have been touched by wind or sun. She moved with that grace possible only to one whose body is perfection. Her face, her bearing, was as aristocratic as that of the elderly man who accompanied her, but somehow the aristocracy a bit severe on the man was, in her, mitigated by a certain pleasant demureness, an aliveness of the eyes and a smile that hinted at keen appreciation of humor. Artemus guessed them to be father and daughter, and his eyes followed them with admiration until they disappeared into the street.

Artemus lingered another quarter of an hour; then he strolled out the Adams Street entrance and sauntered south on First Street and then eastward on Washington. Some blocks along he turned in to a greasy-spoon restaurant and sat at the counter, where he ordered a cup of the liquid that masqueraded as coffee in the place. He never had been there before, but the shirt-sleeved counterman in soiled apron greeted him by name. "Mornin', Mr. Baldwin," he said ingratiatingly, as to a V.I.P.

Artemus stared at the man bleakly. "So you know my name," he said.

"Who don't?" the man answered. He smirked. "Coffee's on the house."

"I pay," snapped Artemus, tossing a half dollar on the counter and walking out.

Artemus was contented. He was a known man, to be treated with deference. He had made character. Small fry would fawn upon him, unless the word went out that he had been blackballed. Evidently no such word had been passed. The meaning of that was clear. He was in a sort of limbo. Final judgment had not been passed upon him by higher authority, who would be watching and weighing him before it made up its mind. A block farther along he stepped into a dingy cigar store to buy a packet of cigarettes. The surly proprietor served him silently, but the man's eyes told him he had been recognized. When Artemus went out, the man made a telephone call.

Artemus stopped to watch some kids playing in a vacant lot. Porque the Egg approached him from behind, made a gesture of greeting as he passed, and asked out of the corner of his mouth, "Got it?"

"Sure," Artemus answered without turning his head.

"Tail me," Porque whispered.

Artemus allowed his friend half a block of lead and followed. Porque turned south. From a narrow space between a tumble-down house and the high fence of a sort of junkyard Porque spoke. "Slip me," he said.

Artemus, glancing behind at the empty street, turned in to the narrow way. He handed Porque the small roll of bills which represented his winnings from the two-dollar bet Artemus had placed for him.

"You just happen along?" Artemus asked.

"Naw," Porque answered. "Everybody knows you're prowlin'." He peered up at Artemus like a grateful puppy. "You know that stiff?" he asked.

"What stiff?"

"The one you found."

"What about him?"

"The cops," said Porque, "have tied a name to him. He's Sweet Lips Chavez."

"What about him?"

"Worked the Yaqui-gold racket. Done a year's time. He played Injun good."

Artemus had heard vaguely of the Yaqui-gold swindle, but made a note to familiarize himself with the ins and outs of it.

"Burps 'n' Moose got orders to lay off," Porque said.

Artemus sneered. "Turn 'em loose," he said. "Any time. Any time."

"See you," Porque said hopefully. "I scram this way." He pointed to the back of the lot, and with surprising agility made his way to the fence and scrambled over. Artemus stood for a moment studying the information Porque had given. The significant thing was not that the body had been identified, for that had been inevitable, but that Moose and Burps had been ordered to lay off.

It was further evidence of a sort of moratorium while he was weighed in the balance.

He walked more rapidly back to the Adams, lunched in the coffee shop, retrieved his car from the auto lobby and drove across the river—the dry river—and parked in the huge lot at the ball park.

The crowd was beginning to assemble; already numerous cars told of a good attendance. Artemus did not enter at once. He stood by the little ticket office, watching the crowd as it straggled in. When game time approached, he presented his ticket and passed the gates. Before going down to his box he located it and found it to be empty. The playing field was active with ballplayers, who presently withdrew. Umpires and managers clustered at the plate, and the Giants took the field. Still the box remained unoccupied. Artemus shrugged and, descending the steps, selected a seat.

His attention was on the diamond. The pitcher was on the mound and the batter at the plate. As the first ball was delivered, two people entered the box where Artemus sat. He moved his legs out of the way to let them pass. He was conscious of a faint but lovely perfume, and then of a tall, spare man dressed in white. As they settled themselves in their chairs, he saw that it was the couple who had walked through the lobby of the Adams Hotel that morning—the unmistakably Southern gentleman with the goatee and his beautiful, demure daughter. If she was his daughter. They ignored Artemus' presence.

Before the first half inning ended, another party entered the box on the right. They were Jick Roche; the artist, Walker Bayside; a man past middle age whom Jick addressed as Pops, and two young women and a man whom Artemus never before had seen. They carried cushions. The usher dusted the chairs and received a tip. Jick occupied the seat at the left, separated only by the rail from Artemus. She looked at him unsmilingly.

"Well," she said, "you do pop up."

"Not on purpose," he answered, and nodded to Bayside, whose return nod was curt.

"Who pops up?" asked Mr. Roche, standing to look at Artemus.

"Man by the name of Baldwin," Jick said, and then, "Mr. Baldwin, my father."

"Charmed," Artemus said.

"He's always charmed," Jick said critically. "I bet his book of etiquette told him that's the way to acknowledge an introduction."

"Swap seats," Mr. Roche said to his daughter, and Artemus could not guess if this exchange was made so that Mr. Roche could talk to him or if it was to separate him from Jick.

"Every man needs a hobby—Gordon's is making a fool of himself."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You got inside dope on this game?" he asked.

"No, sir," Artemus replied.

Mr. Roche grunted. "Wasting an afternoon, eh?" He did not lower his voice, which was penetrating, with the same lack of modulation noticeable in his daughter's. He continued, his voice carrying, a fact which he ignored. "Who are your friends? Got a Southern look."

"I do not," Artemus said, "enjoy the pleasure of their acquaintance."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mr. Roche. "Do you always talk polite like that?"

"Hush your noise, Pops," Jick commanded. "You're making a spectacle of yourself."

"The heck I am, and what of it?" Mr. Roche demanded without rancor. He leaned over to speak past Artemus. "You from the South?" he asked of the bearded gentleman.

The aristocratic head turned and sharp gray eyes regarded Mr. Roche.

"I am, sir," he replied. "From the state of Georgia, sir."

"Me," said Mr. Roche, "I'm from Vermont. Name's Roche. What's yours?"

"I, sir, am Colonel Semmes Bedford Beauregard," was the reply.

"Pirate and two generals," Mr. Roche exclaimed in his metallic voice. "I swan to man!"

"Captain Semmes, sir, was no pirate but a gallant gentleman."

"Depends on which side you fought on," Mr. Roche said.

"Watch the ball game, Pops," commanded Jick.

"Young fellow next to you," Mr. Roche said, disregarding his daughter, "name of Baldwin."

"Indeed," said the colonel.

"And this is my daughter, Annlee, mostly called Jick."

The colonel seemed puzzled as to the correct etiquette, but, after hesitation, decided to do as the Romans seemed to be doing—or possibly he thought he was surrounded by barbarians whom it was best to indulge. He bowed to Artemus without offering his hand and, standing, bent from the waist to Jick. "My daughter, Jennifer," he said with some reluctance.

Jennifer smiled demurely and blushed. Jick did not smile nor blush.

"Now maybe we can watch the ball game," she said.

"People," said Mr. Roche didactically, "are more interesting than ball games."

"Quit being a character," Jick said sharply.

"How in tunket can I?" her father asked. "I am a character."

Mr. Roche subsided as Henry Thompson, of the Giants, met a pitch fairly and sent it over the left-field fence.

The remaining three seats, in the box occupied by Artemus, Colonel Beauregard and his daughter, remained empty. Artemus wondered if it had been planned that way. He wondered if the ticket had been sent to him so that he might occupy the same box with the Beauregards. He wondered if it was something besides chance that had placed the Roches and Walker Bayside in the box next to him. He wondered if Mr. Roche was an authentic character or if he was putting on a performance with an object. It was all very interesting. He resolved to sit tight and be carried by the tide. He watched Bayside, who had taken no part in the conversation and who seemed disgruntled. Jennifer Beauregard had uttered not a single word, but had sat demurely, watching the game, her hands folded in her lap. As inning followed inning, Mr. Roche and the colonel became more friendly. The colonel relaxed his somewhat pompous bearing. The two men seemed well on the way to (*Continued on Page 57*)

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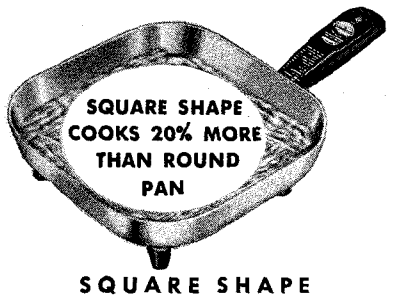

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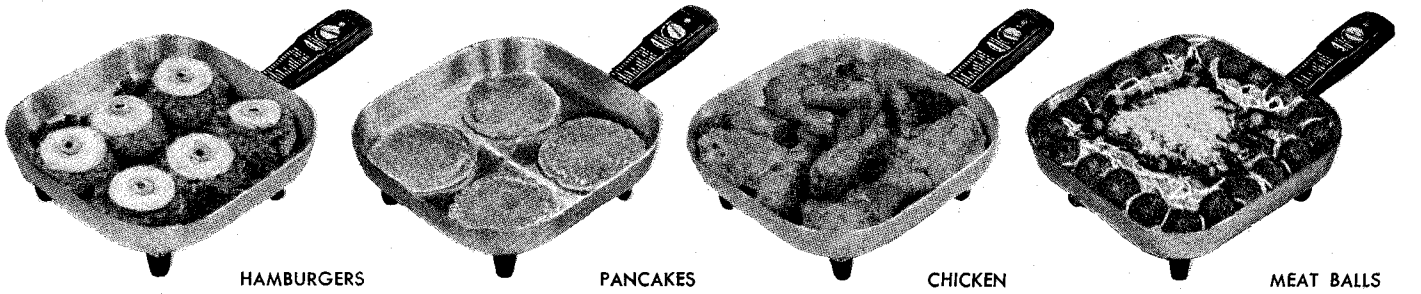

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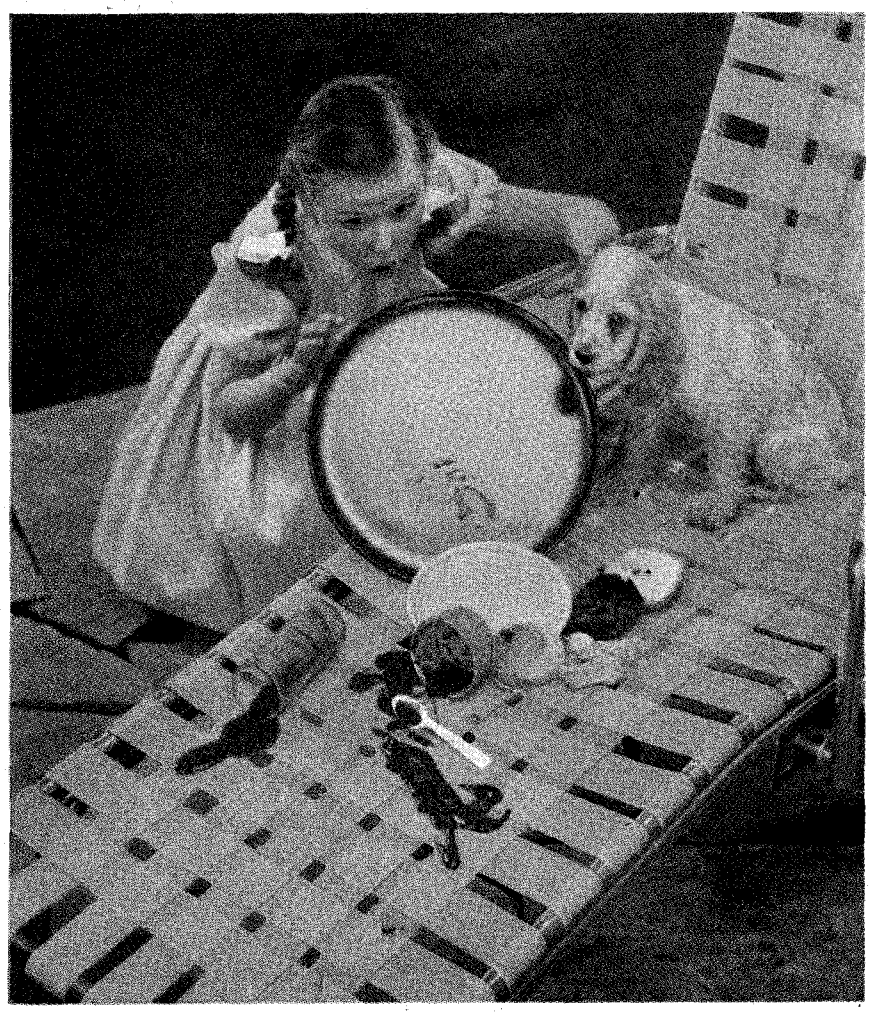

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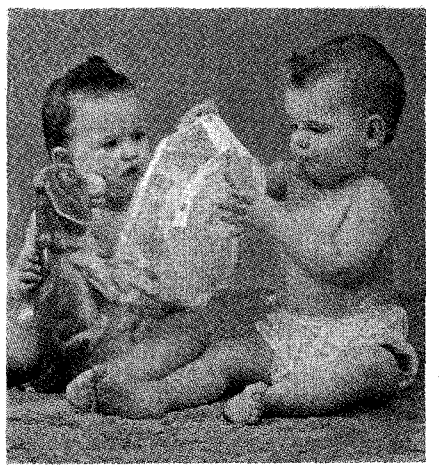

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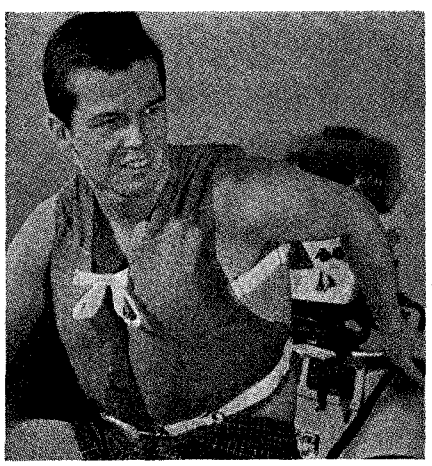
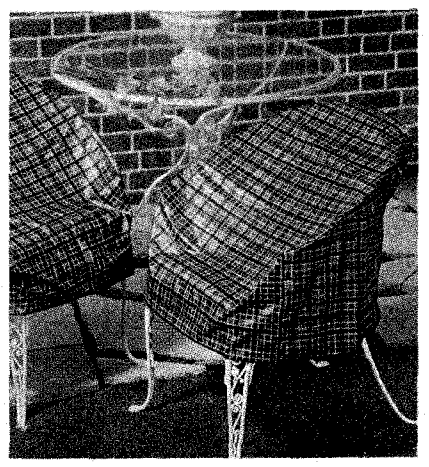
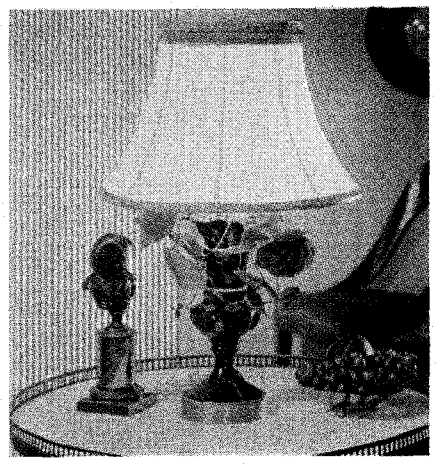


SAFETY FIRST — AND ALWAYS life jacket sealed in Velon, the Kapok protected from soaking by its Velon sheath. Covered with cotton drill. About $7.95. **TA-PAT-CO., GREENFIELD, O.**



RIGHT AS RAIN Velon furniture covers with elastic for snug fit. In 3 styles: chair about $1.98, chaise about $2.98, glider about $3.98. **CORONET MANUFACTURING CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.**

DECORATOR'S DREAM, smart venetian blind woven plastic tapes of Velon. Shrink-, stretch-, and fade-resistant. Easy to wipe clean. By **EMPRON INTERNATIONAL, FALL RIVER, MASS.**



MUTED AND MELLOW light perfectly diffused through shades of colorful Velon. Completely washable. Styles from about $1.00 to $2.70. **DORN MANUFACTURING CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.**

ENJOY THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE ON RADIO AND TELEVISION MONDAY EVENINGS OVER ABC

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(*Continued from Page 54*) forming an acquaintanceship which might outlast the nine innings.

The gentlemen talked across Artemus, ignoring him as if he were not there. It was a hot afternoon and Artemus was uncomfortable. The sun did not diminish the colonel's dignity, nor did it seem to affect the serenity of his daughter. Mr. Roche mopped his brow.

Jick concentrated upon the game, now and then glancing at her father as if apprehensive lest he do something outrageous.

It was during the last half of the eighth inning that Mr. Roche obliged. Jick shrugged her shoulders helplessly and shrugged as if it were no less than she had foreseen.

"Say," Mr. Roche said suddenly, as if a pleasant thought had popped into his mind, "it's a doggone hot afternoon. Now, a couple of cold drinks would go good, eh? And a swim in the pool. What say we all drive out to our place and really get acquainted?" He turned to Jick. "We can scrape up something to eat, can't we?"

"We always can," she answered with resignation.

"Now that'll be nice," Mr. Roche said enthusiastically. "We can walk out on this game. It's sour anyhow. . . . How about it, colonel?"

"Sir," the colonel said, with a gracious bow from the waist, "you are most hospitable. Most hospitable indeed. For myself, I shall be delighted to further our acquaintance. But the decision must wait upon my daughter. . . . My dear, Mr. Roche invites us to his home for a collation. A most hospitable gesture. I hope you will desire to widen the circle of your acquaintances and to accept this most gracious invitation."

"Of course, father," she answered almost inaudibly, "if you desire it."

"Then that's settled," Mr. Roche said cheerfully. He seemed to become aware of Artemus' presence. "This includes you, Baldwin," he said as if as an afterthought of no importance.

"Thank you," Artemus said, wondering if the seemingly negligible afterthought might not be the important point of the arrangement. "Can I drive anyone?" he asked. "I have my car."

"We came by taxicab," said the colonel.

"Then," Roche said, "ride out with Baldwin. Our car's loaded."

Artemus caught Jick's eye. It was sardonic.

Artemus walked to his parked car, wondering if the purpose for which he had been induced to go to the ball game had been accomplished. He doubted that the ticket had been sent to him merely so that someone could look at him as he sat in the box. There must have been some more definite reason than that. He shrugged. Whatever it was would manifest itself, but in the meantime it behooved him to walk cautiously and be skeptical of everyone.

He drove back to the gate of the ball park, where Col. Semmes Bedford Beauregard and his daughter awaited him. The urbane colonel opened the front door of the car and helped Jennifer to a seat beside Artemus, himself taking his place in the rear. Jennifer smiled her still, demure smile as she arranged her skirts. She did not speak. Artemus was occupied by the impatient traffic, and it was not until they neared the railroad underpass that a word was spoken.

"Like baseball?" Artemus asked.

"I think so," Jennifer said. Her voice was deep and rich and as soft as velvet. "I never saw it played before."

"Never saw baseball!" Artemus exclaimed.

"My daughter and I," said the colonel, "have spent much time in Europe."

"America," said Jennifer, "is so different."

"Kind of crude, eh?"

"I prefer it," Jennifer said.

"We got no dukes and earls," Artemus said, just to demonstrate that Americans could be crude.

"Our gentlemen," said the colonel, "are the equals, if not the superiors, of the aristocracy of Europe."

"You mean we stack up good alongside of them?" Artemus asked.

"Our gentlemen do," said the colonel, with scarcely perceptible emphasis on the word. "Are (*Continued on Page 61*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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discriminating smokers prefer

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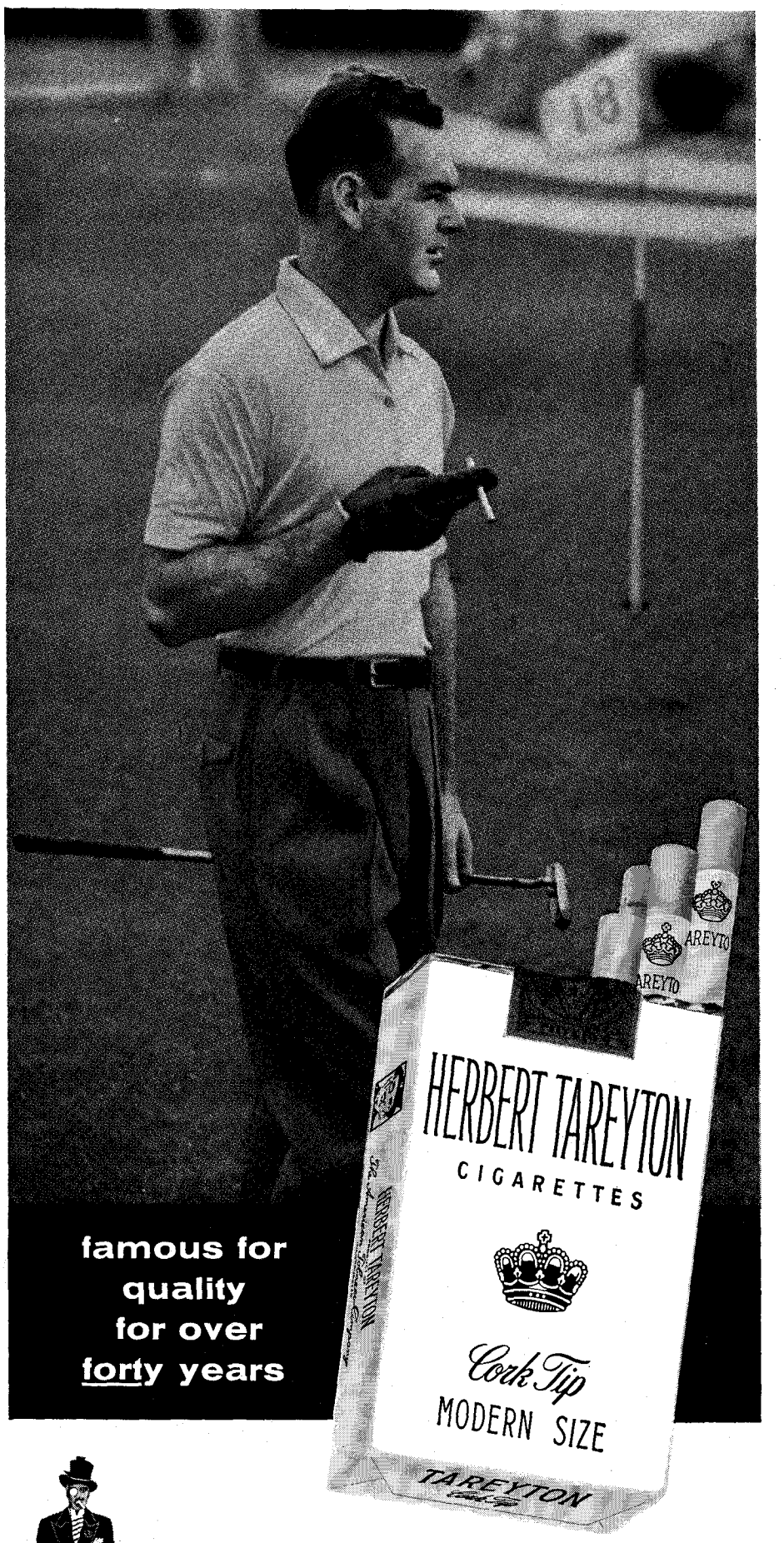
with the genuine cork tip



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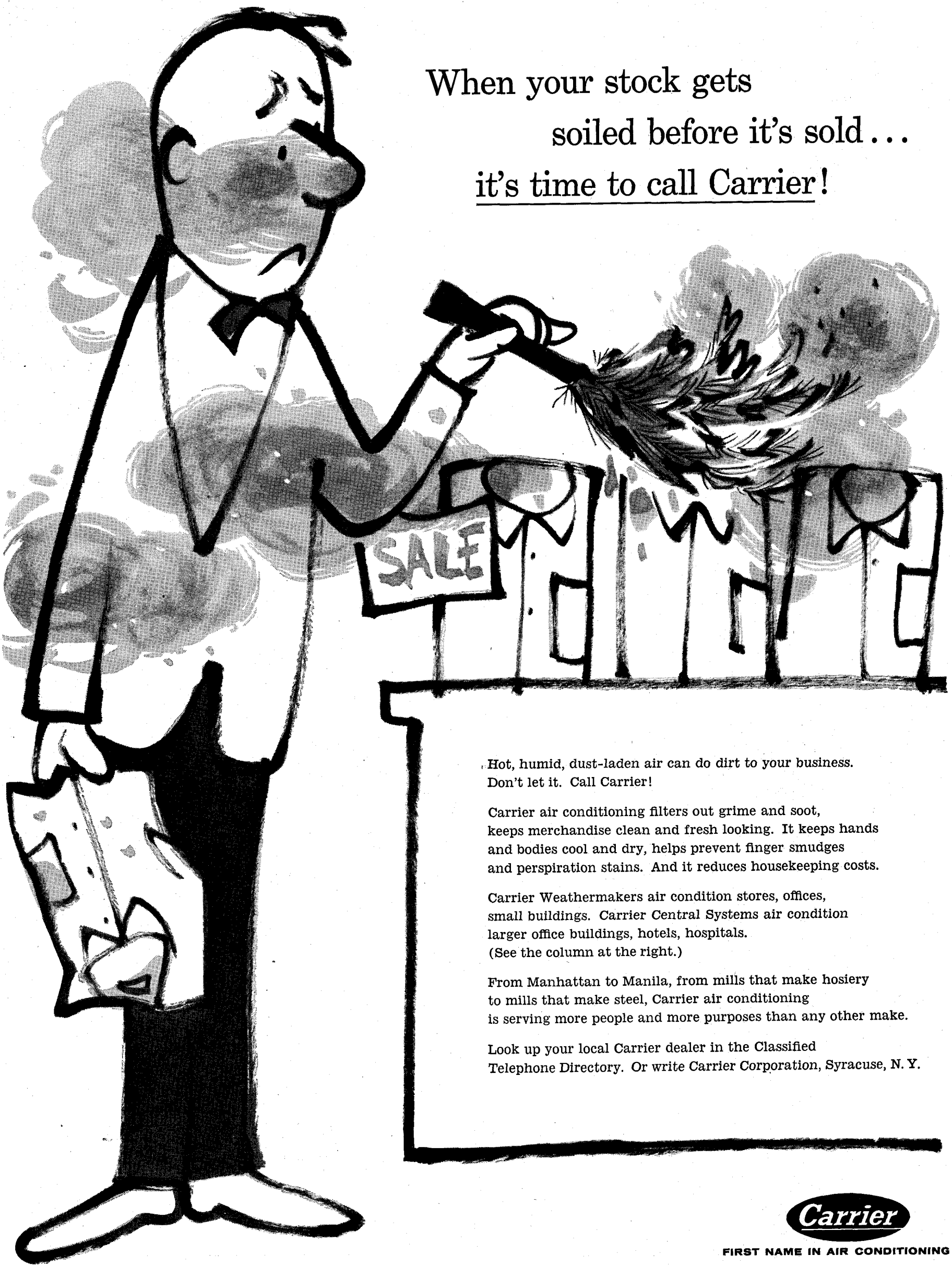

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Carrier air conditioning filters out grime and soot, keeps merchandise clean and fresh looking. It keeps hands and bodies cool and dry, helps prevent finger smudges and perspiration stains. And it reduces housekeeping costs.

Carrier Weathermakers air condition stores, offices, small buildings. Carrier Central Systems air condition larger office buildings, hotels, hospitals. (See the column at the right.)

From Manhattan to Manila, from mills that make hosiery to mills that make steel, Carrier air conditioning is serving more people and more purposes than any other make.

Look up your local Carrier dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory. Or write Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, N. Y.

Carrier

FIRST NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING

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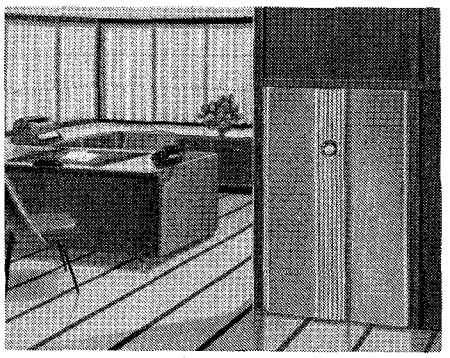
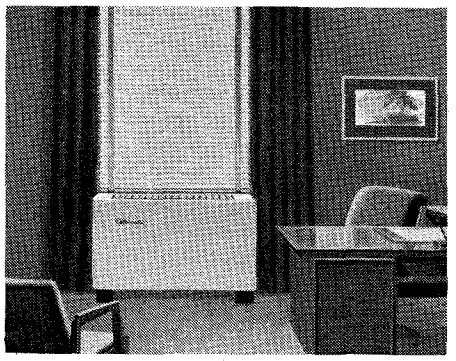
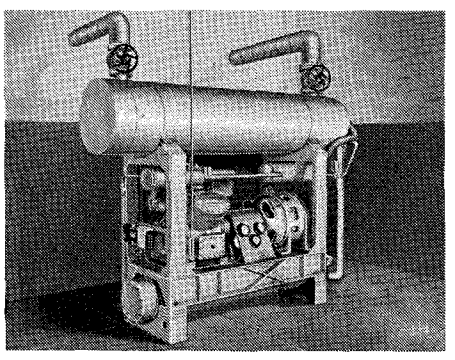


The Carrier Weathermaker is designed for lower installation costs. One unit can air condition a number of offices, a store or a restaurant. Several units can be used together to air condition an entire floor, building or small plant.



The Carrier Room Weathermaker gives individual room control of summer cooling and winter heating in multi-room buildings. Chilled or warm water is supplied from a central source. No ductwork for air distribution is required.



The Carrier Reciprocating Water Cooling Machine provides packaged refrigeration for air conditioning systems that are custom-tailored to space and load requirements of multi-room structures such as office buildings, hotels.

Carrier

FIRST NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING

(*Continued from Page 57*) you engaged in business in Phoenix, sir?"

"You might say I'm looking around," Artemus answered.

"What," asked Jennifer, "are you looking for?"

"An in," Artemus said tersely.

She opened her eyes wide. "I don't think I understand," she said.

"If you're on the outside," he said, "it's no good. You got to be in. You got to know people that figure the angles. You got to know the right people."

"How do you know who are the right people?" Jennifer asked.

"You make yourself a reputation," Artemus said, "and the right people give you a tumble."

"And have you made yourself a reputation?" Jennifer asked.

"I'm working on it," Artemus told her.

"Successfully?" she asked.

"I got a background," he said.

"Who are the right people, Mr. Baldwin?" She turned her head to look fully at him. "Men such as Mr. Roche?"

"You never know," Artemus replied.

"I thought," she said, "that the way to get ahead in the United States was to find a position and work up."

"That," he replied, "is the sucker's way."

"My young friend," said the colonel from the back seat, "I deplore your philosophy. I fear you have the unsound modern point of view. For myself, I adhere to the ancient verities—the copybook maxims. Your attitude, if I may say so without offense, leads to decadence, if not to complete undermining of integrity."

"You mean I should fall for the hokum?" exclaimed Artemus. "Like 'Honesty is the best policy,' and 'A penny saved is a penny earned,' and 'Satan finds work for idle hands to do.' That," Artemus said scornfully, "is for muttonheads."

"Copybook maxims, sir," said the colonel severely, "contain the condensed wisdom of the ages. They are rules, ratified by experience, for the guidance of mankind."

"In my book," Artemus retorted, "they're rules to keep the rich rich and the poor poor." He sneered. "Keep your nose to the grindstone, work your fingers to the bone for the boss, and you'll go to heaven when you die!"

"Your attitude, if it became general," said the colonel, "would lead to the disruption of society."

"I'm for that," Artemus said.

"Surely," said Jennifer, "you're not a communist!"

"Me!" Artemus snorted. "They're the all-time boobs."

"Then what are you?" Jennifer asked.

"I'm a one-man band, Miss Beauregard. I'm for me."

"But one must have loyalties."

"Of them I got plenty," Artemus said. "If I join up with somebody, I stick by him. Otherwise there's no organization."

"Ah, you believe in organization?"

"Show me the kind of organization I'm looking for, and I enlist for the duration."

If Colonel Beauregard and his lovely daughter were what they seemed to be—conservative, aristocratic, narrowly loyal to tradition—then, Artemus knew, his acquaintance with them would be brought to sudden termination. If, on the other hand, they were responsible for sending him the ticket to the ball game, then he was making progress. He, as an agent of the Secret Service, dared take no chances. He was not in Phoenix to make desirable social contacts or to ingratiate himself with beautiful young ladies. Never for a single instant could he step out of the role that had been assigned to him. It did not matter what nice people thought of him, or how he affronted them, or how greatly they detested him. What mattered was to gain the confidence of people who were not nice.

In spite of his conversation, Artemus perceived that Jennifer was interested, possibly as in an odd specimen.

"I never met anyone like you, Mr. Baldwin," she said.

"What's different about me?" he asked, with just sufficient belligerence to make his resentment apparent.

"You seem," she said, as if trying to put her finger on what she meant, "to be acquainted with another side of life."

"My fingerprints aren't on file with the FBI, if that's what you mean," he said. "Look, I was introduced to you by this Mr. Roche. That means he kind of sponsors me socially, doesn't it? He's in the swimming-pool class."

"Mr. Roche. He—does he not seem a bit eccentric?"

"Maybe he's screwy," Artemus said, "but he's in the chips."

They were driving out Central Avenue, which in the old days had been a fine residence street, but which was now almost solidly converted to business. One was aware of newness, of sudden growth, of prosperity. The new buildings showed a striving for architectural originality, and some of them achieved it. Others showed a disposition to ape the eccentricities of Hollywood. But the general effect was of roominess and cleanness. Jennifer was inclined to admire.

They reached Camelback Road and turned to the right on that four-lane highway. A few years ago it had been an ill-paved country road, but now, distant as it was from downtown Phoenix, business was taking it over, and everywhere one looked new subdivisions were in process of development. They approached and passed Camelback Mountain with its everchanging colors and swung into Paradise Valley, where presently Artemus drew up before a long, low, inviting house surrounded by spacious, well-kept lawn and beautified by the blaze of color from a profusion of flowers.

"This is it," Artemus said. "Classy, eh?"

They walked around the house to the pool, where the rest of the party already sat, with cool drinks beside them. Jick came forward to meet them and conduct them to chairs. She performed introductions. "And this," she said, after making the adults known to one another, "is my kid brother, Pomfret."

Pomfret Lionel, in faded dungarees, cowboy boots and shirt dangling outside his trousers, stared at Artemus with open curiosity.

"Are you, now, the Mr. Baldwin that found that dead man with his mouth all stuffed full of money?" he asked.

"Well, I was there," Artemus admitted, narrowing his eyes over the boy's head at his sister.

"Oh," she said, "Pomfret Lionel and I have no secrets from each other."

"That," said Artemus, "could be good and it could be bad."

"Good or bad," Jick answered, "that's how it is."

"What for," Pomfret asked, "would they jam all that money into his mouth?"

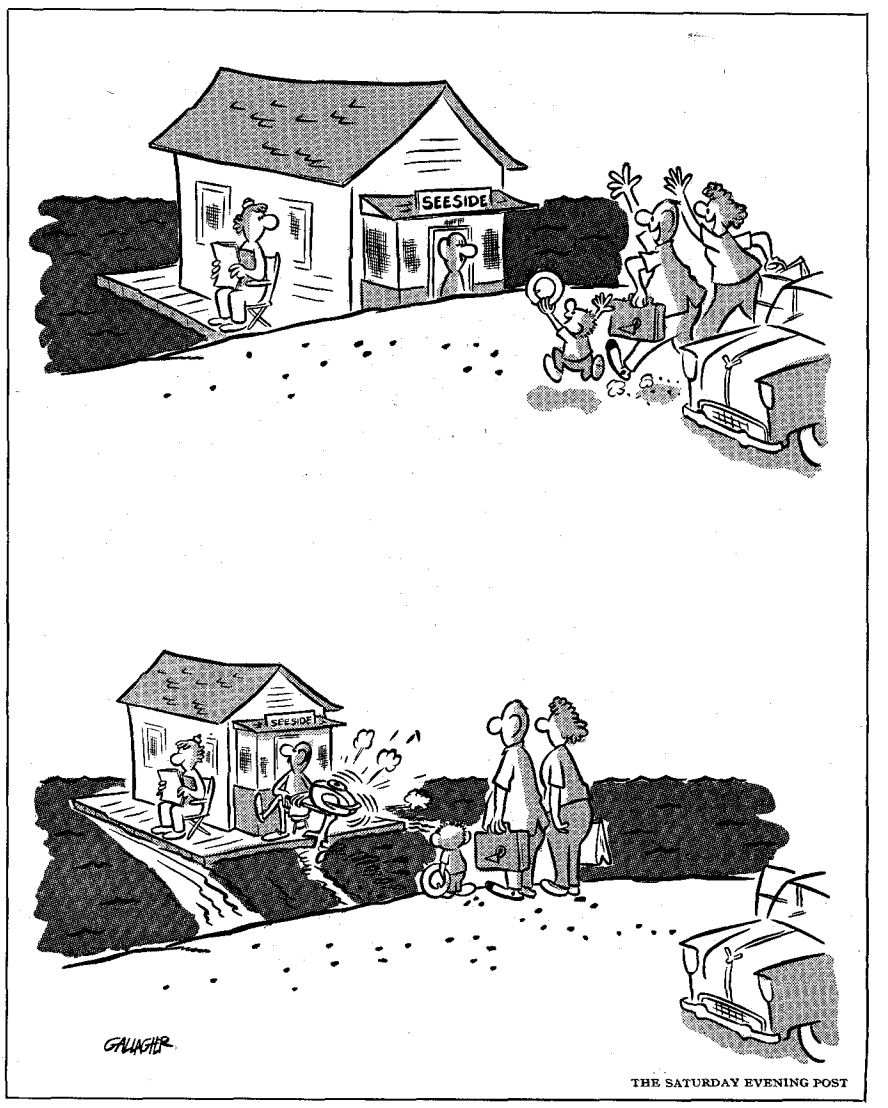
"That," Artemus said, "is the jack-pot question."

"I wish I'd seen it," Pomfret went on. "I wish I'd had a chance to put it under my microscope."

"What for?" Artemus asked.

"To see if any of it was counterfeit. I'm an expert. I detected a counterfeit ten-dollar bill the other day. My father had it. When I grow up I'm going to be a Secret Service man, so I'm getting ready. I know the Secret Service man in Phoenix."

So, thought Artemus, Jick Roche did have some secrets from her brother. She had not told him about the counterfeit note that had (*Continued on Page 65*)



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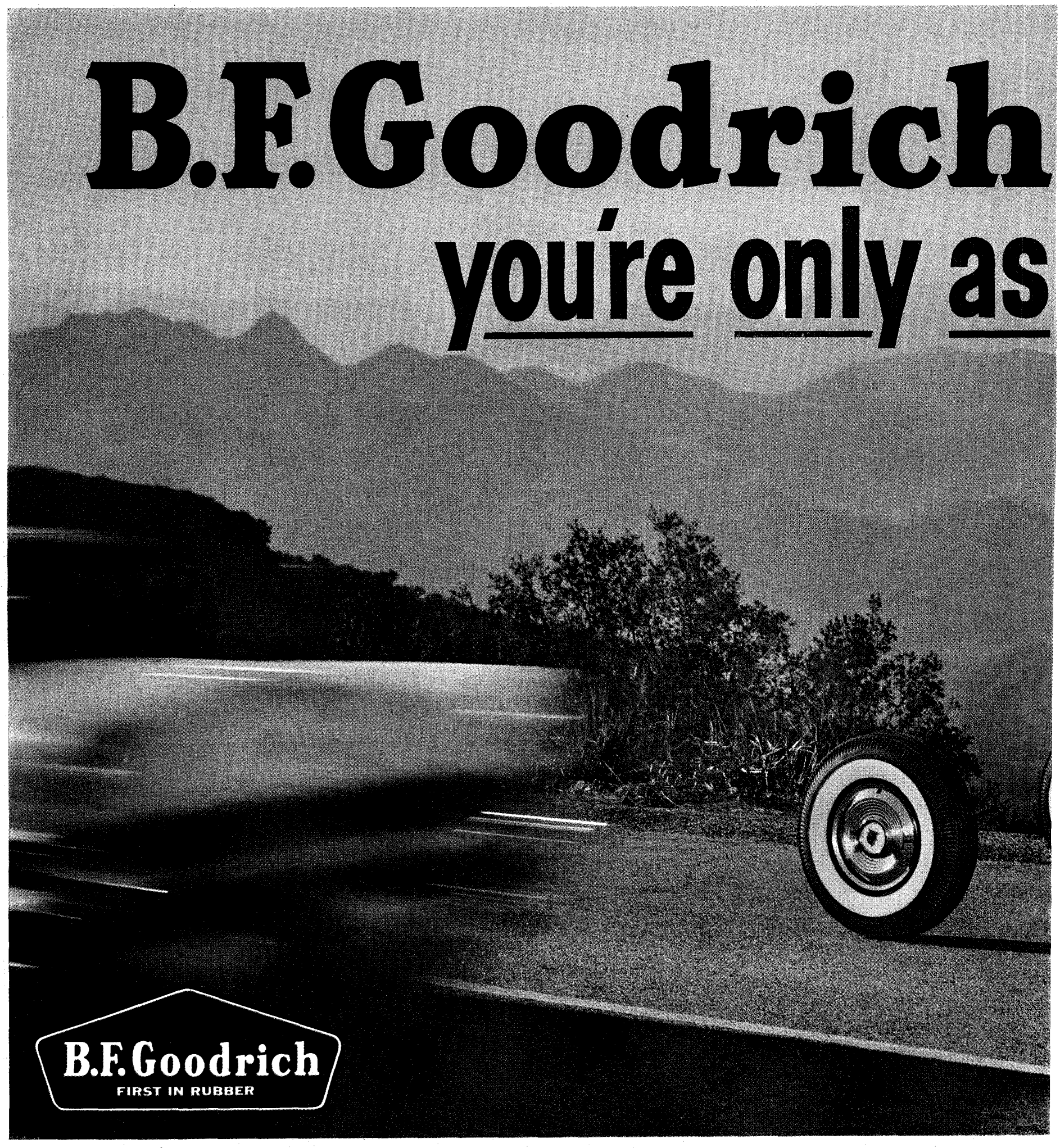

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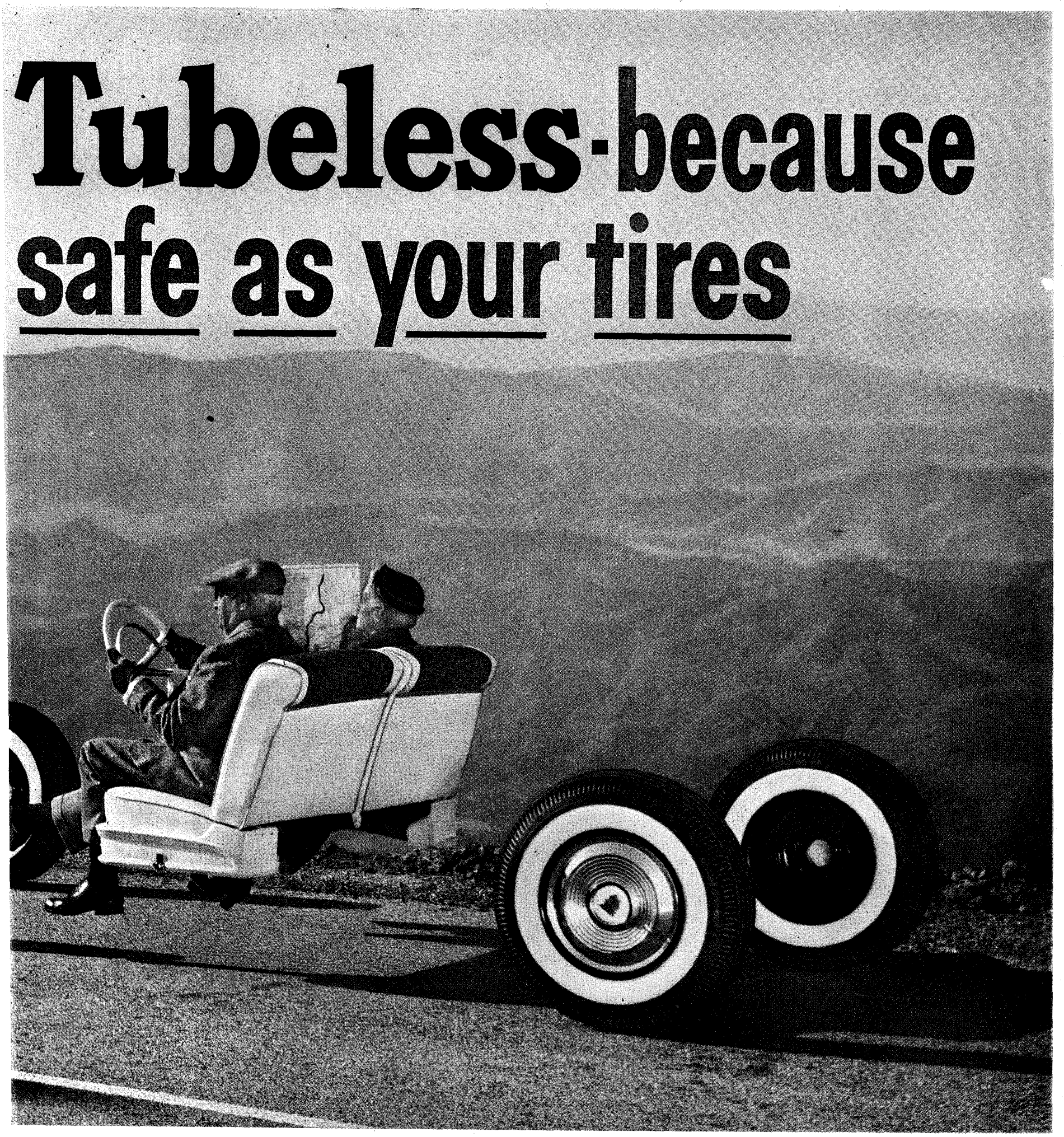
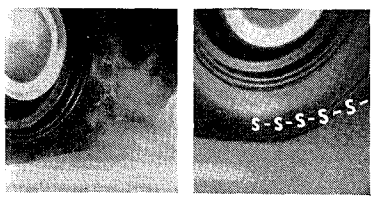
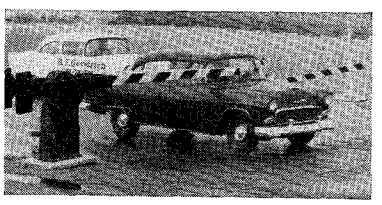




1 **LIFE-SAVER** changes bruise-blowouts to s-s-slowouts. A patented inner liner, part of the tire itself, slows air loss. Instead of a dangerous blowout, you get only a safe s-s-slowout that gives you time to stop.



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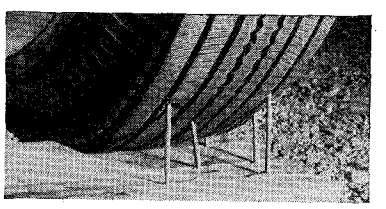

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The Symbol that brings tropic freshness to your coffee's flavor

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The symbol is a trade mark—a small oval on cans made by American Can Company.

Back of it is Canco's belief that the can is *more* than a container: it's a way of helping you live better . . . more conveniently . . . for less money.

Back of it, too, is Canco's motto, "Can do," and the *spirit of cooperation* that makes this motto work.

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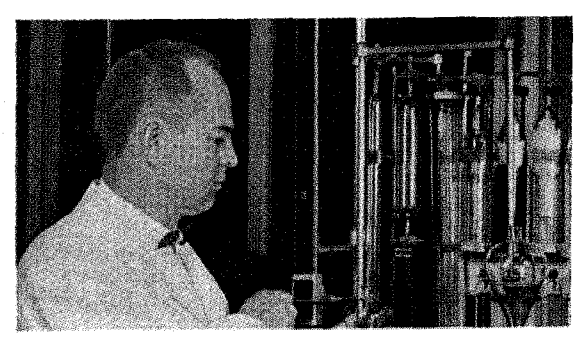
ONE OUTSTANDING ACCOMPLISHMENT has been the preservation of freshness made possible by vacuum packing—a process which keeps coffee from becoming stale. The special cans that make this possible were invented by Canco.



FOOD TECHNOLOGIST DR. RANDALL ROYCE is one of many Canco specialists who help the coffee industry produce a better product. Faced with tough problems and great opportunities, Canco's researchers and service people have always answered "Can do!"

"Can do"... *that's the spirit of* American Can Company

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(*Continued from Page 61*) been among others in the mouth of the man now identified as Sweet Lips Chavez. He raised his brows at her.

"That'll be all from you," Jick said.

Pomfret Lionel made a face at her. "Are you a gangster?" he asked.

"What do you think?" Artemus asked.

"You dress like one," the boy said with devastating frankness.

Jick laid hands upon her brother and shoved him into the pool. "Sometimes you have to be drastic with him," she said. . . . "What will you have to drink?" She spoke directly to Jennifer Beauregard. "Would you like to join us in the pool? I can fix you up with a swim suit."

"I'd love it," Jennifer said.

A girl whom Artemus had not seen before came out of the house and walked toward them. She was small and dainty, and walked with quick little staccato steps. Her hair was auburn and curled tightly about her head. Artemus wondered if she could be Jick's younger sister, and then as she came closer he knew that this could not be so. She was not a little girl—she was a little woman.

"Hi, mother," Jick called, and then as Mrs. Roche approached, "New people," she said. "Colonel Beauregard and Miss Beauregard. And Mr. Baldwin."

Mrs. Roche smiled and stopped, giving the impression of a bird perched on a twig. The smile crinkled her eyes so that they became charming slits.

"Delighted," she said, "to meet old friends of my husband." She paused and her gray eyes twinkled. "Anyone he has known more than ten minutes is an old, old friend. . . . You're charming, my dear," she said to Jennifer. . . . "Did you have to shove him in the pool?" She looked down at Pomfret Lionel, who was scrambling out, dripping.

"He can't talk under water," Jick said.

"You girls going in?" asked Mrs. Roche. "I'll come along."

They disappeared into the *cabaña* at the end of the pool. Mrs. Roche's quick eyes had appraised Artemus, to whom she had given a quick nod. He had a feeling that, in that instant, she had photographed him and catalogued him. There was a vacant chair next to the colonel, into which he dropped.

"You," the colonel was saying to Bayside, "are a painter?"

"That's my trade," Bayside said. Artemus felt rather than saw the artist's eyes upon him, and sensed hostility. There was no reason for it, but Artemus knew that he and Bayside never could be friends. Maybe, he thought, there is such a thing as love at first sight; certainly there can be enmity at first glance.

"I," said the colonel, "am in a small way a patron of the arts. I should be gratified to see your work."

"And I to show it to you," Bayside said. . . . "And you, Mr. Baldwin. Are you interested in art?" There was something condescending, almost hectoring, in Bayside's voice.

"Sure," Artemus said. "Two kinds. Girls in magazines and engravings."

"Engravings!" said Bayside.

"Yeah, like on ten-dollar bills," Artemus said. "Me, I'm a patron of that kind of art."

The colonel smiled. "A great many of us are," he said; and then, "Ah, the ladies."

Jick and Jennifer and Mrs. Roche emerged from the *cabaña*, and there was an instant's silence as they poised on the rim of the pool. They were well worth a tribute of silence. It was at Mrs. Roche, rather than the two girls, that Artemus stared. She was exquisite. Lovely as the younger women were—and they were indeed lovely—Mrs. Roche surpassed them. She was tiny, but in her tininess there was perfection. She might have been sixteen rather than forty-five.

Then, breaking the spell, came a cry from the kitchen—a wail of sudden pain torn from a human throat. It rose and fell, and stopped as suddenly as it had begun. And then, from the kitchen door came a woman, running—a dark young woman with raven hair. She stopped as if she had encountered some impassable obstacle and stretched out her arms.

"Heem they have keel," she said in a strange, flat, unemotional voice, so in contrast to the first wail of agony. "Heem they have keel," she repeated. "My Manuelo." Then she intoned, chanted, rather than spoke in normal tones. "My Manuelo that is call Sweet Lips. To me, his lips are ver' sweet. They kees me no more. The law eet say he iss not good. The law it put heem in jail. But to me always he iss true."

It was a tragic recitative, gripping those who heard, holding them silent.

"Thees job I queet," the woman continued. "No more I work. Only one t'ing I do. I search till I find who do thees thing. And heem I keel. Whoever ees this man, wherever ees this man, from thees time now he ees dead. He walk about for leetle time, but he ees dead—a walking dead."

The thing that had quickened her dark face went from it. It became dull, grim, without animation. With a queer gesture of her brown hand, as if in farewell, she turned and walked erectly, slowly, back to the house, leaving silence behind her.

Artemus glanced quickly from face to face. All were startled, but in one face only did he see stark fear. In the gray cheeks and staring eyes of one man he read terror. And that man was the artist, Walker Bayside.

TO BE CONTINUED

Man on the String (Continued from Page 26)

odors of his childhood—the slightly sour smell of poi, the smell of steamed pork and of flowers. Over his mother's shoulder he saw his sister, her arms loaded with ginger leis, come running into the room.

"*Aloha, aloha,*" she said, placing the leis gently over his head and kissing him.

"It's been such a long time," his mother said. "A whole year. A year is too long to be away from your home."

"It is good to be back," he said. He looked into his mother's eyes. "But it is sad too."

"Yes. But he died quietly. And he lived a fine life." She took hold of his arm. "But come now, you must be hungry. How about some laulaus and poi?"

He laughed. "I haven't heard that in a year."

"You just sit right there and talk to Frances, but don't tell her anything important, because I want to hear too." She went into the kitchen.

"I hear things."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Little Barge touched his sister's glossy black hair. "You are even more beautiful."

"And you too. A little changed perhaps." She poked him playfully in the stomach. "But then, it is good to be fat. Hawaiian men should be fat."

He frowned at his stomach. "Am I that fat?"

"Fat and famous."

He laughed. "Fat, yes. Famous, no."

"Yes, you are famous," his mother called from the kitchen. "We see you on the television." She chuckled. "We can even recognize you when you play the American Indian chief."

Little Barge grinned. "Oh, so you saw that one."

His mother set the steaming laulaus on the table. "Yes. We saw you play the American Indian who only said 'Ugh!' and once we saw you in a jungle playing an African, wasn't it, Frances?"

"A cannibal," Frances said, grinning.

He laughed, sat down and opened the green-ti-leaf package. It always filled him with a Christmas kind of excitement to open a laulau. What was the surprise? What was inside this steaming vegetable package? He opened it. The steam escaped, smelled sweet, and he poked his fingers into the wet heat, found a chunk of butterfish and popped it into his mouth. He dipped his fingers into the lavender-colored poi, twirled them and lifted them, dripping, to his mouth. He groaned with pleasure. His mother and sister sat at the table and watched him eat.

"And now you'll stay home awhile, eh?" his mother said, watching him anxiously.

Barge didn't look up. "I wish that I could. But I have to be back by Monday morning." (*Continued on Page 66*)

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"Monday morning! You mean next Monday? Day after tomorrow?"

He nodded.

"But that is no time at all!"

"I know."

"We thought—your sister and I thought—we were hoping that you could stay awhile." She paused. "Maybe not go back to the mainland at all."

His fingers dripping poi, he looked at his mother. "Not go back? But that is my home now, mom, my job." He licked his fingers.

"Your home is here. You could get a job here."

"Doing what?"

"On the beach. Like your father."

"And be a beach boy all my life?" He poked around in the leafy package and found a piece of pork.

"It's a beautiful life. Fun. Taking people out in the canoes, teaching them how to surf and swim. Fishing. Always a nice life in the sun. Your father was the best on the beach, and now you could take his place. You're Big Barge now. Who can steer a canoe the way you can—you who learned from your father?"

"They were counting on you," his sister said.

"They? Who's they?" Barge looked up. "And for what?"

"The boys at the club. To take the steering paddle in the Molokai race."

"Me? I haven't been in a canoe in a year. I'm out of shape."

"The race is not for two weeks yet. You could get in shape by then. They have no one now that dad has gone."

"Sugar—Bill—there must be lots of them who could take the steering paddle."

"None as good as you or your father."

"I could never steer a canoe, particularly through heavy surf, the way dad could."

"Yes, you can. With a little practice."

Barge put his hands on the table and looked at his mother. "You don't understand, mom. I have a job."

She snorted. "Playing the cannibal? Playing show? What kind of a job is that?"

He felt the anger rise. "Well, what kind of a job is a beach boy? Just a beach boy."

His mother looked away and he reached out and touched her hand. "Aw, mom, I didn't mean it like that. I didn't mean any disrespect for dad. But it's just that with my work, that's just the beginning, those cannibal parts. I'm getting better parts. That's why I have to be back Monday morning. To test for this other part."

His mother sighed. "No one but you can take your father's place on this island. Here you are respected for your knowledge of the sea. How can you be respected playing the African cannibal?"

"Mom, listen a minute, please. What do beach boys make? What did dad make? Three hundred a month, that's all. You know how much money I make, mom. Three hundred a week, not three hundred a month. Three hundred a week."

His mother got up from the table. "It's a fine job, a beach boy. A dignified job. Who wants to earn more? So you can retire? Your father was retired all his life, swimming, surfing."

"What is all this about money anyway?" Barge said angrily. "Is there something wrong with making money?"

"No," his mother said. "No, of course not." Her eyes were soft. "Aw, let's not argue when you're home for such a short time." She smiled at her son.

His sister said, "And how is your girl friend? Miriam? Is that her name?"

"Yes. Miriam. She's fine."

"Too bad she couldn't come with you. We would have liked to meet her."

Barge smiled, thinking of the flour-white Miriam sitting here now, faced with the poi and the fish. Miriam shuddered when she saw the word "fish" in print. "Yes, it is too bad. But she was busy with her work."

"Is she still connected with the movies?"

"Yes. She's sort of a technical adviser. See, she's from Boston, and she coaches the actors on their Harvard accents."

"Dee is still around," his mother said.

"Oh?"

"Yes," his sister said, watching him closely. "She hasn't married. Not yet anyway."

Barge stood up and carried his plate into the kitchen. His mother was mixing poi in a great koa bowl for the ceremony the following day.

He went into the small room he had slept in for twenty-five years. His pictures were still tacked on the wall—surfing pictures at Makaha and Waikiki, pictures of some of the beach boys, fishing pictures. And there was a picture of his dad, an enormous man, six feet six, three hundred pounds. Grinning, holding the big steering paddle, he leaned against an outrigger canoe on the beach. The picture had been taken the day he and his crew had won the Molokai-Oahu race last year. They always said that his father had been born a hundred years too late. A hundred years ago he would have been a king.

And there was a picture of Dee with the big, tender eyes and the soft, swollen lips. His girl—the first girl. He wondered if little Dee still surfed the big ones, still spear-fished off the great reef. He smiled, thinking of the lazy, drawling Miriam, who had only been wet in a scented bathtub, and the quick, brown Dee, gliding like an otter among the flashing parrot fish thirty feet beneath the sea.

Barge put on his old Makaha trunks. He was getting fat. He could barely button the top button. He went out the back door and into the garage. A partly finished surf board lay between two saw horses. His dad must have been working on it just before he died. Soft, light chips of balsa wood were scattered on the dirt floor. Little Barge picked out a board from the rack on the wall, shouldered it and, as he had done thousands of times, walked down the shady lane, crossed Kalakaua Avenue and onto the beach. It was steamy hot. He inhaled deeply. It was like breathing inside a greenhouse full of orchids. He skidded his board onto the clear, warm water, belly-flopped it and started paddling parallel to the beach, past the big hotels, toward the Outrigger Canoe Club. He hadn't been on a board in four, five months.

When he had first come to California, after being "discovered" here on Waikiki Beach by a TV producer, he used to go down on the beaches of Santa Monica and Malibu and surf with the California boys. He had lived in Santa Monica Canyon then, a half block from the beach, above a surfing hangout called The Reef. It had been a good life. He worked two, three days a week in the TV studios, taking extra parts; not taking the job or himself too seriously. The majority of his time he spent on the beach. The water was colder and grayer than at Waikiki and the sun was thinner. California sun was like water. Hawaiian sun was honey.

Then he met Miriam. He was in The Reef one evening, sitting at the bar drinking beer, when she came in with three guys. They were all dressed up and they looked out of place among the tanned, barefooted surfers. Little Barge had never seen anyone like Miriam. Her skin was as white as flour. Her mouth was wide and her lips were blood-red and as moist as blood. She was a tall, slender girl with slim hips and long, narrow feet. She kept pushing at her dark hair with her long, blood-tipped fingers. Her talk was smooth and lazy and confident. Barge noticed that one of the three men—a small man with a fierce, scowling face—had only one arm. He seemed to be Miriam's escort.

Barge found himself staring at her, and once when their eyes met, she smiled. When the party left, passing behind him, he felt her touch his ear with her cool fingers, and then she was saying softly, "You're Hawaiian, I bet. I've never met a real live Hawaiian." He felt the blood rush to his cheeks, and he turned toward her, but she was already walking out the door, followed by her scowling escort. The other two men were laughing.

The next night when Barge came into the bar, he saw her sitting at a table with another girl. They were surrounded by guys. Barge nodded to her and sat at the bar. In a minute he felt her by his side, her fingers touching his ear again.

"May I sit here?" she said.

"Sure, sure," he gulped, pulling the bar stool out for her. And that had been the beginning. From then on, he didn't have much time for the beach.

On her suggestion, he took an apartment in Beverly Hills. He bought a convertible. And now he had to make money in order to take her to the places she was accustomed to. The clubs on the Strip, Palm Springs, Las Vegas. But she was a big help to him in his work. She introduced him to producers and directors, and from them he began to get better parts—at least, better-paying parts.

He had never known anyone like her. Sometimes he had the feeling that when he was with her he was on display, like a pet poodle or a new car—something she wanted to show off. She enjoyed going to the cafés and bars with him, having the people turn around and look at them, at her whiteness, his brownness. She was lovely. She was strange. Once she turned to him, smiling and patting his brown cheek, and said, "You know why I like you, baby? Because you're mine. I have you." And once when they were walking on Sunset they passed the newsstand, run by an old Hollywood character, a midget, and she said, "I adore midgets, don't you? I'd like to have a midget for my very own and dress him up like a doll and hold him." She squeezed his arm. "I guess that's the way I feel about you, only you're not a midget, you're a Hawaiian. You're my great big, beautiful, brown Hawaiian."

Now Barge paddled his board past the big hotels rising like mausoleums from the thin strip of sand. Outside over the reefs, the guys straddled their boards, waiting for waves, and the long, graceful outrigger canoes knifed smoothly out to meet the surf. Barge beached his board at the Outrigger Canoe Club.

"Hey, Barge!" someone yelled. It was the first time anyone had called him "Barge." That was his dad's name. He had always been Little Barge. Wearing trunks and the brilliant orange undershirts, the beach boys raced down the beach toward him. Sugar, Cutout, Bill—all his old friends. They crowded around, shaking his hand and slapping him on the back.

"Good to see you, Barge, you old actor, you!"

"Got back just in time, Barge. In two weeks we got the Molokai race. Start to train for it Monday."

"Hello, Barge," said a soft, gentle voice. He turned around. Dee stood on the white sand, as timid as a bird, smiling at him.

"Hi, Dee."

"I was so sorry to hear about your dad."

"Yes, it is too bad."

"We miss him so much here on the beach." She paused and looked up at him. "You want to go paddling?" she asked suddenly. (*Continued on Page 70*)

"You seldom see them play a man much deeper."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ΓO SERVE ICED COFFEE !

u keep cool all summer

1. Coffee Float — drop a generous amount of your favorite ice cream into good iced coffee. Coffee ice cream is a natural, of course, and so is vanilla. But chocolate, mint and maple walnut are wonderful flavors with coffee, too. Especially good with hot weather lunch.

2. Iced Coffee Mocha — so easy when you add chocolate syrup or instant cocoa to taste. You can do this at the last minute or when you're making your good, full-strength iced coffee. Serve with cake — maybe your own delicious cocoanut cake.

3. Spiced Iced Coffee — tantalizing to taste! Pour 3 cups of hot, double-strength coffee over 2 cinnamon sticks, 4 cloves and 4 allspice berries. Let stand one hour; strain. Pour over ice in four tall glasses. And note: this tangy cooler is *very* low in calories.

4. Iced Coffee Junior — makes the youngsters feel all "grown up" and it tastes so very good, too! Just sweeten their milk a little and color it with the cold coffee — you're the best judge of the amount. Serve in the same size glass that you use yourself, along with cookies.

5. Coffee Julep — the coolest looking, coolest tasting mid-summer show of them all! Just add a dash of mint flavor to your iced coffee and serve in silver or aluminum tumblers, well frosted. It's such a festive way to take a "Coffee-break" in the afternoon or evening.

6. Iced Coffee Viennese — topped with a snowy swirl of whipped cream, your iced coffee immediately becomes Continental! It's a delightful way to win praise from guests and family — an elegant way to top off dinner or supper. Serve with crisp, salty nuts.

Three

ways to make delicious Iced Coffee every time !

Quick way

Make your coffee double strength by using half the amount of water — pour over regular ice cubes. The extra-strength coffee compensates for the dilution from the melting ice.

Pre-cooled way

Make coffee full strength. You'll enjoy iced coffee more if you use 1 Standard Coffee Measure (2 level tablespoons) of coffee for each cup. Cool in a *non-metal* container, tightly covered, for no more than 3 hours. Pour over ice cubes.

Coffee Cube way

Freeze freshly brewed regular strength coffee into coffee cubes in the ice trays of your refrigerator. Then make and pour freshly brewed coffee over them — delicious, with no dilution!

Instant Note — if you use instant coffee, mix *twice* your usual quantity of coffee with a little water (hot or cold according to brand) in each glass. Then add ice cubes and fill with cold water.

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HOW TO COOL OFF WITH ICED COFFEE

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(*Continued from Page 66*)

"Sure."

"O.K. I'll run and get my board."

The beach boys became solemn. Cut-out said, "Yes, it's sure tough about your dad, Barge. He was the best water man on these islands. Say, remember the last Molokai race, the way he steered us in. He was the only guy who didn't pass out, need a relief."

"Yeah, and remember the time," Sugar said, "when he free-dived seventy feet for that fouled anchor in Pearl."

"Remember the time when the surf was running thirty feet at Makaha and he was out there gagging it up. . . . Yeah, and remember the time when the sharks came in at Queen's Surf, and Big Barge he swam right for them and scared them off. . . . Remember the time he saved those Jap fishermen off Koko Head. . . . Remember ——"

Little Barge stood around with the rest of them, digging their toes in the white sand, and told the stories about his dad, the stories that were now legends, like the legends of Kamehameha and all the great kings of the past.

Little Dee ran down the beach carrying her board, and then, in the manner of all Hawaiians, for Hawaiians never do anything seriously if they can help it, Dee skidded the board on the water and instead of belly-flopping it smoothly, she leaped high in the air, laughing, her body crumpling, and hit the water like a rag doll.

Everyone howled with laughter. Barge grinned. He had forgotten about this horseplay. He tossed his board in the water and sprawled in after it. He came up, sputtering and laughing, next to Dee.

They slipped on their boards and began paddling out to where the surf was forming over the reefs.

"Are you home to stay awhile?" she asked timidly.

"No, I have to leave right after the ceremony tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? So soon?"

"Yes."

"Everyone will be sad. For a lot of reasons. The boys at the club were counting on you for the Molokai race."

"There must be someone to take the steering paddle. How about Bill?"

"Yes. But he's not so good as your father. Or you."

"I'm out of shape. It'd take me more than two weeks to get in shape for that race. That's a tough one."

"It will be a good race this year. The biggest yet. It will be dedicated to the memory of your father. Canoes from all the islands are entering. Kona, Maui, Molokai, even Kauai. Mr. Adams, the haole man, put up ten thousand dollars for the first prize. If the Outrigger Canoe Club wins, the money is to go into the widows' fund."

"I'm not so good on that steering paddle as everyone thinks," he said curtly, "just because I'm Big Barge's son."

Dee looked over at him. They paddled out toward the reefs.

"I see you on television," Dee said. "I've seen everything you've done, I bet. You're real good."

"Aw, no, Dee."

"Yes, you are."

"Naw, but I'm getting a start."

"You are, too, good. And I bet pretty soon you'll be a big movie star," she said, looking over at him, her face shiny wet and brown. "Everyone's proud of you."

He smiled and touched her arm. "Thanks for saying it, Dee, but I know how they feel. I'm always an Indian or a cannibal. They laugh."

"No, they don't laugh," she said seriously. "I don't."

"Come on," he said, looking out to where a wave was forming. "Let's take this one."

They worked their boards around and paddled hard as the wave humped up behind them. They stood up and slid the wave to the left. Barge edged his board closer to Dee's; then fell off and tackled her around the knees. They splashed into the water and surfaced, sputtering and laughing. She pushed his head under. He grabbed her legs, the skin felt silky, and pulled her under water with him. They wrestled, wet and slippery, five feet under water, like kids, and then he was holding her shoulders and kissing her cool wet mouth. They surfaced, not laughing now, and slithered back up on their boards. They began paddling back toward the beach.

"I'm sorry, Dee," he said.

"That's O.K."

"I didn't mean to. I don't know. I guess I did too. It's been such a long time since I've kissed you, but ——"

"You don't have to explain."

"Oh, hell, I'm all fouled up."

They sprawled on the warm sand. The beach boys were busy with the *malihinis*—strangers—now, taking them out in the canoes, teaching them how to surf, how to swim. Barge lay on his back in the warm sand and closed his eyes.

After a while, Dee said, "Remember when we used to swim out to the Hilo barge."

"Yeah," he said, raising himself up on one elbow and looking out to sea. "Is it out there now?"

"No. I was just remembering."

He laughed. "We'd swim out there and climb aboard and ride all the way to Hilo free."

"Yes, that was fun."

"Say, Dee," he chuckled. "Remember when you caught that squid right off the beach in front of the Royal, and then squatted on the sand and started to eat it raw, and all the *malihinis* stood around watching in a state of shock."

She laughed. Her laugh was clear and cool, new and sparkling, like a raindrop.

"We sure had some good times," he said.

"We sure did." She looked at him. "You coming down tonight?"

"Down where?"

"Here. On the beach. All the boys are getting together tonight, you know, singing and dancing."

"Sure."

But he didn't get down to the beach in time. He had told Miriam that he would call her on Saturday night. So, after supper, he stopped in at a bar on the way to the beach, ordered a beer and put in his call through radiotelephone. But Miriam didn't answer at ten or ten-thirty or at eleven.

He sat there drinking beer. There was a television set over the bar. He stared at the screen, not really seeing it, and then suddenly there he was, flickering on the blue-white screen. It was one of those adventure pictures and he played the part of a head hunter on the Amazon who didn't say anything. He usually got a thrill seeing himself on the screen, but this time he didn't. He just didn't feel much of anything, and he turned away from the bar and again went to the phone booth.

He finally got Miriam at 12:30. She had forgotten that he was to call, and talking to her he had the feeling that he didn't have her full attention. There was so much laughter and noise going on in the room behind her—a room he knew so well. She had been to a party for a Spanish bullfighter, and the party had moved over to her place. She said the bullfighter was terribly skinny, but as tough as a grapevine and as brave as a bull. "And he's all over scars," she said in that sleepy, insolent voice, pausing to drink. Barge heard her swallowing and the ice tinkling in her glass. "Poor thing, he's all over scars—wonderful gum-colored welts from the gorings, you know." And then she'd gone off, without saying good-by or anything, and had put the bullfighter on the phone.

The bullfighter said something in Spanish, a whole tangled paragraph of Spanish, which, of course, Barge didn't understand. He kept saying, "Miriam? Miriam?" and the bullfighter kept talking. Finally Barge hung up.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's a pretty narrow field, isn't it? . . . . financial advisor to heiress . . . beautiful, blonde, unattached. . . ."

He left the bar and went down on the beach in front of the Canoe Club. Covered with white canvas, the canoes looked like slender, stiff ghosts laid out at the morgue. No one was on the beach. He reached under the canvas of one of the canoes and pulled out the heavy steering paddle with the thick, broad blade. He held it in his hands and stroked the air with it, as if the air were water, three-four times. Then he put it back. He looked out to sea. From the light of the moon he could see that the surf was coming up, foaming white over the reefs. Barge saw where the party had been by the prints in the sand. A discarded lei was half covered with sand. He picked it up. It was wilted brown and sandy, but it still smelled sweet. He went home.

When his mother came into his room the following morning at five to wake him, Barge was already awake, lying on his back, his arms under his head, staring at the ceiling. He got up and put on his trunks. His mother and sister wore leis over their brightly colored, sacklike muumuus. They carried the bowls of poi and baskets of leis out to his father's old sedan, got in and drove to the Canoe Club.

The outrigger canoes, made of koa wood so highly varnished that it looked like brown glass, were uncovered and the beach boys were sliding them down the sand and into the water. The sun was behind Diamond Head, making the edges of the old volcano seem as if they were still on fire. The water inside the reefs was quiet, but outside Barge could see the waves forming, big and smooth-walled, and feathering and crashing.

Canoes skimmed the quiet water just offshore. They came from other clubs and beached at the Outrigger Canoe Club. Women and children filed onto the beach. They spoke softly to one another. Barge saw Dee helping with the food, and behind her and the Hawaiian women he saw the mayor of Honolulu and Mr. Adams and a lot of other haoles he didn't recognize. There was no confusion. Everyone knew exactly what to do. The women unpacked their baskets. The men readied the canoes. Barge counted twenty-three canoes.

Sugar nodded to Barge's mother. She picked up the stone crock and followed him to the lead canoe. Holding the crock in her lap, she took the middle seat. Barge got in the stern, the place of honor, and picked up the big steering paddle. It fitted easily into his hands. His sister and other relatives took the remaining seats. Everyone was dressed in a colorful muumuu or Aloha shirt. They all wore leis around their necks. Sugar pushed the canoe farther into the water. Barge steadied it with the steering paddle as Sugar climbed in at the bow.

They moved out into the water. Barge turned around and looked at the beach. The women were placing the big shiny ti leaves on the sand, getting ready for the luau. Behind them were the tobacco-brown tikis. Barge closed his eyes and held the scene in his mind. If you ignored the big hotels and held only the beach and the tikis and the palms and the green mountains in your mind, it was a scene of a thousand years ago.

One by one, the other canoes moved out of the shallows and took their positions, following in V formation. Dip, stroke, release. Dip, stroke, release. The paddle felt as if it had been born in his hands. He easily got into the rhythm once again. Dip, stroke, release. Barge set the pace and the other canoes followed. There was only the noise of the water rustling at the bows and gurgling away to the stern.

(*Continued on Page 72*)

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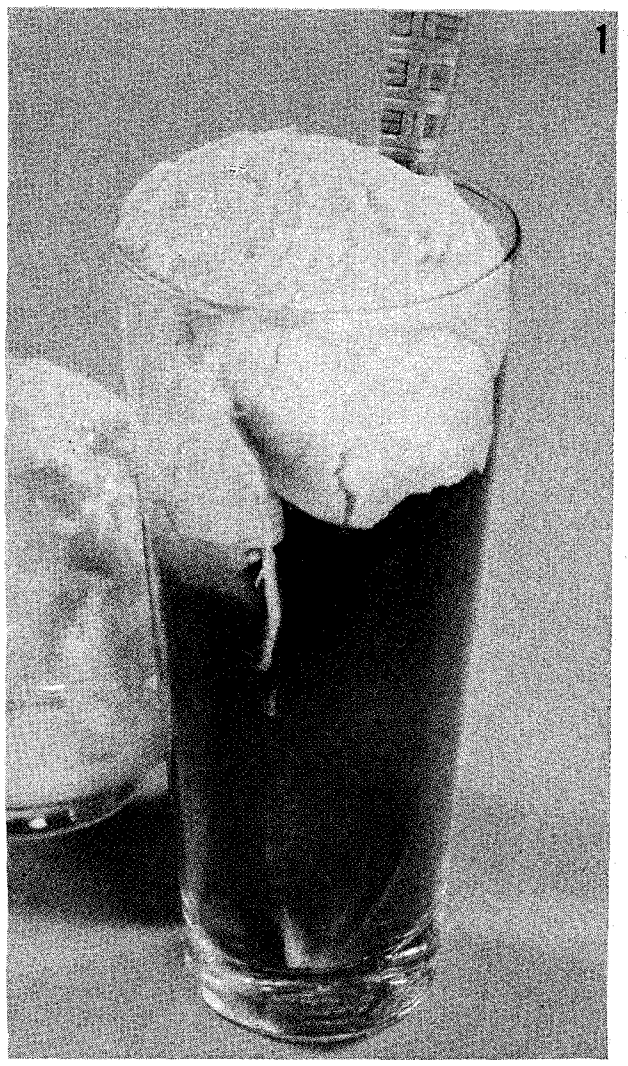

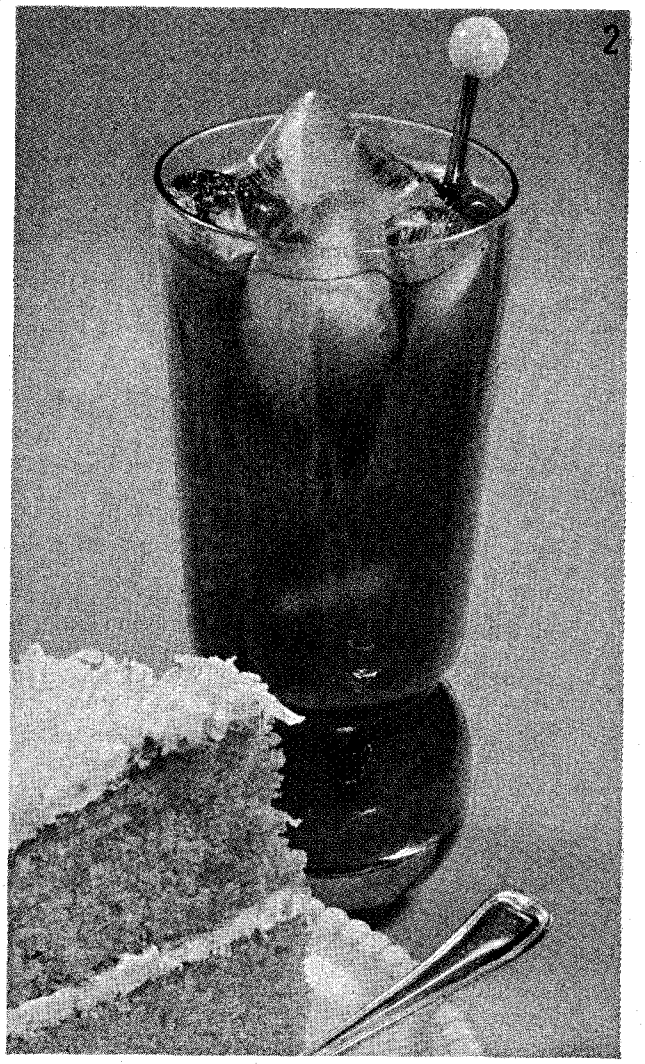

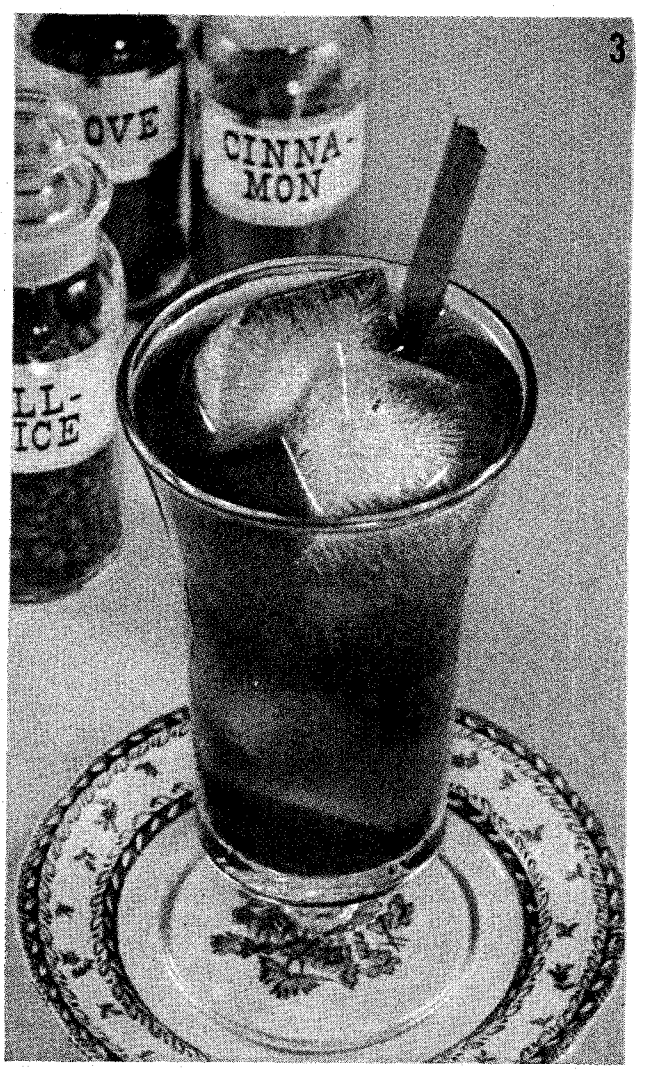

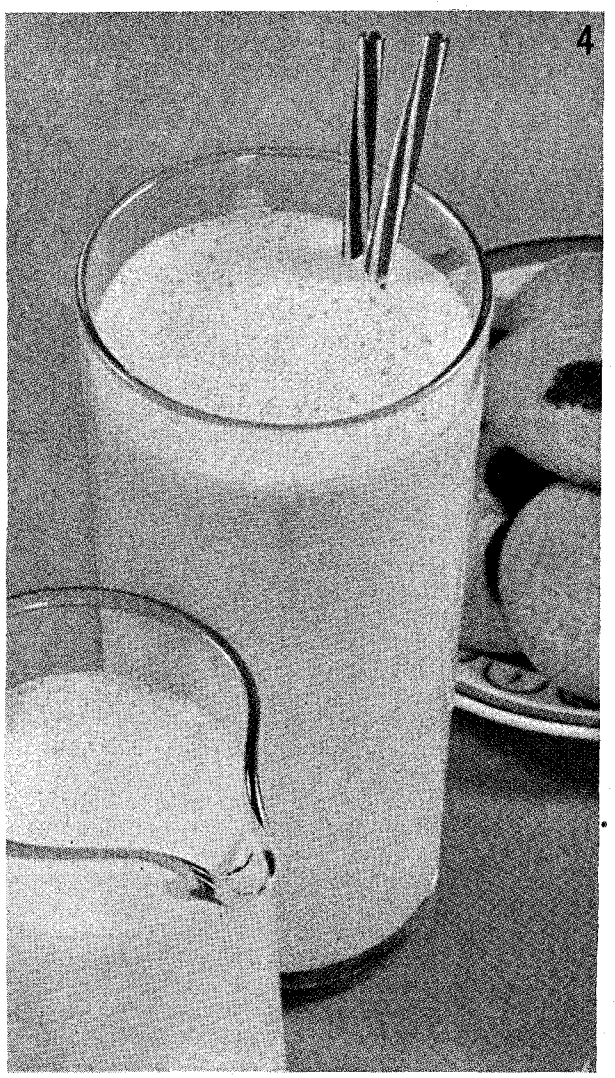

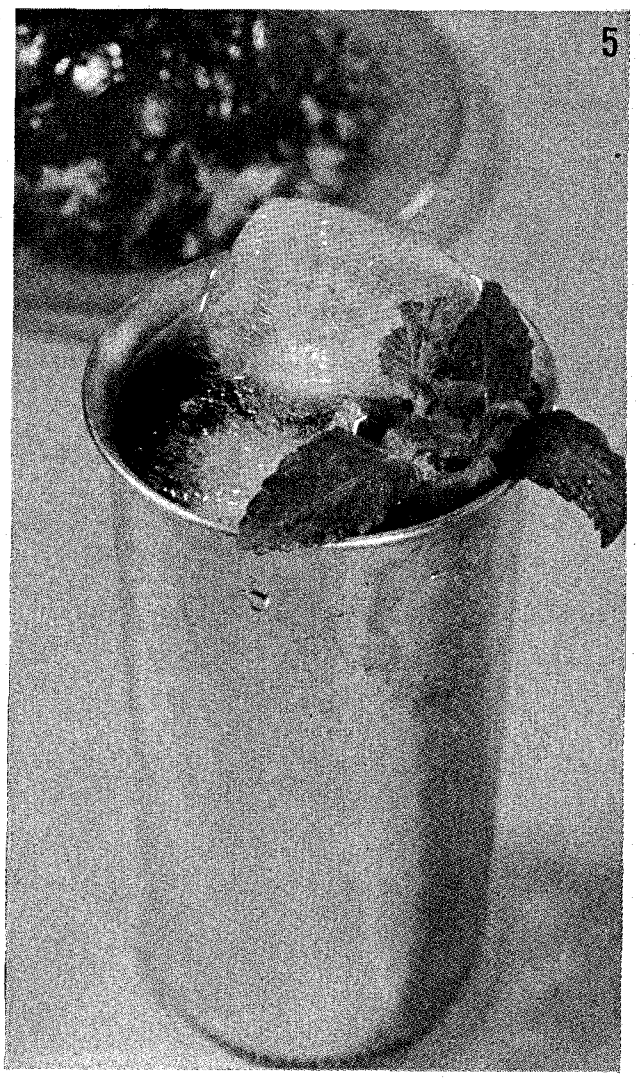

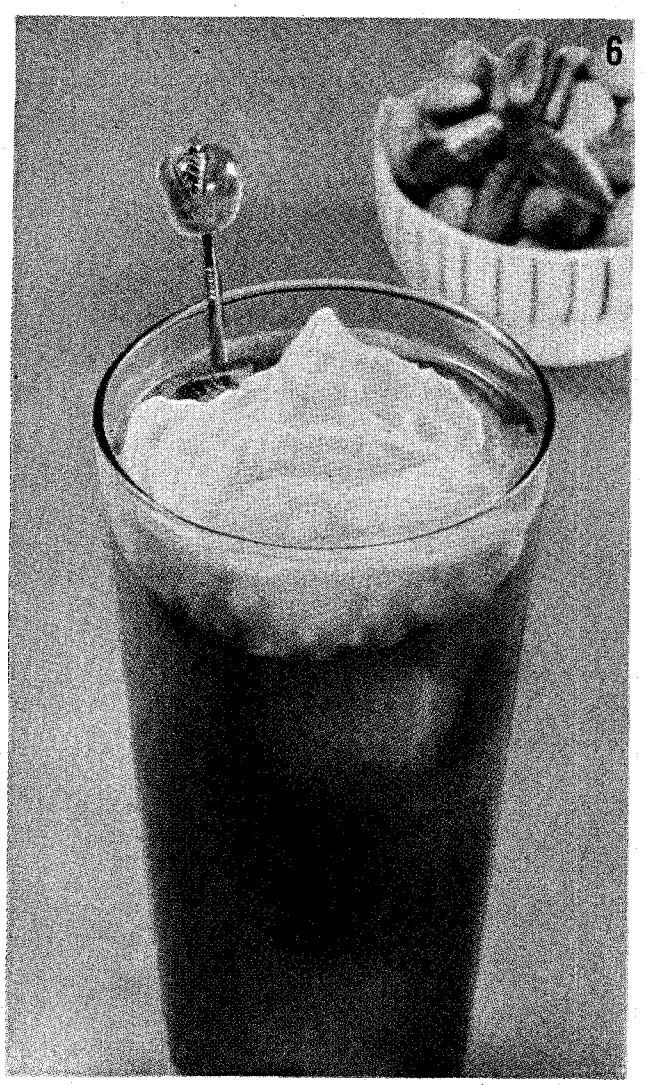

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aged Kid Gavilan when the latter was welterweight champion. I was able to prod Lopez because we had learned that he had given testimony along these lines late in 1954 to a Manhattan grand jury, which was considering some of the same charges the Metropolitan Boxing Alliance had brought before the boxing commission at that time.

The grand-jury inquiry did not result in any indictments, but it did produce valuable leads for my own inquiry. Grand-jury minutes are secret, of course, but they can be released when it is in the public interest. On that basis, Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan had obtained a court order making the material available to the boxing commission. So I had Lopez's previous testimony with which to refresh his memory when he came before us in late May.

The most interesting story he told was about a party he and Kid Gavilan had attended at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York a few days after the fight in Philadelphia on October 20, 1954, in which Gavilan lost his title by a decision to Blinky Palermo's boy, Johnny Saxton. The decision was, to put it mildly, severely criticized. Lopez said he had heard rumors before the fight that if Saxton was still on his feet at the end of fifteen rounds, he would get the decision.

Lopez testified that at the subsequent party in the St. Moritz, Frankie Carbo was present, and also a number of managers Lopez recognized as members of the Boxing Guild of New York. Lopez was a Guild member himself. Anyway, the most significant thing was a conversation that took place between Kid Gavilan and Frankie Carbo.

According to the testimony, Gavilan spoke to Carbo about a return match with Saxton. In his Cuban-accented English, Gavilan said to Carbo, "Mr. Blinky Palermo told me they do whatever you want. That's what he told me. And if that what you told him for what they do to me, I want my return match."

Gavilan quoted Carbo as answering, "Right." Gavilan went on, "He say if Mr. Palermo say that, I can get a return match any time I want. But when I asked how or when, he don't answer me." Soon after this, Gavilan broke his own contract with Angel Lopez. The Kid never did get his return match with Saxton.

Lopez figured in another phase of our inquiry, which dealt with the income that had accrued to the Guild itself and to certain of its members from a series of Saturday-night televised fights staged by Ray Arcel, a veteran boxing man. Lopez was a member of the promotional group associated with Arcel in this venture. Lopez admitted getting a total of about $50,000. I asked him if Carbo had shared in this money. Under oath, he rejected any such suggestion.

The Ray Arcel television venture also opened up a new line of approach to our broadest target, the Guild. It developed that in return for assurances that Guild managers would make their fighters available to him, Arcel had agreed to donate $500 each week to the Guild. After thirty-four weeks, he had accumulated $17,000 for the Guild, which he attempted to pay by check.

The Guild wouldn't take the check. They wanted a more devious method of payment. So a Guild magazine was started, with a circulation limited to a handful of readers. The principals listed on the masthead of the magazine were all Guild members, none of whom knew a pica of type from a pizza pie. A bank account was opened for the magazine in New Jersey in the name of Bill Daly, the manager about whom we already had heard testimony in connection with the "grounding" of Vince Martinez and the illegal sharing of Ronnie Delaney's purse.

Ordinary advertisers paid $100 a page for space in the magazine. Arcel agreed to take three pages per issue at $1500 a page. In this manner he paid over his $17,000.

I tried to get information on the magazine's bank account in New Jersey. I was unable to do it. In the District Attorney's office we had interstate subpoena power in affairs of this kind, but the boxing commission does not. It can subpoena witnesses and documents only within the boundaries of New York State.

In June I served notice on Bill Daly to come in and testify. He refused. I suspended his license. In September it lapsed, and he has never tried to renew it. Yet he kept right on as a dominant figure not only in the International Boxing Guild, of which he is secretary-treasurer, but in the New York chapter of the Guild, against which my efforts were concentrated.

I suspended several other members of the Guild for refusing to testify. Three of them subsequently had a change of heart about this and were reinstated—Gus D'Amato, Bob Melnick and Bob Nelson. But Daly's partner, Tex Pelte, an executive-board member of the local Guild, never did recant. Neither did its secretary-treasurer, Charles Bauer.

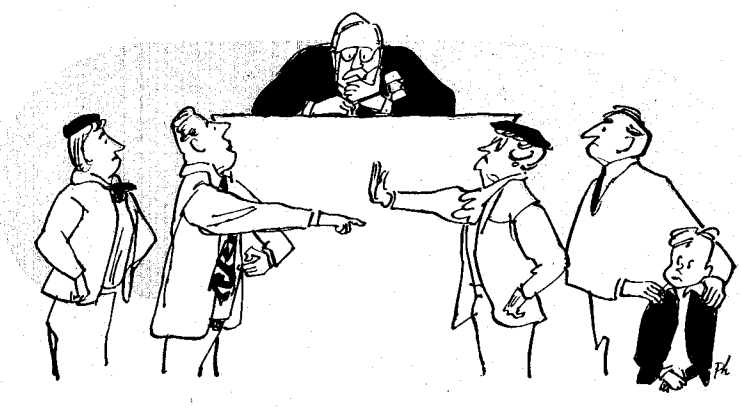
One man who appeared before us without any argument was Charley Johnston, president of the International Boxing Guild and manager of two champions—Sandy Saddler and Archie Moore. I wanted to question him about that elusive $17,000 Ray Arcel had paid to the Guild magazine. However, Johnston's answers didn't help. He said he had no interest in the situation. He insisted he had never even asked Daly about it.

Another Guild matter I probed was the $100 tribute on the purses of boxers in television main events. I found that the $100 payments were still going on, although ostensibly they were just "voluntary donations" to the Guild. Here was one more practice I intended to stop.

Our inquiry stretched on into the fall. The last session was held on November 18, 1955. You may have found it somewhat difficult to keep track of all the different problems and personalities that paraded before us during this lengthy investigation. However, you probably have spotted the common denominator. Every time something wrong with boxing was brought out at our hearings, it connected up directly or indirectly with the Guild. Usually the connection was direct.

And this so-called Guild was hardly the ordinary trade association that some of its leaders proclaimed it to be. It was the private preserve of a little group who ran it in mob fashion. No officer of the Guild who appeared at our hearings was able to point to any schedule of regular meetings. We learned that meetings were called by word of mouth, and that officers were not elected by the membership, but appointed by the leaders on the executive board.

My "Good Friend" wrote in one of his letters, "No need my telling you that at the few (*Continued on Page 80*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The Hardupps, being penniless when their baby was born, let the Children's Aid Society place the infant with a family named Goodie and agreed to pay the Goodies three dollars a week for its board. Years later, being better off, they requested the return of their child. But the Goodies pointed out that they owed nearly $500 for its board. Not having that much cash, the Hardupps sued to get their baby back on credit.

The Goodies, who had grown fond of the child, argued: "They can't sponge on us for free board for years and then walk off with the youngster without paying their bill."

The Hardupps answered: "A child belongs with its parents and we should not be forced to surrender him to strangers just because we owe for his board."

If you were the judge, to whom would you award the child?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The parents won. The court ruled that "children cannot be kept in pawn for money due for their keeping. Nor can the custodian of a child have a mortgage upon it" as if it were a piece of property. The parents were admonished, however, to pay up the board bill as promptly as possible.

Based upon a 1940 Pennsylvania decision.

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his managing director, Harry Markson, or his matchmaker, Billy Brown.

I asked him whether he didn't have the power to end a Martinez boycott by telling other managers, "Unless you fight Martinez, you people are not going to get fights with the International Boxing Club."

Norris answered, "I say no. I don't believe I have the power."

In my own mind there was no question that Norris did have this power. He could have put Martinez back in business if he had wanted to. He just preferred to play ball with the Guild, which originally came into existence in 1952 primarily for the purpose of bargaining with him on television fees. Norris summed up his relations with the Guild as follows: "The Guild and our organization I think have worked very well together. I need the Guild and the Guild needs boxing." This attitude on the part of Jim Norris was to become a vital matter when the struggle against the Guild reached its decisive phase.

Another name that I mentioned earlier kept recurring during the hearings. This was Frankie Carbo, who has been depicted in a number of exposé stories about the fight game as an underworld "overlord" who controls many of the top fighters through various front men serving as managers. Unfortunately, it's easier for a reporter to write those stories than it is for a regulatory agency to take action. Some newspapers and magazines don't think there's much risk of being sued by a man with the criminal record of Carbo, who has been involved in several murder cases. But if I, as commissioner, were to take away some manager's license on the ground that he was a front for Carbo, I'd better be ready to back that up with legally acceptable evidence—which does not include statements by people who are unwilling to give formal testimony. Otherwise the manager could go to court and get his license back.

However, we were able to establish that Carbo was, at the least, a man of some stature in boxing circles. This was indicated by the testimony of Jim Norris, for one. Norris said that he had known Carbo casually for twenty years, but had never discussed boxing with him. A manager named Hymie (The Mink) Wallman—a former officer of the New York chapter of the Guild—stated that he had been acquainted with Carbo for a number of years, but didn't know what Carbo's business was or where he lived. Yet he admitted inviting Carbo to the wedding of each of his three daughters. Wallman's attempts at explaining how he had gone about extending the wedding invitations to a man whose address he didn't know were as ludicrous as they were frustrating.

A long acquaintanceship with Frankie Carbo was also acknowledged by Willie Friedland, commonly known as Willie Ketchum, who has managed two lightweight champions, Lew Jenkins and Jimmy Carter. Ketchum told us that he had no bank account and kept no financial records. He said he was unable to give any accounting of where his share of his fighters' earnings went. This defied credibility. Naturally we wondered whether some of this money had gone to Carbo. But wondering was all we could do.

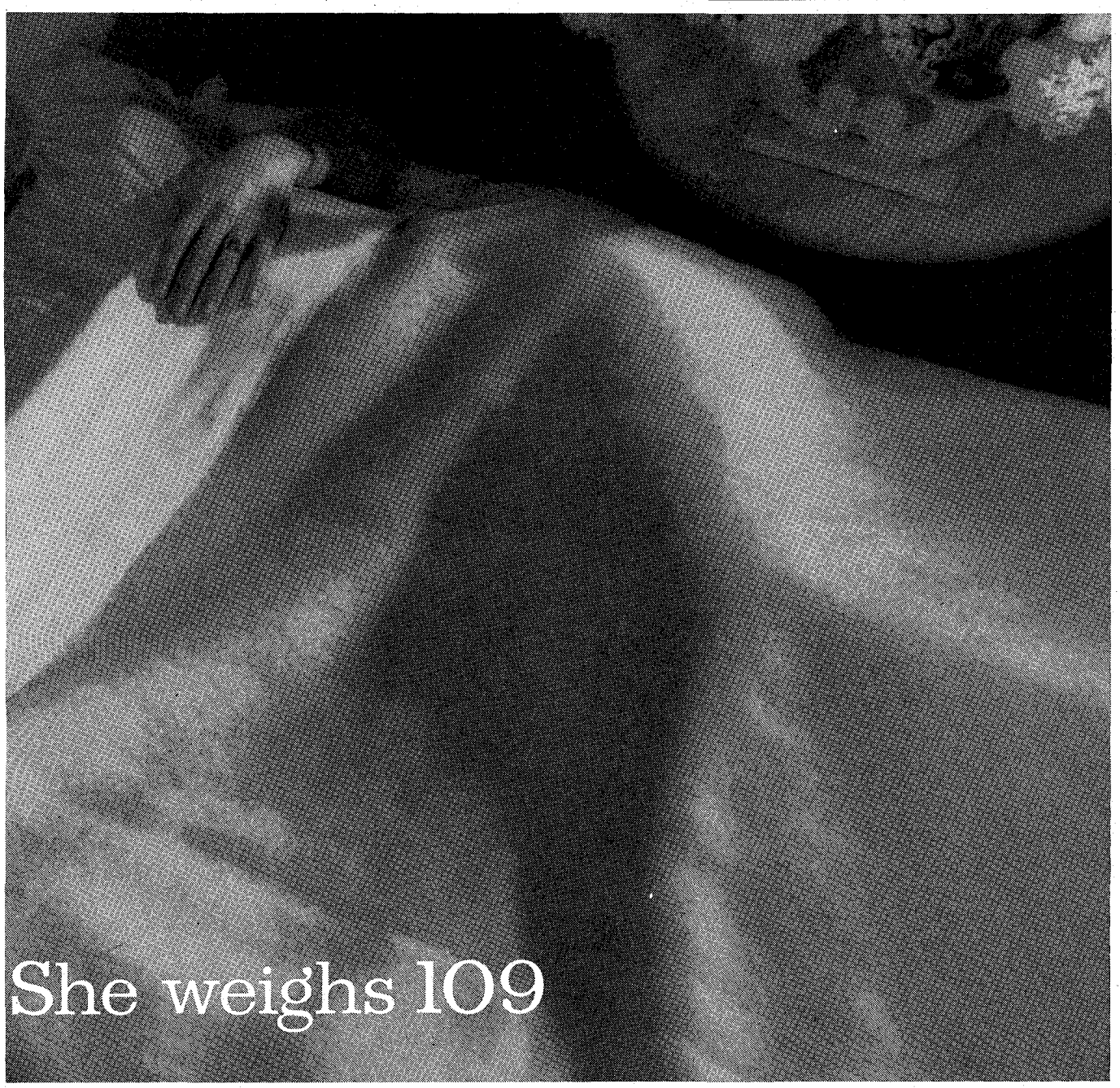
Why not call Carbo himself as a witness? I seriously considered doing this. But I knew the result would be the same as it was the last time this was tried, when Carbo was made to appear at a New York State Crime Commission hearing in 1952. He gave his name and refused to answer a single other question, claiming his constitutional privilege against self-incrimination. If I were to have Carbo brought in, and to throw a lot of accusing questions at him, I'd get some headlines for myself. But I'd get none of the answers we were looking for, nor would I bring us any closer to a solution of boxing's problems.

Meanwhile I explored every other avenue that offered any hope of leading us to the heart of the Carbo matter. There was one witness who—after some prodding—not only admitted knowing Carbo but also tied him in directly with boxing. This was Angel Lopez, who man-

House Plans

By Gertrude Kilkeary

That keeping up with
building trends
Is irksome, must be
granted.
The ranch-type plans we
bought last week
Split-level has supplanted.
Let's not embrace this
dizzy pace
For, if we rest a minute,
They'll come full circle to
Cape Cod—
And we will still be in it.



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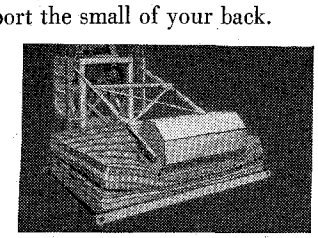
weight of your hips, yet firm up to port the small of your back.



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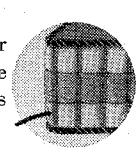
Longer-lasting? Yes. And the Beautyrest 10-year guarantee brings original price of $69.50 down to less than 2¢ a night.

Your choice of firmness

Choose the Beautyrest that suits you best. There's Beautyrest Standard model (for most firmness requirements) and Beautyrest Extra-Firm model (for those who need or prefer it). Extra-length and extra-width Beautyrest also available.

Be sure to get the MATCHING BEAUTYREST BACKSAVER BOX SPRING with exclusive platform top, which is scientifically engineered to give maximum comfort and even greater Beautyrest durability.

P.S. Look for the border with the vertical double stitch lines . . . it identifies the Beautyrest mattress.



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(*Continued from Page 72*) offices. I was familiar with that reaction too. I agreed to meet the Martinezes—including another son, Phil, who was acting as Vince's business adviser—in an obscure restaurant off Broadway.

I learned that the Martinezes were at odds with Vince's manager, Bill Daly, a power in the International Boxing Guild. There had been a falling-out over a $3000 expense item Daly had deducted from a $25,000 purse Vince received for a winning fight against Art Aragon in Los Angeles, July 1, 1954. They had not been satisfied with Daly's explanation that $2000 of this went to the California Athletic Commission. "It was for expenses," was all Daly would say.

It was now February. The contract with Daly was due to expire in March. They were determined not to renew it. However, they said Daly had told them that if they didn't renew, he would see to it that Vince was "grounded" by the Guild.

There it was again—evidence that the Guild was exerting monopolistic control over boxing. But once again, my problem was to persuade the witnesses that they should bring their charges out in the open. "Why us?" the father kept asking.

My first meeting with the Martinezes ended in failure. However, I left the door open for further sessions. At last I tried an approach I had used to win the cooperation of a key witness in a Murder, Inc., case I once prosecuted. This witness agreed to testify only when I convinced him that he had already queered himself with Murder, Inc., whether or not he ever talked in public.

So I pointed out to the Martinezes that Vince was already "dead" as matters stood. He was grounded and couldn't fight. What more could they lose by testifying that Bill Daly, with the help of the Guild, had put a boycott on the boy?

They finally agreed. This was great news for me, and for Bill Dahut too. Now we were close to the time when we could open a full-fledged inquiry. One day late in February, Dahut came into my office. He said he was ill, but didn't want to take time off from work. When he showed me black-and-blue marks on his arms and legs, I sent him home. He collapsed as he was leaving the subway in Brooklyn. He proved to be suffering from acute leukemia. Three days later he died. I had lost a close friend, and the state a devoted public servant.

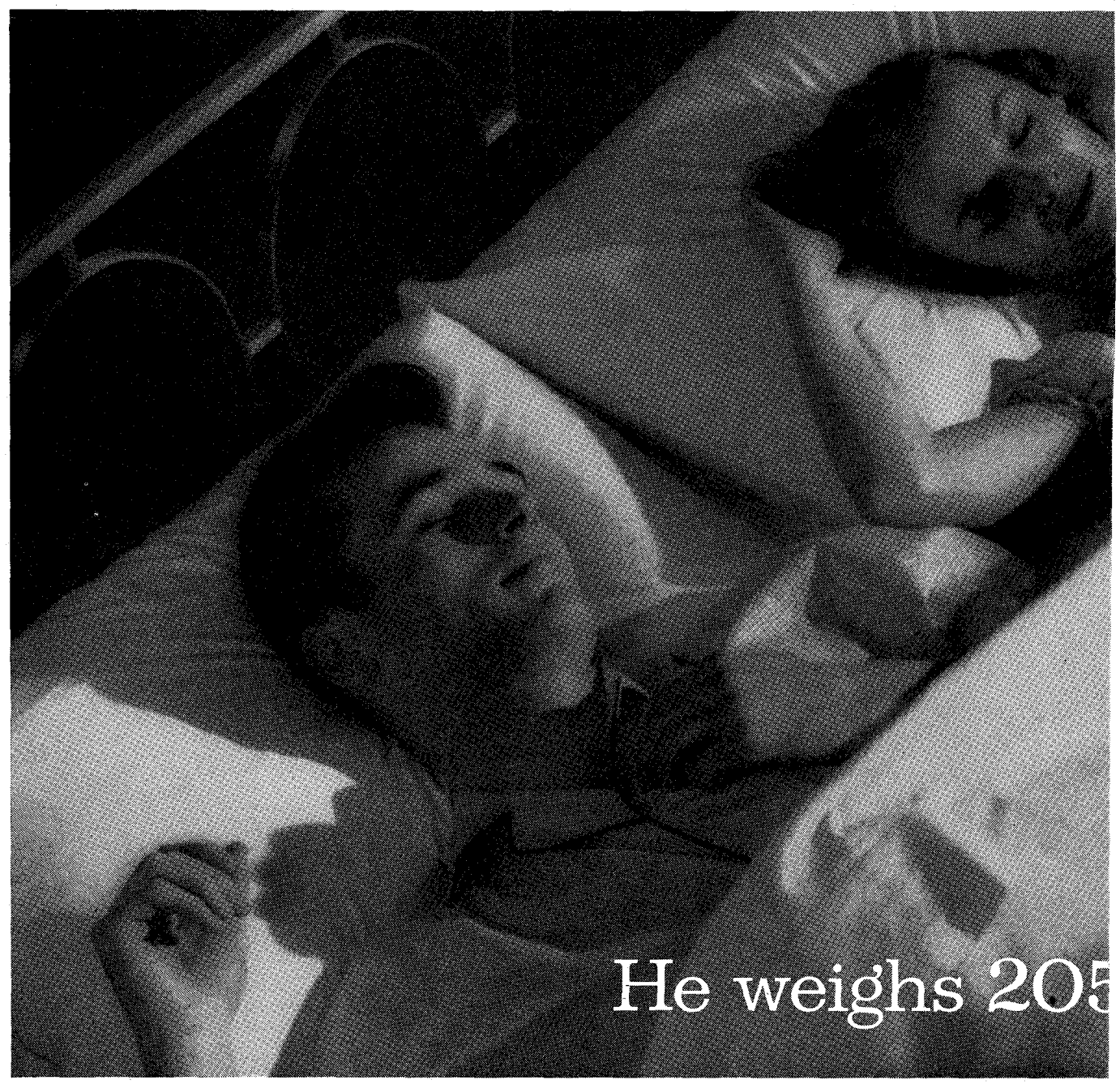
I was stunned. For several weeks I didn't do very much; I couldn't. But the investigation had to be resumed. In searching for Dahut's replacement, I set my sights on Bill Kelly, another old and trusted friend from the Brooklyn District Attorney's office. He had long experience as a detective and investigator. During Miles McDonald's two terms as District Attorney, Kelly had been his chief aide.

I was lucky enough to land Bill Kelly for the boxing commission, and he joined us on April first. After picking up the threads of Dahut's work, he began adding fresh ammunition. Soon we were ready to begin our public inquiry. We scheduled the first hearing for May sixth.

Just before the hearings got underway, a new and valued informant came into my corner. A fight manager who belonged to the Guild began sending me letters signed, "Your Good Friend." I welcomed his letters because they gave me a pipeline into what was going on at the Guild's closed meetings, and also for another reason. His messages were reassuring evidence that in trying to break up the Guild's stranglehold on New York boxing, I was battling only a small favored clique. The rank and file of decent boxing men wanted me to succeed. "Everyone is with you," I was told in the first of the "Your Good Friend" messages. "Keep punching and make them eat their words."

From the very start, the name of Bill Daly figured prominently in the proceedings. In addition to the testimony of the Martinezes about the boycotting of Vince, there was Ronnie Delaney, an earnest young middleweight from Akron, Ohio, who stepped up and testified that Daly had shared in his purse for helping him get a recent New York fight at the St. Nicholas Arena, although Delaney's only manager of record was one Harry Hirsch.

When Phil Martinez took the witness chair to testify that his brother, Vince, had been "grounded" since December, he brought out an additional point. It concerned the country's biggest promotional organization, the International Boxing Club, which stages the fights for the two biggest weekly network-television boxing shows, on Wednesdays and Fridays. Recently a long-deferred Government antitrust suit against the IBC finally came to trial. The charges were that between 1949 and 1953 the IBC had set up a monopoly in the promotion and broadcasting of championship fights. Anyway, Phil Martinez said that the IBC had drawn up an exclusive-service contract for Vince, then never signed it. I decided to call the IBC's president, Jim Norris, and try to establish the connection, if any, between this fact and the anti-Martinez stand of Bill Daly and his Guild friends. Norris' testimony was that he had no interest in the Martinez situation, and hadn't even talked about it with



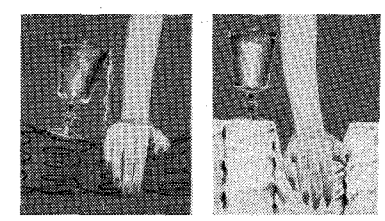
Each gets separate comfort...

Only Beautyrest lets two sleep together in perfect comfort. Only Beautyrest has separate, independent springs.

Last night his every turn jarred her awake. *Tonight* her rest is completely undisturbed. Reason? *Today* they bought a new Beautyrest mattress with matching box spring.

You see, Beautyrest is made differently from all other mattresses. Instead of springs being tied together, Beautyrest springs are separate and independent. *His* and *hers.*

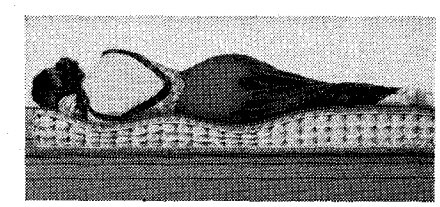
Separate springs mean separate comfort—without any rolling together.



"ORDINARY" (wire-tied springs) **BEAUTYREST (independent springs)**

See how glass topples over when you press down on nearby spring in "ordinary" mattress. Springs that are wired together sag together.

See how glass remains upright o Beautyrest. Each spring is independen strictly on its own. Each coil reacts onl to the weight above it. So vital to doubl bed comfort!



Greater single-bed comfort, too

If Beautyrest is so right for two, thin how perfect it must be for *single* sleeper Independent springs give gently und

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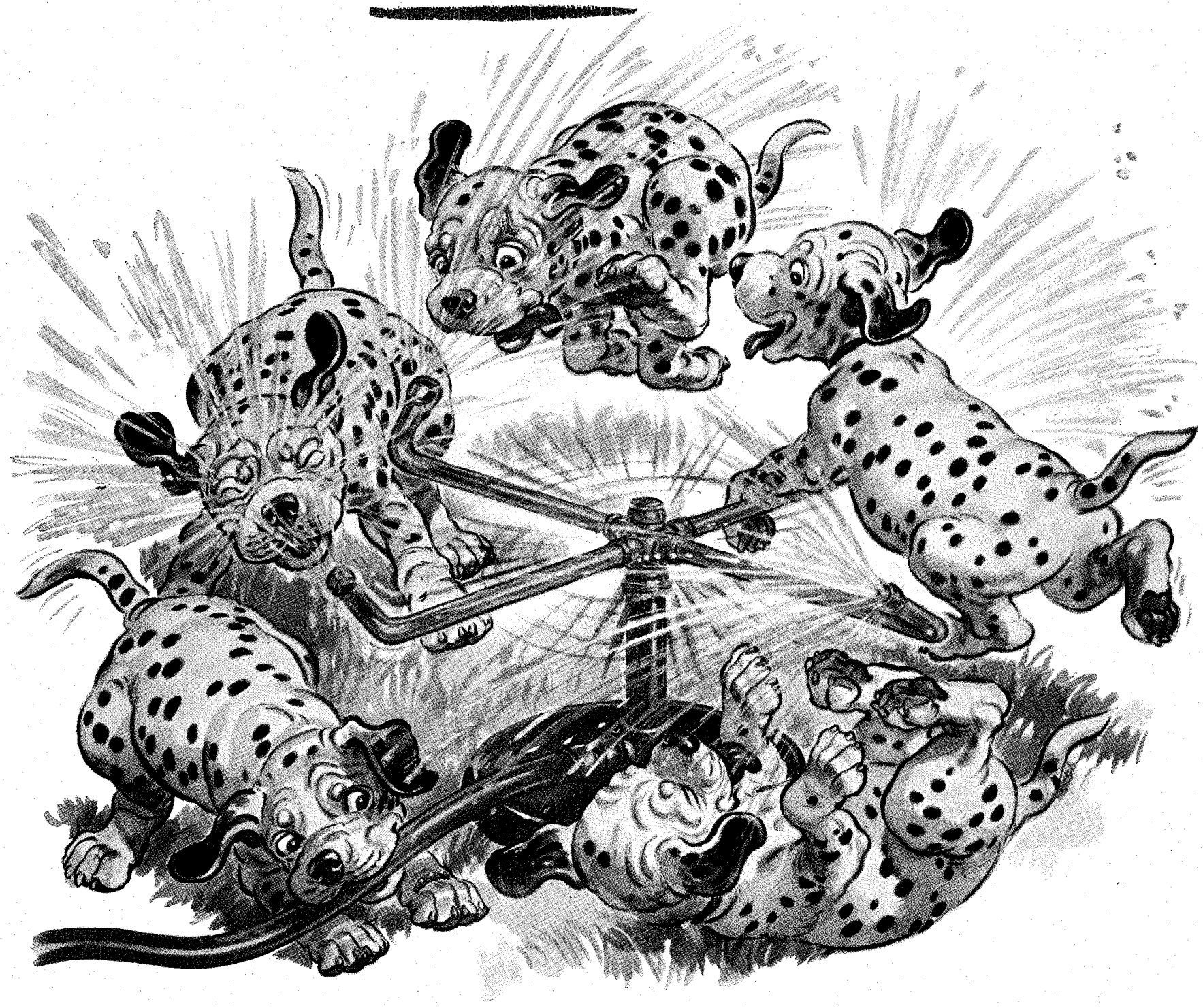
All around Action!



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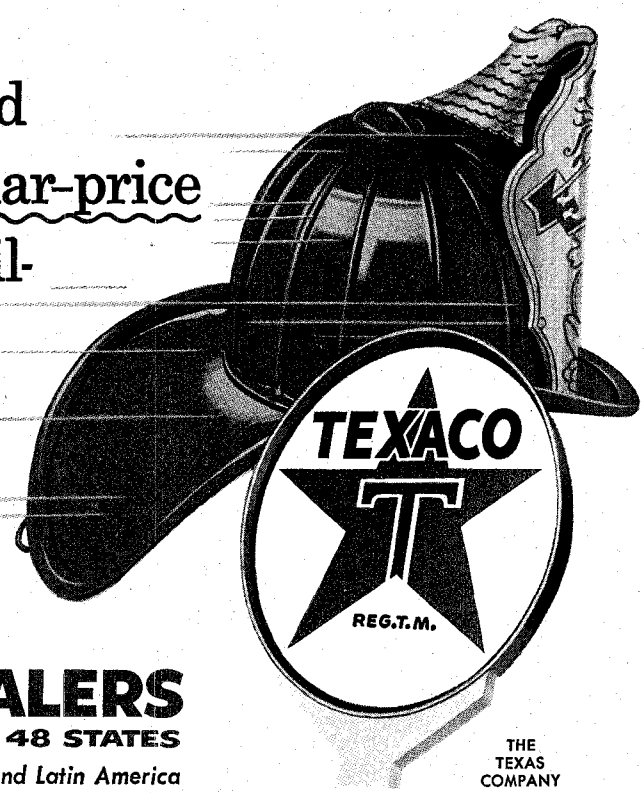
-fill 'er up!



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(*Continued from Page 70*) Now there was the roar of the surf as they approached the first reef. The water turned from turquoise to deep blue. His mother pressed the stone crock tightly between her knees. Barge watched the wave just ahead of them rise and feather. He dug deeply with the steering paddle. Sugar turned in the bow seat and looked at him. Barge grinned.

The canoe struck the boiling water and Barge held it with the paddle. Beyond, another wave, feeling its depth, rose, higher, higher, a sparkling, perpendicular wall of water. Barge struck hard with the paddle, again and again, and just in time the bow rose high, pointing at the sky, and they rose up and over, like climbing a steep hill. The wave thundered past and broke behind them.

A hundred yards past the great reef where the big swells rolled harmlessly, Barge held up his arm and shipped the steering paddle. Several canoes had not made it through the crashing surf. Barge, turning in his seat, saw them, saw the bobbing heads next to the sleek, whale-like, upside-down hulls.

The other canoes formed a circle around them. No one spoke. There was only the roar of the surf now behind them. The paddlers' faces were quiet and solemn. Barge's mother stood up in the slender canoe. She briefly lifted her face to the sky and then she reached in the stone crock and began scattering the ashes on the blue water in the circle of bobbing canoes. Barge watched the ashes. They looked like gold dust in the light of the early sun. His mother tipped the crock upside down and the last of his father's ashes drifted into the water. She sat down.

"Ee-ee-ee-yow! Ee-ee-ee-yow!" Everyone was jumping up and down in the canoes, shouting and laughing, tearing off their leis and flinging them into the water. Barge jumped to his feet and shouted, and the big wet tears formed in his eyes and streamed down his cheeks.

He dug the big paddle into the water and turned the canoe around. The other canoes about-faced. Now the race began—the race through the surf to the beach. Barge looked at the canoes on either side of him. On his right was Bill's canoe. Bill grinned over at him and waved his steering paddle.

Shouting, they all began paddling, their backs bending and straightening, glistening in the sun. Faster and faster, side by side, some thirty canoes raced over the heavy blue water toward the reef. Barge glanced over his shoulder. A wall of water came toward them. He stopped paddling and held the canoe steady and at right angles to the approaching wave. The big wave came toward them. Were they too far in? Would it break on them? Bill was also steadying his canoe. Barge saw his mother and sister turn and look back at the wave which blotted out a third of the sky. Now. Now! He dug his paddle deep and the stern rose high in the air as the wave took them. Barge shouted with exhilaration as the canoe rode steeply on the wave. He worked his paddle. They were right on. The canoe sped through the water. He looked over and grinned at Bill. The water boiled beneath them, and now the wave feathered, began to break, and Barge jumped up and down in the stern seat to keep the canoe righted at its proper riding angle. The canoes were all in a line, riding the breaker. How many of them had foundered? Now to stay in the wave. To keep in it as it petered out, and to catch it again when it reformed over the second reef.

Barge paddled furiously, kept the canoe lined up with the flag on the Outrigger Club. Faster and faster. He jumped up and down in the stern again and again to keep the bow down, to keep the canoe in the wave. He made it. The other canoes—all but Bill—fell back as the wave petered out and rolled under them. But his canoe and Bill's were still in the wave as it started to hump up and reform.

Now to catch the third break. He paddled, and steered the canoe off to the left on the wall of the wave. They angled sharply to the left to stay in it when it reformed over the last reef. Dig, dig. He paddled and hopped up and down in the stern and made it. He glanced around. Bill had missed this third and last break. His canoe was wallowing in still water. Dig, dig, dig. He could hear the crowd on the beach shouting now, and he looked up and saw them waving. He and Sugar dug hard with their paddles, and then, scrunch, they hit the sand and tumbled out into the water and raced up on the beach.

Everyone crowded around him. His mother and sister and Dee kissed him on the shoulders and on the cheeks. The other canoes landed now, and the beach boys ran up and hoisted him on their shoulders and paraded around with him. Barge, grinning and waving, experienced a neat, clean feeling of accomplishment.

He was put on the sand at the head of the ti-leaf table. Women carried great wooden platters of pork and fish, poi and yams, crabs and lobster, pawpaws and pineapples, and placed them on the leafy table. He pulled Dee down on the sand next to him and they began to eat.

The mayor and Mr. Adams squatted down on the sand next to him. "I've never seen such a performance," Mr. Adams said.

"Wha'?" Barge said, his mouth full of poi.

"The way you handled that canoe in the surf. Just like your dad. We can't help but win the Molokai race now."

The mayor slapped him on the back. "It's sure good to have you back with us, Barge. Only you can take your dad's place." The mayor looked closely at him and frowned. "You are going to stay, aren't you? You're not going back to the mainland?"

"Well, I ——" Barge was thinking about flour-white Miriam and her bullfighter and her midget.

"Of course, he's going to stay," Mr. Adams said. "He's kind of a king here."

Barge was thinking, What difference did the money make if you could live here in dignity under the warm sun? And if you could do something well, like steering a canoe, then why not do it? And if this was what happened to you after you died, a ceremony like this—why, then it was worth dying here too.

He smiled broadly at the two men. "Sure, I'm staying." Saying it, he suddenly felt light and easy.

"Had me worried there for a minute," the mayor said, as he and Mr. Adams walked away. "The way you looked."

He could feel Dee watching him—the quick, brown Dee. He smiled at her and touched her soft lips with his fingers. Her eyes were wide and startled.

"You're going to stay? You're not going back?" she said all in one fast breath.

"Yes, I'm going to stay. Is that all right?"

"Oh, that's wonderful." She leaned toward him and he took her gently in his arms. She looked up at him again. "But what about television and becoming a movie star and everything?"

"I'm through playing cannibals and Indians," he said close to her small brown ear. "From now on, I'm only playing a Hawaiian."

Neat Trick

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

What baffles every male alive
Is how a woman can contrive
To empty seven ash trays, fluff
The sofa cushions up and stuff
Ten pounds of flotsam out of sight,
While dusting tables left and right
And getting hair and lipstick fixed,
All in the fleeting minute 'twixt
The time the doorbell rings and when
She answers as it rings again!

My Battle With The Fight Mob (Continued from Page 21)

I said to him, "Are you acting on your own or is there an undisclosed person involved here? If anyone other than the principals is involved, the contract will be revoked and neither fighters nor managers will ever get a license in this state while I am chairman."

In this particular case, Cohen testified under oath that the deal was all open and aboveboard, and I must add that there has never been the slightest indication to the contrary from that day to this.

Another significant thing happened during my early weeks in office. One day in February I got a call from a man who identified himself as Frankie Palermo. I had heard about Frank Palermo, also known as Blinky—a Pennsylvania fight manager with a record of ten arrests and two convictions between 1928 and 1950. His stable of boxers included Johnny Saxton, world welterweight champion then and now.

Palermo asked for an appointment, and I gave him one. When he sat down in my office, he said, "Before I get to what I want to talk to you about, I'd like to tell you something about myself." He proceeded to tell me all about his "unfortunes," as he put it, and how all of his criminal record could be explained away. An incident involving a shooting; he had nothing to do with it. An arrest of another kind; he got mixed up in it because of some friend. As for the one major conviction on his record, which was for assault, he had received a pardon from a past governor of Pennsylvania. He kept telling me what a fine family man he was.

Finally I said, "Why do you tell me all of these things?"

He said, "I tell you these things because I would like to have a license in the state of New York as a manager. Johnny Saxton is going to defend his championship, and I think a very good match would be against your New York boy, Carmen Basilio, in Syracuse, and I would need a license to sign for such a match."

This was in early 1955, remember. Since then the title has passed from Saxton to De Marco to Basilio, and back to Saxton again. Anyhow, I told Palermo that he would have to make a formal license application, which would involve being fingerprinted and investigated, and then appear at a meeting of the boxing commission. He said he wouldn't do it that way. He wanted to be assured in advance that he could get a license. Otherwise he was going to have Saxton defend the championship in some other state.

And that was that. Naturally I wasn't going to pay such a price to get a Basilio-Saxton fight for New York. I told Palermo that I not only couldn't promise him a license in advance but that his chances of getting one were very small. Not long after, it was announced that Saxton would defend against Tony De Marco in Boston on April first.

I was to have more experiences involving Mr. Palermo and his fighter as time went on. Meanwhile, in the broad phase of our work, something happened around then to make us feel that we were now in business. We established our first contact with an informer.

The unglamorous truth about investigations is that informers are your most important asset. Without informer information, you're not going to get very far. It's more valuable than all the work that investigators and detectives can do. For one thing, you're getting information on the quiet—you're not tipping your hand. Second, assuming that the informer proves to be accurate, you get leads and inside details that no outsider could possibly dig up.

In this case, it began with a letter from an out-of-state manager. His subject was the Boxing Guild of New York. He said that he and all other outside managers had to cut in a member of the Guild if they wanted to get work for their fighters in New York.

He had signed his name and address to the letter, and when we got in touch with him, he surprised us by his willingness to come to our office and tell his story. He gave us exactly the sort of evidence we needed to prove that there was a monopoly. However, it isn't evidence unless a live witness will stand up and testify to it.

When I asked him, "Would you be willing to testify at an inquiry or hearing?" his reaction was one I had seen many times as an assistant district attorney. "Why should I be the one to be put on the spot?" he demanded. We did our best to persuade him that by coming forward he would be performing a service for himself and every other legitimate boxing man, but it was no use. He refused to stick his neck out.

Then another opportunity presented itself. Anthony Martinez, the father of welterweight contender Vince Martinez, telephoned me. He said they wanted to talk to me, but were afraid to come to the commission (*Continued on Page 74*)

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Does your security rest on what you risk?

Author, columnist and commentator on the American scene

by Raymond Moley

When we are young, or in high spirits, or when great prizes tempt us, an impulse to venture prevails. We crave security when we are tired, or ill, or dispirited.

Venture means energy, positive action. Progress depends on it. Venture is a risk taken for a known reward. Venture and security are dependent one upon the other. Each is an indispensable part of life. In balance, they sustain sound citizens and strong nations.

When times are out of joint, security becomes a national passion. It was that way when, in the great depression, the flow of trade was frozen, the specter of unemployment haunted workers, and farming was profitless toil. Government then guaranteed savings, regulated investment, provided capital for business, and aided the unemployed and aged. Later, organized labor bargained successfully for many other benefits. Ultimately the urge for security went too far. It fostered the delusion that security is given, not earned. It fettered the innovating, imaginative spirit of youth. To take that from the young is to take the morning from the day. But there is an indestructible restlessness in all of us. We use the firm shore of security to launch new venture.

During all the days of its 164 years, the Insurance Company of North America has sought a wholesome balance between venture and security. It assured for its clients ever greater security while it multiplied and diversified its own risks. Thus it also gained security for itself and verified this paradox on land and sea, in wars, fires, floods, and financial panics.

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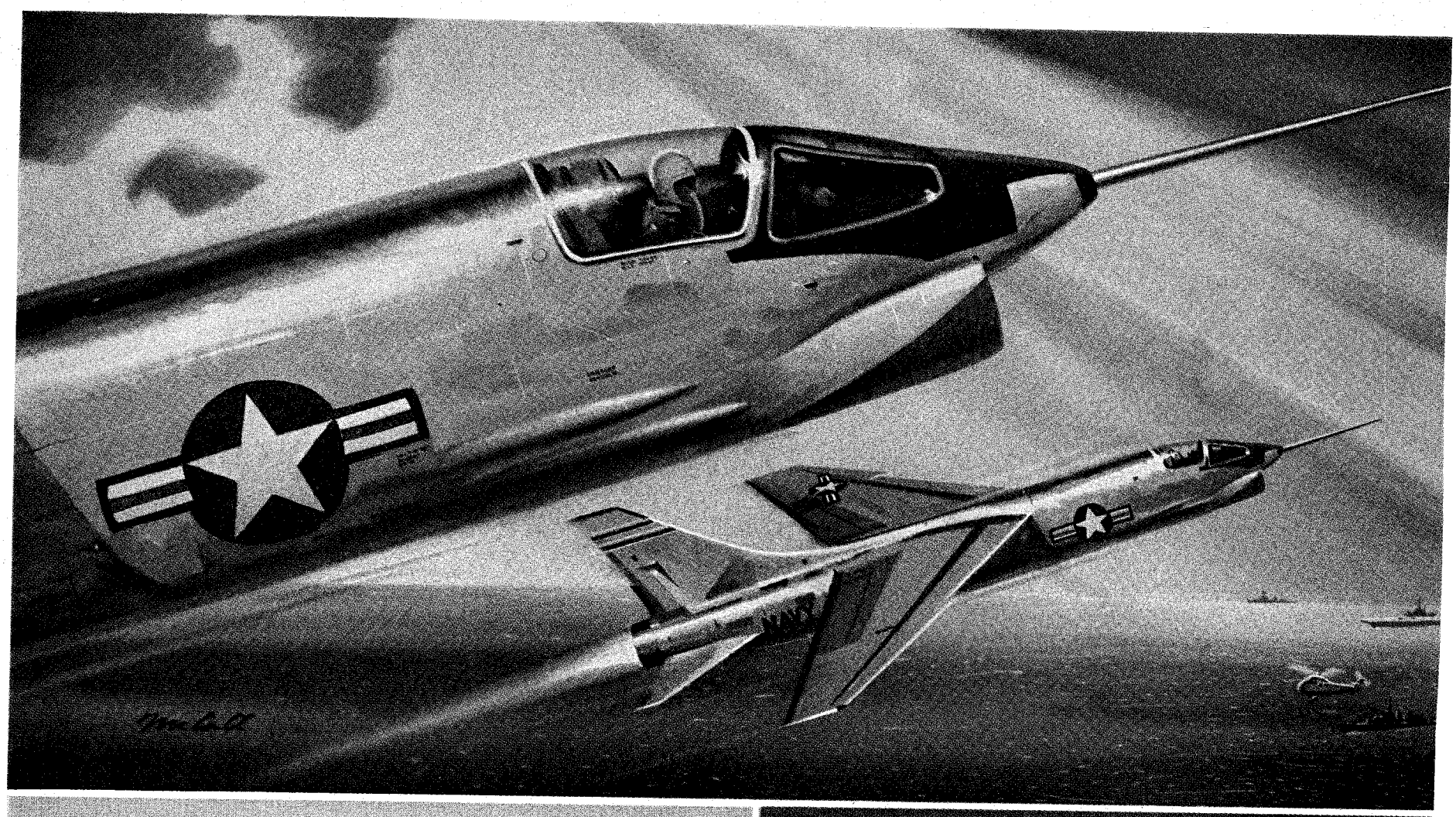

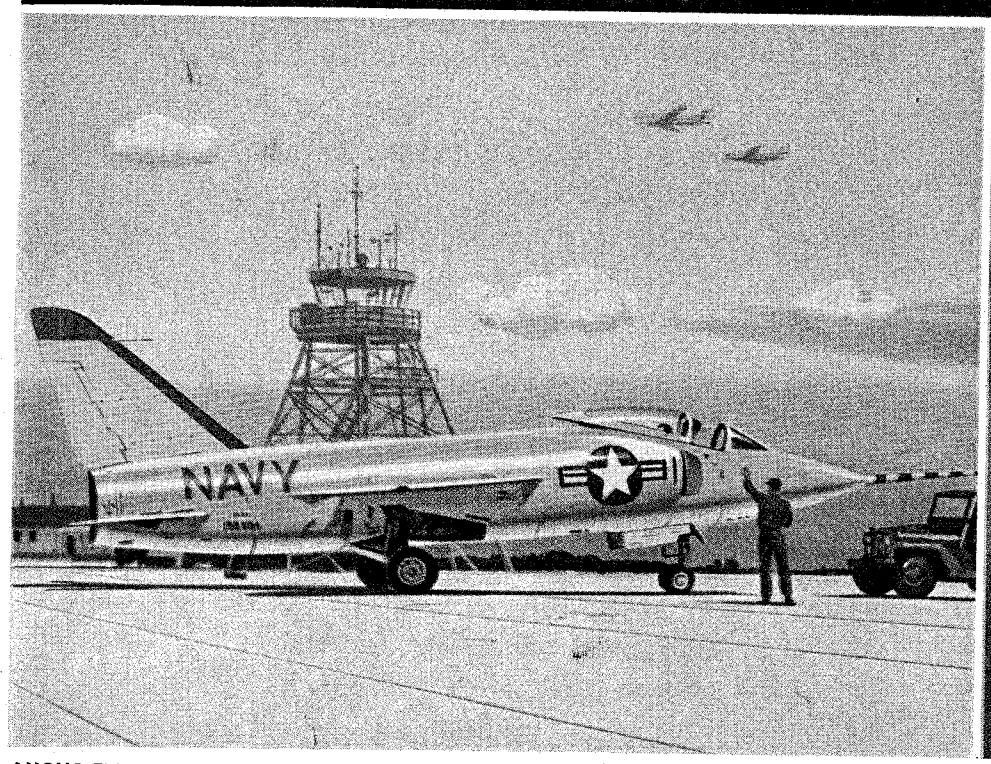

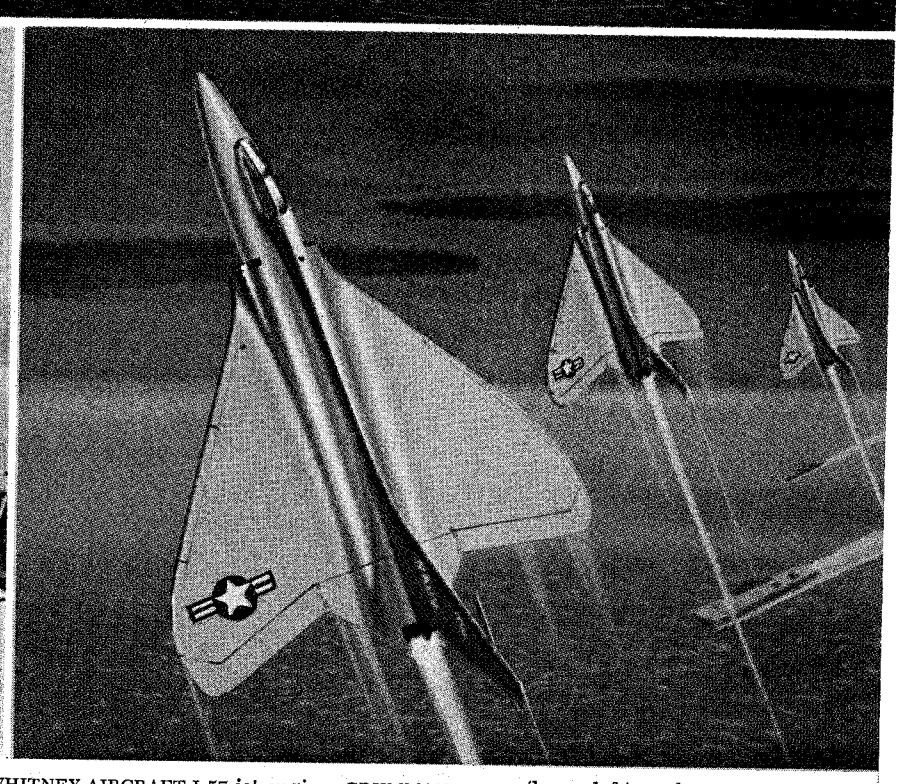

AMONG THE FASTEST NAVY FIGHTERS are CHANCE VOUGHT F8U-1 (top) powered by a PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT J-57 jet engine; GRUMMAN F11F-1 (lower left), with a WRIGHT J-65; and DOUGLAS F4D (lower right), using a P&WA J-57 engine.

How Can America Continue to Have Navy Aircraft Second to None

The atomic age has changed warfare so radically that if an aggressor should strike the United States, there would be no time to build defenses. America to be safe must be ready beforehand. This requires years of planning because modern weapons are so complex—aircraft in particular—that they take years to design, develop, and produce.

Today the U.S. Navy, Air Force, Marines, and Army have aircraft second to none. But to continue to hold this leadership, programs of aviation research, development, and production must be maintained year after year. Only in this way can the United States continue to exceed the known air progress of other nations.

Navy airplanes, a few of which are pictured here, provide an idea of the complexity of modern aircraft, and the diversity of their missions. Some of these have taken seven years to progress from drawing board to service with the fleet. Tomorrow's aircraft will take even longer and cost even more because of even greater performance demands. Yet if America is to remain free, U.S. military air power must continue to be unchallenged in the sky.

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How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

From the decks of far-ranging Navy carriers, from shore and water bases, hundreds of new fighting aircraft now fly in battle readiness. These fighters and attack airplanes, transports, helicopters, and guided missiles are typical of your Navy's growing strength. They are the fastest, most powerful and efficient aircraft ever built to perform their vital missions. They are a major part of modern U.S. Air Power. They exist today only because of past years of aviation research and development.

A typical example of the time it takes to get leading aircraft in quantity is the Navy's first supersonic fighter. Design of this aircraft was initiated in 1949, five years before one full squadron was available to join the fleet. Every increase in speed, altitude, range and armament raises innumerable new problems in engine design, aerodynamics, materials, electronics and weapons. There is no shortcut to making superior aircraft. In fact, as military requirements increase, the time needed to meet these demands increases too.

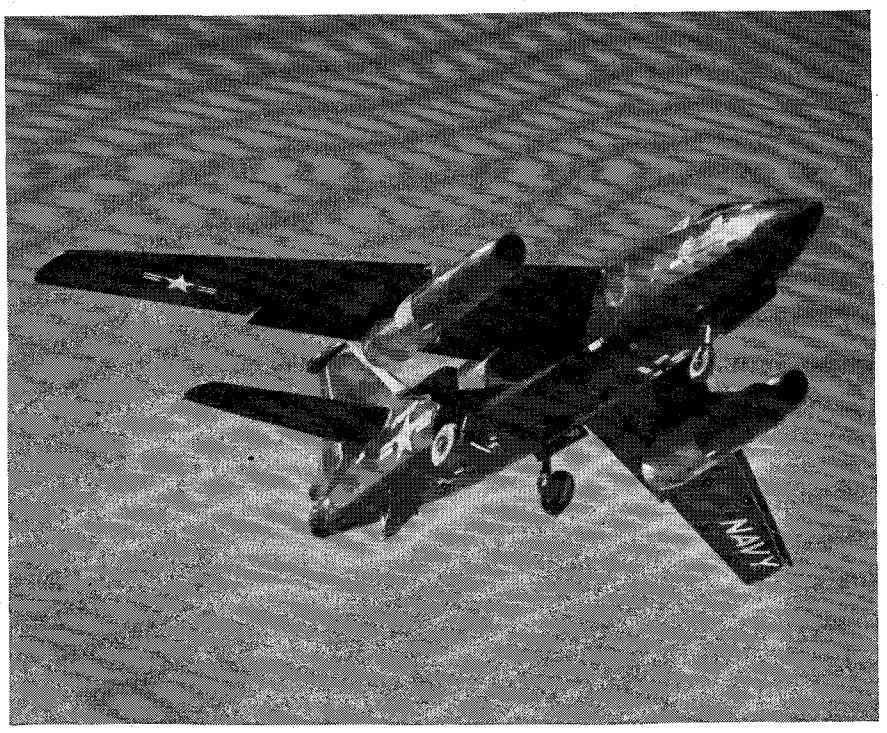
How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Tomorrow's Navy planes are *today* on drawing boards, in engine test cells and flight test stations. They will be deadlier, faster, and have greater range than present aircraft. Some may even have atomic power plants.

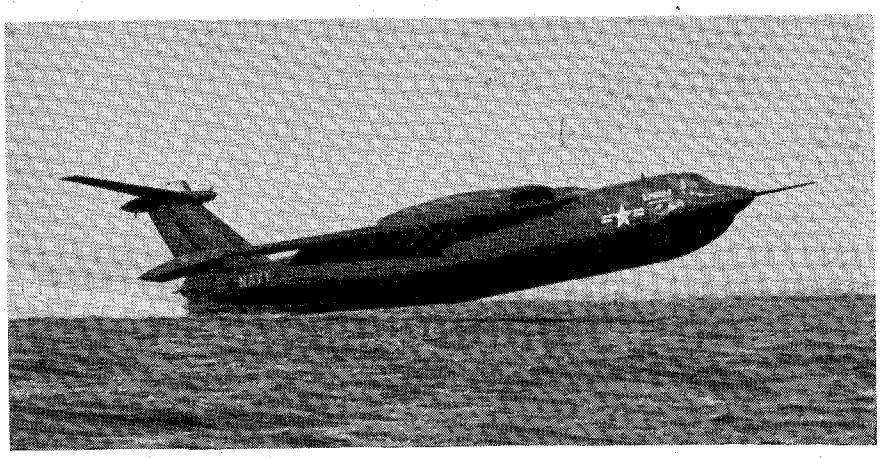
An example of the next generation of naval aircraft is the Navy's supersonic F8U-1 *Crusader,* made by Chance Vought and powered by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's J-57 jet engine. This fighter has been under development for several years, is currently being test flown, and is now in production. Yet deliveries to the fleet will not reach squadron strength before the end of this year.

Problems faced today by the aviation industry are innumerable. In developing the J-57 engine, for instance, over 4,000,000 separate problems had to be solved before volume production could begin.

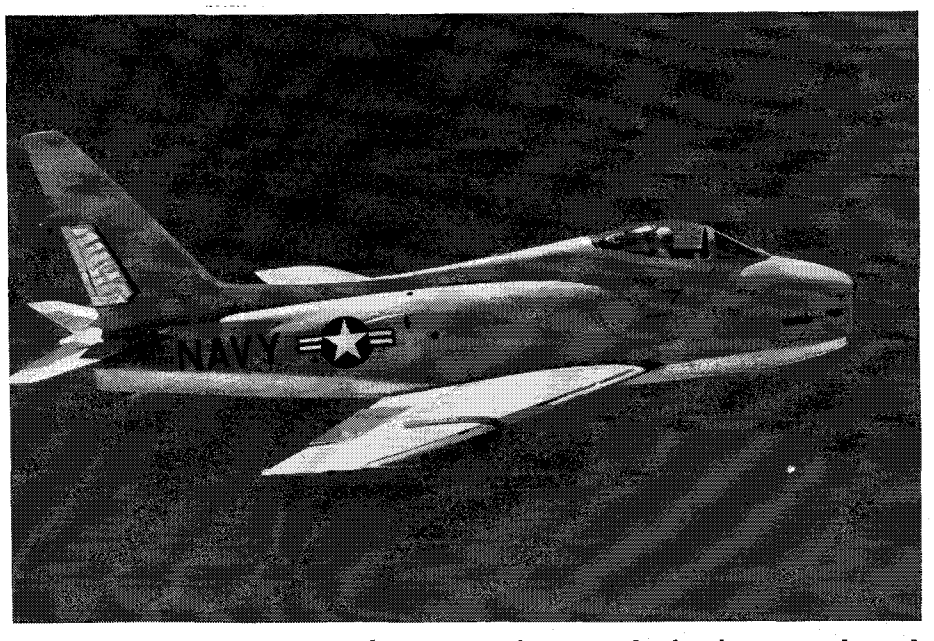
Only by such continuous and uninterrupted effort can America continue to have Navy aircraft second to none.



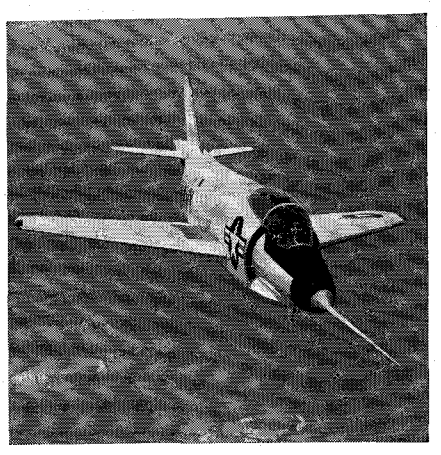
LONG RANGE ATTACK AIRPLANES, Douglas A3Ds, are the Navy's "Sunday punch." Powered by two J-57 jet engines, these 600-700 mph bombers can carry more than twice the bomb-load of their World War II counterparts. They typify the tremendous new striking power developed for the Navy.



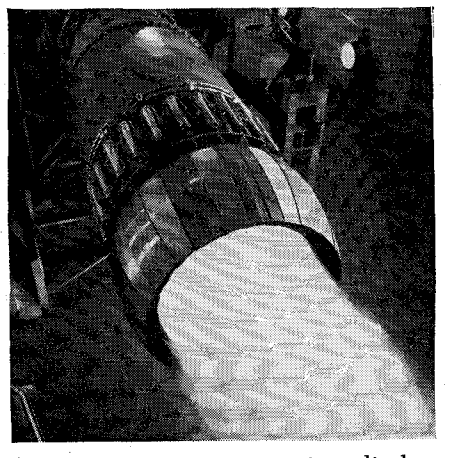
FIRST BIG JET SEAPLANE is Martin's XP6M-1 *SeaMaster,* powered by four Allison J-71 engines. Built for photo reconnaissance and mine-laying, its speed is over 600 mph. Production P6Ms will have Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-75 engines.



CARRIER-BASED FIGHTERS are being constantly improved. This thin-wing, advanced FJ-4 is the newest in North American's "Fury" series. Powered by a Wright J-65 turbojet, the FJ-4 is armed with four 20-mm. cannon, can fly faster than 650 mph.



LATEST McDONNELL FIGHTER for the Navy is the F3H-2N, now being test flown. This newest model in the "Demon" series is powered by an Allison J-71. An after-burner gives it extra bursts of speed when needed.



MILLIONS OF ENGINEERING HOURS lie behind P&WA's J-57 turbojet. This engine pushes fighters to supersonic speeds, bombers to over 600 mph. Even more powerful P&WA engines are now being tested.

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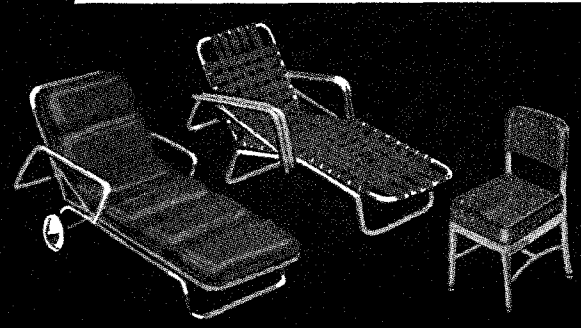

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(*Continued from Page 76*) general-membership meetings of the Guild no member ever voiced grievances or asked any questions about the Guild's finances. They all fear being boycotted and the I.B.C., that is, Madison Square Garden, would do anything the Guild ordered."

In reviewing the 1500 pages and 500,000 words of testimony we had taken during the hearings, the issue became crystal clear in my mind. To quote my "Good Friend" once more, "If you don't thrash this Guild, then the handful of dictatorials—Daly, Johnston, Kearns, Melnick, Ketchum—and not you, will decide who shall earn a living as a boxer, manager and promoter."

The only one of those names which has not already appeared in this account is Kearns. He, of course, is Jack Kearns, a fight manager from away back—not licensed in New York—who was one of the founders of the International Boxing Guild. Anyway, aside from names, it had indeed become a question of whether the boxing commission or the Guild was to regulate the fight game in the state of New York.

The Guild had entrenched its authority over every phase of the business, as the testimony at our hearings made abundantly plain. The Guild was dictating to fighters who their managers should be. It was deciding who could be a manager. It was telling promoters what fighters they could use. Out-of-staters had to do business in New York through the Guild—and pay financial tribute—or do no business at all. Men who tried to buck the Guild got frozen out.

What could I do to break up this situation? I could order the Guild to cease and desist from various practices. But the Guild probably would ignore such directives or circumvent them, as it had commission directives in the past. Another possible course was to revoke the licenses of individual offenders. However, they no doubt would take their cases to the courts, where a succession of appeals could drag matters out indefinitely. Meanwhile the Guild would remain in operation.

I came to the conclusion that there was only one quick and practical way to break the Guild's grip on the fight game. This was to wipe out the Guild itself. I would be in a stronger position legally to make this stick, if they chose to challenge me in court.

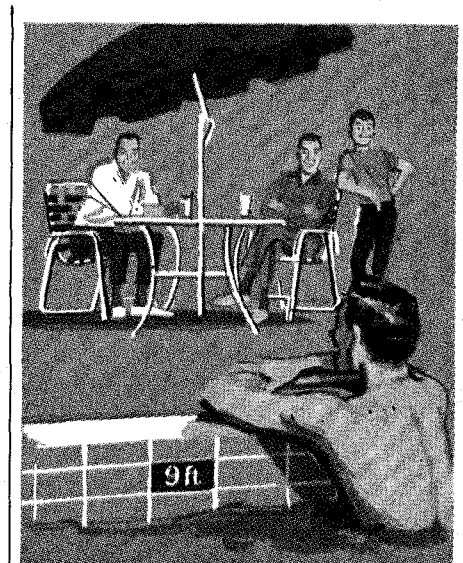
On December 12, 1955, I announced this Guild decision, which was signed jointly by Bob Christenberry and myself. To make our outlawing of the Boxing Guild of New York effective, we decreed that any member who did not resign from it by January 16, 1956, would have his license taken away.

I knew this was a drastic step, but something drastic had to be done. I also knew it was a gamble. Would the rank-and-file managers take the risk of resigning? Would the Guild leaders start a court case? Or, worst of all, would they do what an informant told me they were contemplating, which was to clamp a boxing boycott on the entire state of New York?

I could only await developments. On December sixteenth I went to Florida for a rest. I called the commission office from time to time. Always I would ask Bill Kelly, "Any resignations?" and always he would reply, "Not a one."

The waiting period dragged on. I kept wondering what the Guild was cooking up. On January 3, 1956, just as I was getting ready to start home, I found out. It was a move that put me right on the spot.

Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Helfand. The concluding article will appear next week.



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The Silent Hostages (Continued from Page 35)

of five or six asleep on it, and a crib in which there was a baby.

Rickman's thin mouth curled with satisfaction. This was a prize he had not expected. With the baby they might even reach the border. And there were keys, he noted, in the ignition switch of the sedan. The two-tone maroon-and-gray car they had taken from the salesman they had kidnaped and shot between Tonopah and Goldfield was marked.

Hours before, they had sat in the vehicle, lights and motor shut off and, concealed by a fold in the foothills miles from anywhere, listened to a news roundup from Las Vegas, which was largely devoted to the harrowing story of the murder trail of the two escaped convicts.

Without emotion, coldly and clinically, Rickman had listened to the list of their killings—the guard at the penitentiary, the policeman at Wilson's Gulch, the boy in the gas station at Tonopah, the salesman at Goldfield, and finally the woman and two children at Beatty, where they had snatched them.

And a mile away, a man sitting in a shack by a gate in barbed-wire fence, sick and clammy, listened to the same broadcast over a portable radio, the beads of sweat running from his cheeks and temples as the announcer detailed:

"As the chase spread out down the highway from Beatty, the bandits firing from their car, police did not dare to shoot for fear of hitting Mrs. Nellie Bassett and her twins, Tina and Joey, aged seven, kidnaped as hostages an hour earlier by the fleeing pair.

"Apparently when police braving the fire attempted to force the fleeing car off the road, Rickman, Hoser, or both, shot the mother and two children, threw the bodies from the car and escaped as the horrified pursuit ground to a halt. The children were dead, but Nellie Bassett was still alive and was rushed to the hospital in critical condition."

The man in the shack fought and lost his battle between duty and instinct, switched off his portable, entered his car and drove off to the north. The sound of his motor and the glow of his headlights caused the two killers to finger their weapons apprehensively, until the noise and the beams of the headlight faded in the distance. Then they had listened to the details of the tristate police dragnet set for them.

"We gotta get us another hostage. The Fairbank Ranch ought to be where that car came from. There'd be women there."

Driving, blacked out, they crept to the spot whence the vanished car appeared to have come. The rutty road continued on the other side of the wire fence, which, to Rickman, denoted the ranch he sought. The gate was open and they drove through past the shack and large property-posting sign. By star glow he was able to read the big letters KEEP OUT! He did not want to show the light necessary to read the rest.

Hoser said, "You sure you know what you're doin'?" and then added, "I'm getting sick of all this killing."

Rickman reached over and hit him on the cheekbone with the barrel of his .38. The fat man had stared down at the blood dripping onto his hand and said nothing further. He was afraid of Rickman. They had floundered in the darkness for several hours, but found no ranch. Then, shortly before five, the lights on the horizon had announced the presence of the town in which they now found themselves.

Rickman drew up behind the parked sedan. "Shift the stuff into the car ahead and start her up," he ordered Hoser. "When she's running, come in and grab the kids. I'll take care of the other two." He slid out from under the wheel with a movement that was almost obscenely sinuous, took the heavy .38 in his right hand and ran into the frame house.

From the entrance inside the unlocked door he could see both the man shaving and at the back the woman at her kitchen table.

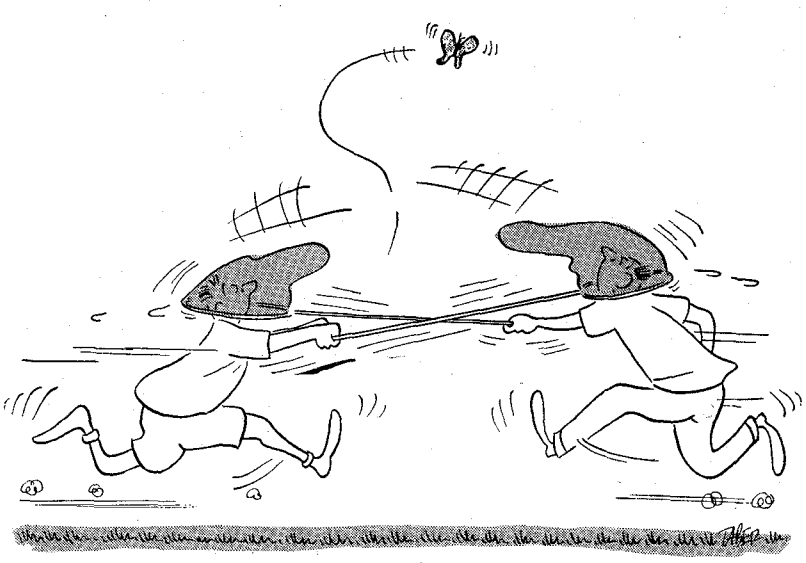
He threw his gun down on the former, saying, "Don't anybody move. This is a snatch. Stay where you are. Do as I say and nobody's going to get hurt. You in the kitchen, if you open your yap I let your husband have it."

The man in the bathroom froze obediently, motionless, his razor at the side of his cheek. The gunman could see his own face reflected over his victim's shoulder in the mirror. The woman, apparently terrorized, did not stir or utter a sound.

In the next room the radio blatted loudly. Rickman did not listen to it, but was satisfied it provided cover. Seconds ticked by. Hoser should have had the rifles, guns, ammunition and their small stock of food transferred to the other car by now. The gunman heard the starter whir, then the sound of the engine catching and turning over with a steady beat. He waited until he heard Hoser's footstep on the threshold and then pulled the trigger, shooting the man through the back on the left side.

Hoser rushed in, howling, "You crazy fool! Are you killing again? You'll have the whole town on us!"

For once, Rickman did not turn on his partner, but stood with the already-recocked pistol, staring blankly at the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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round hole that had appeared in the back of the man's shirt in the region of the heart. The fabric of the garment was smoking slightly, but the man remained standing.

Rickman bawled at Hoser, "Grab the two kids in the bedroom!" Then he raised the heavy gun, aimed it at the back of the man's head, fired twice and endured the shock of seeing his own pale and deadly vision vanish as the shaving mirror shattered under the impact of the slugs.

With two holes through his head, the man, the razor still grotesquely held at the side of his cheek, yet refused to fall and die as the others had.

With a cry of rage, Rickman leaped forward and brought the gun barrel down on the fellow's skull, which split like a melon into a hundred pieces just as Hoser came in from the bedroom, calling, "Hey! These ain't no kids! These are dolls! What's going on here?" In one hand he held the baby made of bisque, its blue china eyes open and staring innocently. By the other he dragged the dummy of a five-year-old girl with dark chestnut curls.

Rickman's nerve broke. He yelled, "What is this, a trap?" Berserk, he pulled over the body of the headless dummy by the broken mirror, kicked it, then knocked down the lifelike wax figure of the woman in the kitchen, swearing incoherently. Then, ignoring the shaking Hoser, he dashed through the door, waving his automatic as he did so. But there was no police patrol car or posse of armed citizens converging upon the house. The streets were still empty. It was beginning to grow light. In the house across the street, the telephone kept ringing.

Down the block at the filling station, the customer and the attendant were still immobile at the cash register. The lounger slept on undisturbed, tipped back in his chair on the hotel porch. None of the figures in the Café and Eatery had stirred. In the nearby station wagon the rancher remained unmoved at the wheel.

Rickman, his guns held before him, ran over, yanked the door open and pulled at the rancher's arm. The wax figure obediently slipped out from under the wheel and fell to the ground.

The gunman suddenly became appallingly aware that for all the noise that filled the village street, there was not the sound of any human voice that did not come from a radio or a single living thing to be seen or heard. Somehow they had blundered into a settlement populated solely by department-store dummies. And still the whole truth did not dawn.

He went back to the charnel house of the murdered waxworks, where he came upon Art Hoser kneeling in the living room before the radio. He did not even look up as Rickman came in, but stared transfixed at the instrument, which he seemed to be praying to as a kind of animate responsible being, mumbling, "No, no! Please! You got to wait!"

Rickman focused his attention to the radio as the announcer was saying tensely:

"Everything is in readiness now; the tanks are in position three miles from ground zero; the Civil Defense workers are in their places on Media Hill. And in just exactly one minute from now, Survival City, or Doomtown, as the newspapermen have called it, the guinea-pig village peopled solely with dummies distributed throughout in human attitudes of daily life, will be subjected to the disintegrative force of an atom blast twice that which leveled Hiroshima. Now I will pick up the time signals to zero hour—twenty seconds—nineteen—eighteen—seventeen ——"

Rickman ran screaming into the empty street, where, in the house across the way, the telephone bell was still ringing.

"No, no!" he bawled. "Hey! Wait a minute! Do you hear me? You can't! We're here! For God's sake, wait!"

The last thing he saw was the steel skeleton of what he had thought was a radio mast. But now, outlined against the dawn, a dark, torpedo-shaped package hung from the 500-foot tower top. And the last thing he heard was the unison chant from all the live radios in all the dummy-filled houses: "Five seconds—four—three—two—one ——"

Some little while later the guard who that same morning had deserted his post at the No. 3 Desert Gate of the Restricted Area between Beatty and Mercury, returned alone, a half hour before his relief was due.

His name was Joseph Bassett and he was the husband of Nellie Bassett and father of the twins, Tina and Joey. He had managed to reach the bedside of his wife and hold her in his arms a scant twenty minutes before she died. Dazed by the completion of the tragedy, he had returned to his duty from force of habit.

Still in state of shock, he could not cope with the ominous mystery of the tire tracks, west to east, that crossed his post and, entering through the open gate, went straight as an arrow eastward toward where the brown mushroom cloud of the recent explosion had begun to lose its shape and drift with the wind.

Someone had entered during his absence. He stood staring down uneasily at the tracks, wondering who it had been, what had happened to them and what it might portend for him—if ever it came out.

THE END

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Now—Vornado has created an Air Conditioner that gives maximum performance and efficiency at a price everyone can afford.

These budget-priced units, with their tremendous cooling power, have all the famous quality features that have made Vornado the leading name in comfort cooling.

Now, there's no reason to let your family suffer from the heat because you feel air conditioning is a little too expensive. Enjoy Vornado's cool, relaxing comfort as many of your friends and neighbors do.

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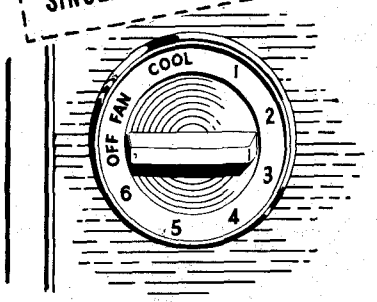

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It's Vornado® Quality Throughout

1. FLUSH MOUNT

Your Vornado mounts flush to the sill . . . as inconspicuous as a window pane! No inside room space is required—curtains and drapes hang perfectly!

2. COMPLETE CIRCULATION

Vornado's exclusive "vortex-action" pressure-circulates cool, dry air to all parts of the room. Efficient air circulators rotate 360°. . . tilt up or down . . . give complete draft-free directional control.

3. FEATHER QUIET

As quiet as a floating feather . . . that's Vornado! Spring-mounting in rubber, plus sound-deadening insulation reduce vibration and noise of moving parts to an absolute minimum.

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Frontier Scout (Continued from Page 31)

He fumbled in his plunder, finding a piece of ribbon for Matilda, and a feather, green as April, for the baby, and while small Lizbeth watched from her mother's skirts he took something from his sagging powder bag. A bright beaded bracelet with a tinkling bell, it made a tiny music as he held it to the child.

"A pretty!" cried her mother. "A pretty for Lizbeth!" and the child crept out.

There stood in the middle of the room a big round maple stump, still rooted, solid as an anvil and hollowed by the pounding of hominy. When he laid the bracelet on that worn table, the child put out a hand.

A minute later she was shaking the little bell and reaching for his tangled hair, while he rumbled, "Well-with-thee! Well-with-thee, wee one!"

Then, suddenly remembering, she cried, "High up!" and he swung her to his shoulder. Her hand, jingling now, held to his craggy head, finding a hollow he had carried from a Shawnee tomahawk in a time before she, or even her mother, had been born.

A scarred and dented man with a craggy face and a gentle far-off smile had come home, this spring of 1810, to the budding woods and green barrens of Champaign County. Word went through the town, to Colonel Ward and Joseph Vance at their surveyors' table, to Will Fyffe in his dusty saddler's shop, to Mark Norman in his smithy, to Major Moore, Ezekiel Arrowsmith and George Fithian in the dusky tavern room. "Simon Kenton is back." It went across the fields to the Indian camps, pitched on Kenton's land, or what had been his land before the surveys and the sorry Symmes Purchase, where squat old Bo-nah and lean Captain Johnny watched their women dropping corn in the dark gashed ground. "Cuttaho-tha is back." It went over the road to Springfield and the third brigade of the first division of the Ohio militia. "General Kenton has come back."

There, in the busy town of Springfield, a lawyer from Kentucky hired a horse and buckboard from Abel McElwain and rattled over the fifteen miles to Urbana. That evening the sheriff stood in Kenton's door, shifting a paper in his hands. He was uneasy, shuffling his feet and looking back to the road where the buckboard stood, but finally he said, "In the name of the court of Champaign County I serve you, Simon Kenton, with this writ of capias."

He dropped his eyes then; he was a sergeant in the third brigade, summoning his general.

Simon Kenton could write his name, as he could draw the course of a remembered river, but he could not read a syllable. Still he looked a while at the paper, his eyes thoughtful under the rough brows, and then he looked over the sheriff's shoulder and saw the lawyer standing there.

"What is it for?" Elizabeth Kenton asked, her dark eyes darting at the sheriff and the stranger. She was the daughter of a Frenchman, Stephen Jarboe; she spoke sharp and high, and her hands kept working. "Whatever is it for?"

"It's for a debt that is owing to my claimant in Kentucky," the lawyer said, tapping the pocket of his black buttoned coat. "The debt bears the name of Simon Kenton as surety, and it's long overdue."

"They've taken his land," the woman said, "his lands and houses in Kentucky, his land in the territory, his lands along Mad River and the Miami, his farms and mills and trading post in this county. How can he pay more?"

"Then," said the lawyer, pointing to the sheriff's writ, "the law will have his body."

"Where?" she demanded.

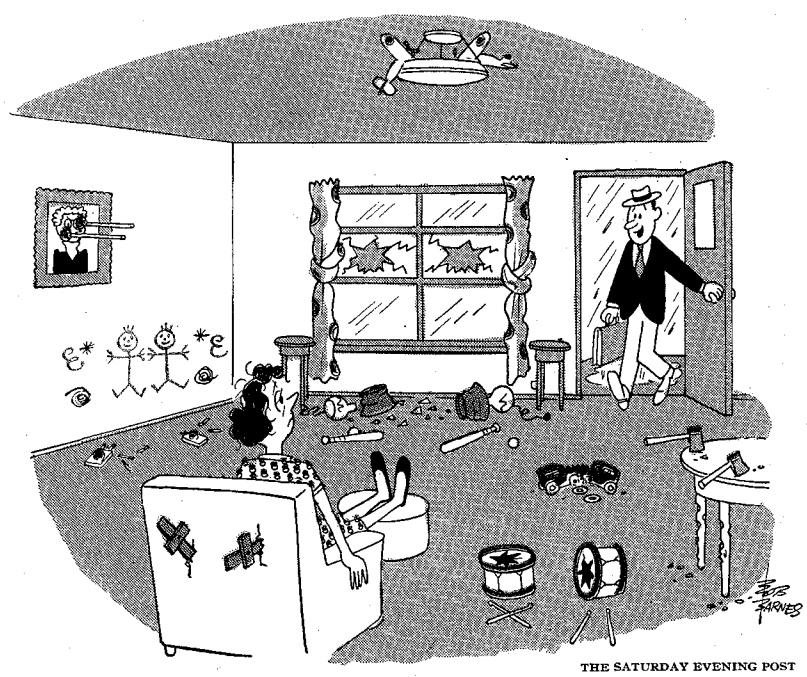
"In jail," the lawyer said.

"Whenever we get a jailer," the sheriff added. "Since you went away, gen'ral, we've raised a jailhouse. There's been horse thieving in the next county. But we haven't named a jailer. They mean to do that now."

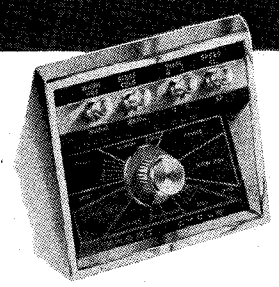
That night the township officers gathered in the tavern—trustees, treasurer, fence viewers and supervisors—and when George Fithian pounded on his dinner iron the citizens straggled in. Right away the room was full of voices. Simon Kenton had signed his name to another man's obligation and now was charged under the debtor's law. But who was not in debt to Simon Kenton? He had defended the Kentucky settlements in the time of the Revolution and the year of the bloody sevens. He had spied for Clark at Vincennes, stalking like a hunter through the enemy town, counting the British and the British Indians. He had scouted the Shawnee and Miami camps for Wayne. He had been captured, tortured and imprisoned—eight times he ran the gantlet, three times bound to the burning stake. Since then he had made his own peace with Tecumseh and the Prophet and had piloted the first party to the upper Miami country. He had cut Kenton's Trace, eight days' wagon journey to the Ohio, and had brought millstones all the way from Pennsylvania. The settlers used his mill and trading post before they had anything to trade, and the Indians wore paths to his corncribs and his fodder house.

But, said Colonel Ward from Greenbriar, his gold watch chain glinting in the candlelight, law had come to the western country. Kenton had signed his name to another man's debt, and if he could not pay it, the court could have his body for a twelvemonth. They must elect a jailer.

When the votes were counted little Rob McRoth stood on the plank table where the candles threw his big shadow on the wall. "Election is declared," he stated. "By legal vote (*Continued on Page 85*)



"Well, how'd the twins behave today?"



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NO other automatic washer gives you so many wonderful features as are to be found in the new Multi-cycle Speed Queen—such as the Stainless Steel Tub guaranteed for life; the Transmission guaranteed for 5 years; the Aerated Water Inlet which "disperses" soap faster; the new "Flotation" pre-rinse which eliminates need for lint-filtering devices; the sediment ejector; the fluid drive; and many others. See your Speed Queen dealer for a free demonstration — or for literature, write the Speed Queen Corp., Ripon, Wis.

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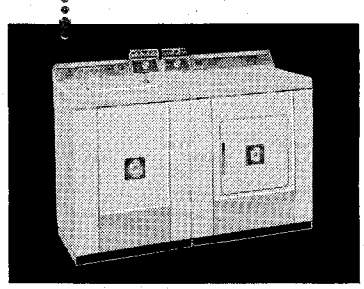

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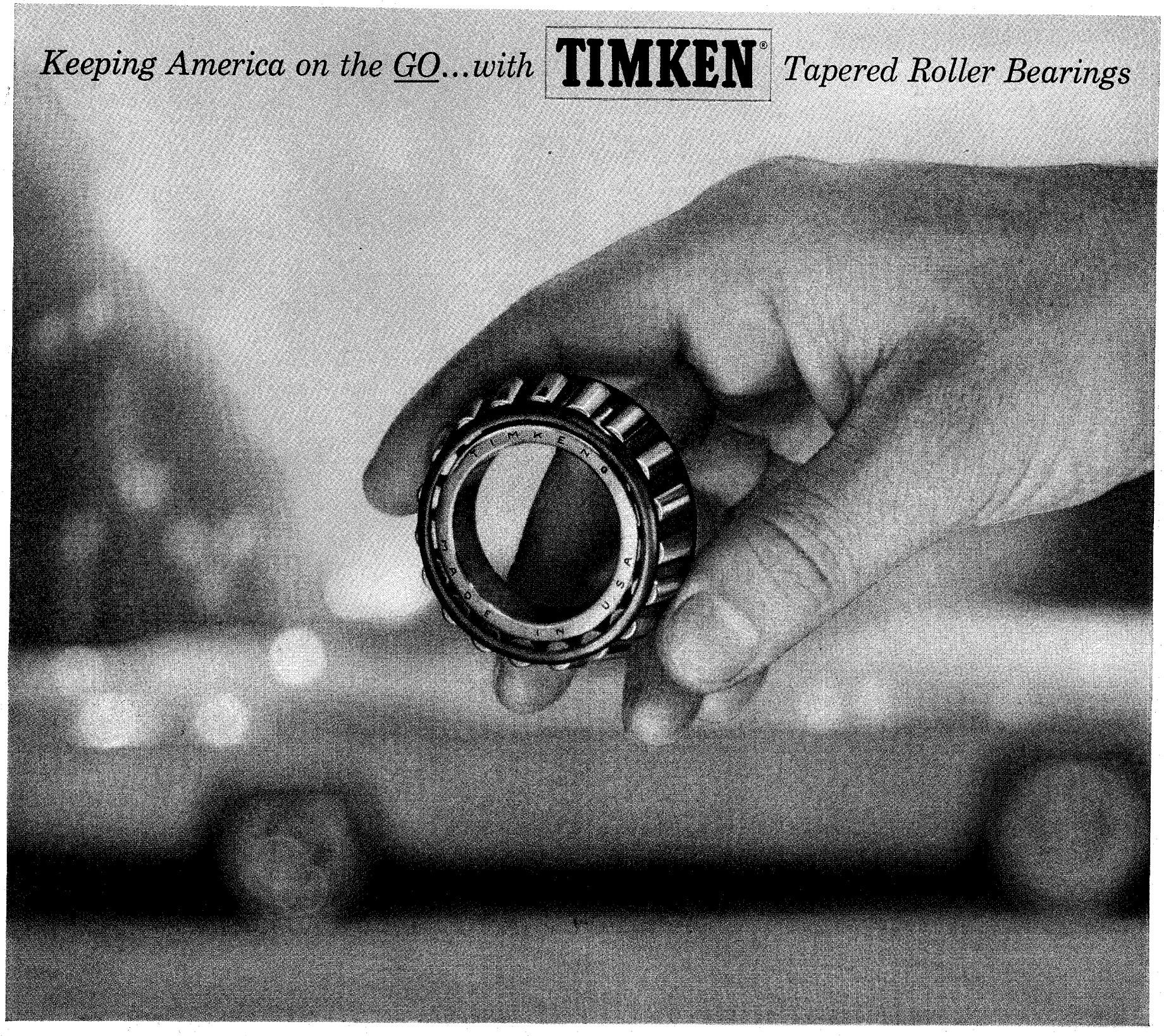

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THAT little round object is a new kind of Timken® tapered roller bearing for your car. It's the big change in bearings that meets the big change in cars. It helps improve ride, increases safety, prolongs car life, aids styling, protects trade-in value. And it's *available!*

It's also a wedding ring.

With it the Timken Company re-cements the 57-year partnership between ourselves and the auto industry.

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From the Moto-Mated Way comes a whole new breed of Timken tapered roller bearings for wheels, pinion, differential, steering gear. Smaller bearings to save space. Lighter bearings to cut unsprung weight, improve comfort. Lower-priced bearings.

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It was the Timken Company that pioneered the Moto-Mated Way. But it was the auto industry that made it possible, by adjusting to the standardized bearing sizes on which the Moto-Mated Way is based. As use of these sizes grows —not only by the auto industry, but by machine tool, farm, materials handling and other industries—so will the benefits grow.

It's the latest example of how the Timken Company works with auto makers, as with all industry, to keep America on the go! **The Timken Roller Bearing Company,** Canton 6, Ohio. Canadian plant: St. Thomas, Ont. Cable: "TIMROSCO".

Only **TIMKEN**® *bearings roll so true, have such quality thru-&-thru*

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(*Continued from Page 83*) and lawful ballot this township has named Simon Kenton for its jailer."

So Kenton moved his family into the jailer's lodgings and took possession of the body of his prisoner, Simon Kenton, debtor. The jailhouse stood at the corner of Locust and Market streets, in the shade of a big sycamore. It was a dark log building, four rooms upstairs and four down, with a recessed gallery on the side away from Market Street. The family spread out in more room than they had ever had, upstairs for sleeping, downstairs for cooking and eating, and a couple of cell rooms at the lightless end for Kenton to put his prisoner in. He looked into those dim rooms—each one had a high narrow opening that showed only a slit of sky—and then went out and pounded hominy to feed his prisoner.

But he was not required to shut himself in a cell room. That first day three of his "boys," whom he had piloted to the county seven years before, came on legal business, explaining to the jailer how he could allow his prisoner town bounds, if that fellow had proper bondsmen. Then they produced the bondsmen's paper, signed with their names—Will Fyffe, George Fithian and Zephaniah Luce. After that the prisoner walked town bounds, from High Street to the alley on Scioto, from Ward to Reynolds Street, measuring the blocks with his long loose stride, out and back, out and back, as a patient man might pace a cell.

When the neighbors stopped, the jailer sat with them on a bench in the shaded gallery. They told how Colonel Ward, with Joe Vance to run the lines, was laying off quarter sections along King's Creek. They told of settlers' wagons rocking into Union County and spreading out on the barrens there. Word was, they said, Tecumseh had met with William Henry Harrison in a grove beside the Wabash and had thrown the governor's peace pipe on the ground, and the British were doling out rations and rifle bullets to Indian parties at Detroit.

If Kenton was restless, hearing these things, it didn't show in his guarded eyes. He was a prisoner, bound to the limits of the town.

That summer little Lizbeth romped on the gallery and built corncob houses in the empty cell rooms. Sometimes she walked beside the shambling man to town limits, tugging at his big paw when he stopped to talk with a teamster on a load of wood or hay. One September day she ran down Locust Street to meet him, her face flushed bright as she rattled the bell on her wrist. "High up!" she cried, and he carried her home on his shoulder.

That night Kenton woke out of a dead sleep. He woke sharply, as he had done in canebrakes in Kentucky and thickets on the Wabash, to a sense of danger. Before his eyes were open his hand went to his side. There was no cold rifle barrel, only the rough bedpole frame; and then the corn-husk mat was rustling and he was back in town again, in the dark jailhouse with his prisoner. But the danger was there. The doorway showed a flickering light and he heard a whimpering, like a fox kitten in a leaf-lined den.

In bare feet he crossed the other room and stood above his wife, bending at the bedside. As if it were his own throat, he felt the quick, hard breathing, and even the pale candle showed the dark struggle in the child's face and the glassy eyes. When he touched her, a hand flung out, hot and tight, and the little bell rang from her wrist. The woman brushed damp hair from the fevered face.

Kenton went downstairs, groping in the dark, and came back with a dripping gourd of water. The child could not swallow, but the woman put a wet cloth to her open lips. Downstairs again, sitting on the gallery, Kenton counted, over and over, the seven stars that had guided him in hostile country. At last a rooster began crowing somewhere.

When he went upstairs, his wife was kneeling at the bed and the darkness was gone from the child's face. For the first part of a minute he thought she was smiling at him. Then he saw the blue eyes empty and the woman's shoulders shaking.

At the funeral reading, people overflowed the jailhouse, standing on the gallery and in the street while Mark Norman spoke from a worn Bible and a hymn book. Then Simon Kenton raised the new box to his shoulder and they all followed him out Locust Street—even the Indians and the Indian children. At Ward Street, the town limit, the big man stopped. The box came down from his shoulder and the Arrowsmith brothers took it from him. He watched the procession move on, across the sloping meadow to the new-fenced cemetery under the ridge.

Once in his youth, before he gave up trapping, he found a bear that had dragged his trap and the oak anchor log till it caught in a locust thicket. A shaggy beast with bloodshot eyes and a vise-held foot, he had no fierceness left when Kenton raised his rifle. Now, standing in the autumn sunlight, looking over a brown prairie where the people halted in the withered grass, something went out of Simon Kenton. He saw them shoveling the brown earth back again, and while he watched, a part of him was buried there.

All his life he had been free—though in seasons a captive—free as his townsmen had never known freedom and could never find it. Now he realized, entirely, his imprisonment. Around him was a changed time and a changed country, and he could not stand at the grave of his small daughter. That desolate knowledge made the whole world darken.

He looked northward, where the Wyandot camps were dwindling along the Sandusky and beside the English Sea. He looked west, where he had made his way into new green, silent kingdoms—before axes thudded in the valleys and the sky hazed up with smoke from the clearings. He looked south toward Kentuck, a country he had known mysterious and empty, now shingled over, three, four and five deep, with conflicting land claims. He looked east, where he had been a lean and tireless youth ranging out of Fort Pitt in a border country now fenced and farmed, and every acre platted in the land offices. North, east, south, west, he had known it all, and all of it different, no two tracts alike—all of it dangerous and beautiful. Now he had reached the end.

He had been a prisoner before—bound hand and foot by the Shawnees and the Miamis, double-guarded by the British at Detroit—and always scheming, plotting, waiting. When a man has waited, he can wait again. But now there was nothing to wait for. In his youth in Virginia an old farm wife, reading the moles on his neck, had foretold imprisonment and death. The Indians still called him Cutta-ho-tha, the Condemned One. He had escaped many times, but he could not escape now. Something had gone out of him, like the flame in a lanthorn. Before the burial party came, he took himself, alone, to the jailhouse.

Winter brought a straggle of Indians from the northern camps. They found Cutta-ho-tha in the jailhouse, staring at the fire. He sent to his old storehouse on Lagonda Creek for the remnants there—a few blankets, kettles, files and awl blades, some spools of thread and twists of tobacco—and traded for what the Indians had brought—bear's oil in coonskin sacks, smoky maple sugar, honey and cranberries.

Molly Kiser in her greasy buckskins was with them, interpreting. A white woman, captured in childhood in Kentucky, she had never gone back to her own people. In other seasons Kenton had talked with her till the fire burned out. Now he was not concerned in what she tried to tell him about British gunboats on Lake Erie, and Tecumseh and the Prophet gathering the woods and prairie tribes at Tippecanoe Creek.

When Colonel Ward came back from visiting Kentucky, he went straight to the jailhouse. It was a wet cold evening and the fire felt good. He rubbed his hands and warmed his backside before sitting down beside the jailer. From the doorway, Elizabeth Kenton watched them, two different men—one in buckskin, one in broadcloth, one carrying the country in his head, the other in a record book, one a finder and the other a keeper.

The colonel had a paper folded in his wallet. He brought it out deliberately.

"Your freedom, general," he said.

Kenton looked at the paper like a man who could read that close small writing. He studied it while Colonel Ward told how he had met a man in Lexington who had paid the debt that Simon Kenton's name was signed to. So the debtor's law was lifted. Kenton was a free man now, as the paper proved.

When Colonel Ward went out, the room was silent. Rain dripped from the roof. Kenton leaned over and dropped the paper in the fire. It blazed up quickly and was gone.

Elizabeth Kenton came in. "Now we can leave this jailhouse, Simon."

"Leave?" he said.

"You're not a prisoner, now the debt is paid."

"Yet a jailer still," he said.

It was true, he had been named jailer for a twelvemonth, but it was not that that brought the trouble to her face. As the fire burned down she saw him sinking into the shadows. At first, when the law possessed his body, he was not an altered man, merely a man restricted, waiting for the freedom that would come. But now his spirit was imprisoned. All the signed papers in Kentucky could not set it free.

In April he moved out on the gallery, but his eyes did not catch the restless light. His twelvemonth was nearly over, and he did not think of that. He was not waiting. When the ground dried he went to the garden—a thing he had never done—hoeing up corn rows for his wife to drop the kernels in. Woman's work—squaw work—but he had no desires beyond it. He had become his own prisoner, like any disheartened man.

The first word of a horse thief in the county came from Colonel Ward: one May morning his Kentucky saddle mare was missing. Then other animals were gone, from farms on Dugan's Prairie and along King's Creek, and even from stables in the town. The sheriff blamed Indians, but Kenton shook his head. The Indians had changed too. When that horse thief was brought to jail, he would be a white man.

"How can you know that, gen'ral?" the sheriff asked. "And who can catch him?"

Kenton knew who could—old Boh-nah and Captain Johnny in their shacks on Lagonda Creek. Give them a pair of horses ——

"And two more critters gone," said the sheriff.

But he took Kenton's word and sent the Indians out, (*Continued on Page 87*)

The Perfect Squelch

On her first visit to the officers' club, the bride of a young second lieutenant found herself at a table with a group of other service wives. One older woman, to whom all the others deferred, was monopolizing the conversation with a long, glowing account of her husband's achievements. She stressed his special abilities, his many successes in the service and his skill and smartness in dealing with just about everything that came up.

Finally she turned to the lieutenant's wife with a bright social smile. "My husband is a colonel," she said, then paused, an obvious question in her eyes. "And yours ——"

The unintimidated bride smiled right back. "My husband is twenty," she said pleasantly. "And yours ——"

Catherine R. Guy

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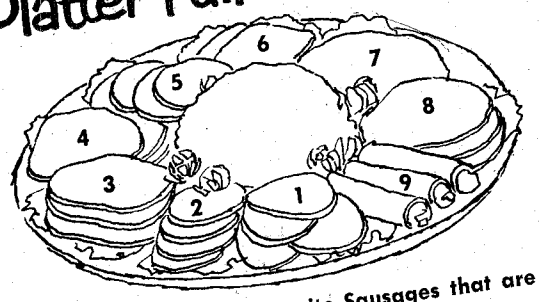
So, for a summer full of fun, set out a platter full of protein—like the one below. Or sink your teeth in a juicy "hot dog," at home, at the beach, at the ball game—wherever you may be.

Platter Full of Protein



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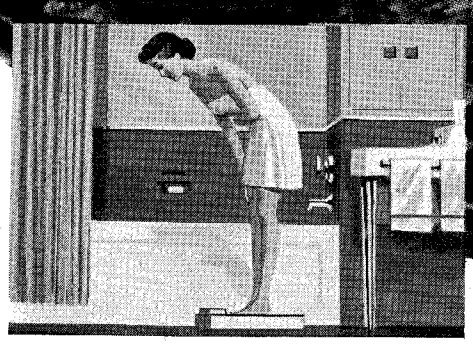

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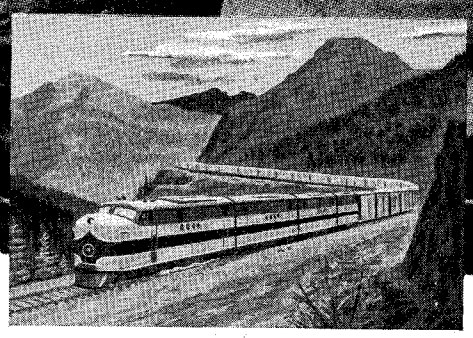

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American Meat Institute

Headquarters, Chicago
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The nutritional statements made in this advertisement have been reviewed and found consistent with current scientific opinion by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

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(*Continued from Page 85*) and two days later the jailhouse had a new prisoner. He was a runty-looking man with a weathered face, wandering blue eyes and a strawlike stubble glinting on his chin. He shook hands with his jailer in the friendliest way.

"I b'lieve you once stole some horseflesh, yourself, Gen'ral Kenton. Shawnee horses, I b'lieve."

"Kentuck horses," Kenton said. "Stole them back." He looked down at his prisoner, a smiling, harmless-seeming man. "But that's long gone."

The stranger brought a strong smell of horses into the jailhouse, and when hoofs sounded in Market Street, his eyes went after them. Horse-crazy. Kenton was half sorry to shut the cell door on him.

Out at the oak stump, cracking corn, or hoeing in the garden, Kenton heard his prisoner singing:

"*Come jump up behind me and away we will ride*
To yonder fair city; I'll make you my bride."

He had a clear, far-carrying voice that wouldn't stay in those dark walls.

For a small man, the prisoner had a surprising appetite, and Kenton pounded a lot of hominy. When he took the plate at meal time, dropping the wooden bar from the heavy door, the little man stood smiling in the dusky room.

"I been picturing the Twin Creek country, gen'ral. You know where the fork swings north—fine land up that valley, good farms and good horses. And the German flats on the Mahoning—big Pennsylvania horses there. I don't know, though, but I like Scioto horses better. Good stock from Virginia and Kentucky—I guess you know those horses, gen'ral."

At his own dinner Kenton's wife was silent—strange for her—till the meal was over and the children went outside. Her dark eyes looked up then.

"A year will soon be ended, Simon. A slow, hard year."

"The cricks froze tight in Janooary," he said absently, "but the sun grew warm in Aprile."

"Not hard that way, but other ways." Her eyes strayed off. "You know what day it is, Simon?"

"I couldn't tell that, Betsy."

"The last day of your twelvemonth. The last day here. Tomorrow they can get a new jailer and we can go."

"Go? Is it that troubles thee?"

"No, Simon," she said sharply. "What troubles me is you. You have made yourself a prisoner. The law took your body, but it was you shut up your spirit. This is not your place, Simon. Not this dark jailhouse."

"Where else?"

"Oh, Simon. Once you took me on a journey, the first year we were wed, by pack horse through the forest, and rafts across the rivers. We looked at woods and meadows where the world was new."

"That's long gone, Betsy."

Outside, little Mary fell on the doorstep and lay there crying. Elizabeth went to pick her up, and Simon wandered back to the garden.

Once he heard distant voices and he looked off where Joe Vance and his chain men were laying out the lines on Ruffin's Ridge. He bent to the rows again. From the jailhouse came another voice:

"*I'll sing you a song, and it won't take long,*
Concerning a man who wouldn't hoe corn."

When he opened the cell door, the room was still. It was a minute in that dimness before he saw the prisoner—face against the wall and hands outspread, one eye squeezed shut and the other pressed to a crack in the logs' chinking.

To Simon Kenton that tense, oblivious figure brought back something buried, something almost gone. In the dim room, dark as the huts of the Indians or a stockade's lightless cell, he knew what his prisoner was seeing—May wind running in the grass, sunlight washing the creek bank, the hazy, far, half-shadowed hills and the white clouds drifting. He saw it all, clear and bright and calling, as though his own eye were pressed to the prison wall.

While he stood there the door blew shut. The prisoner whirled around and saw his jailer watching.

"Well-with-thee, horse thief."

The little man's smile came slowly. "It's a soft day, gen'ral. A soft, bright, living day. I felt it through these black walls. I wondered ——"

"The sun lies warm," said the jailer, "and the cricks are full."

"You've been captured, gen'ral. The British and the Indians. You know what it is."

Kenton sat on the prison bench. "Tell me, horse thief, how you fared with the animals you stole. Before the sheriff fetched you here, all those horses had got back to their stalls and stables."

"Sure," said the prisoner with his widest smile. "I turned those horses loose."

"Why, then, did you take them in the dead of night?"

The little man's face drew near. "Humans are 'bout alike, gen'ral. But horses, they're all differ'nt. Barbs, roans, cobs, Galloways; pack horse, cart horse, post horse. Carolina hackneys, Kentucky pacers, big Pennsylvania draft animals and little French ponies on the Wabash—I hear they have Spanish horses over the big river fast enough to run down a buff'lo."

"Aye, horse thief."

The little man drew a breath and shook his head. "All those horses, gen'ral, I like the feeling they are mine. Not to sell or not to put in harness. Not to keep, but just to have a little while and then be on my way. At night"—his blue eyes were lighted now—"in a barnyard or a pasture, it's like finding them. Can't you see how it would be?"

"Horse thief," said Kenton, "you may be touched a little. Yet you talk like a deserving man."

Next morning the prisoner was gone. No one knew how he had forced the heavy door in the dead of night and taken Will Fyffe's best horse—that came trotting back up the road, stirrups swinging, just at breakfast time.

"He was a small man," Elizabeth Kenton said, "but not so small he could pass through that slit in the wall—if he could get up there."

"Not that small, I'd think," said Kenton.

He was different today, making ready for something. She watched him pack his powder horn and fill his bullet pouch, and still she didn't know.

"Before winter," she said, "there will be another baby. Should it be a girl, we could name her Lizbeth—not to take the place, but to ——"

"Aye, woman," he said gently.

Even when he threw the old blanket across the pommel and slipped his rifle in the holster, she wasn't sure. She stood beside him, putting a bait of cornbread in his game bag.

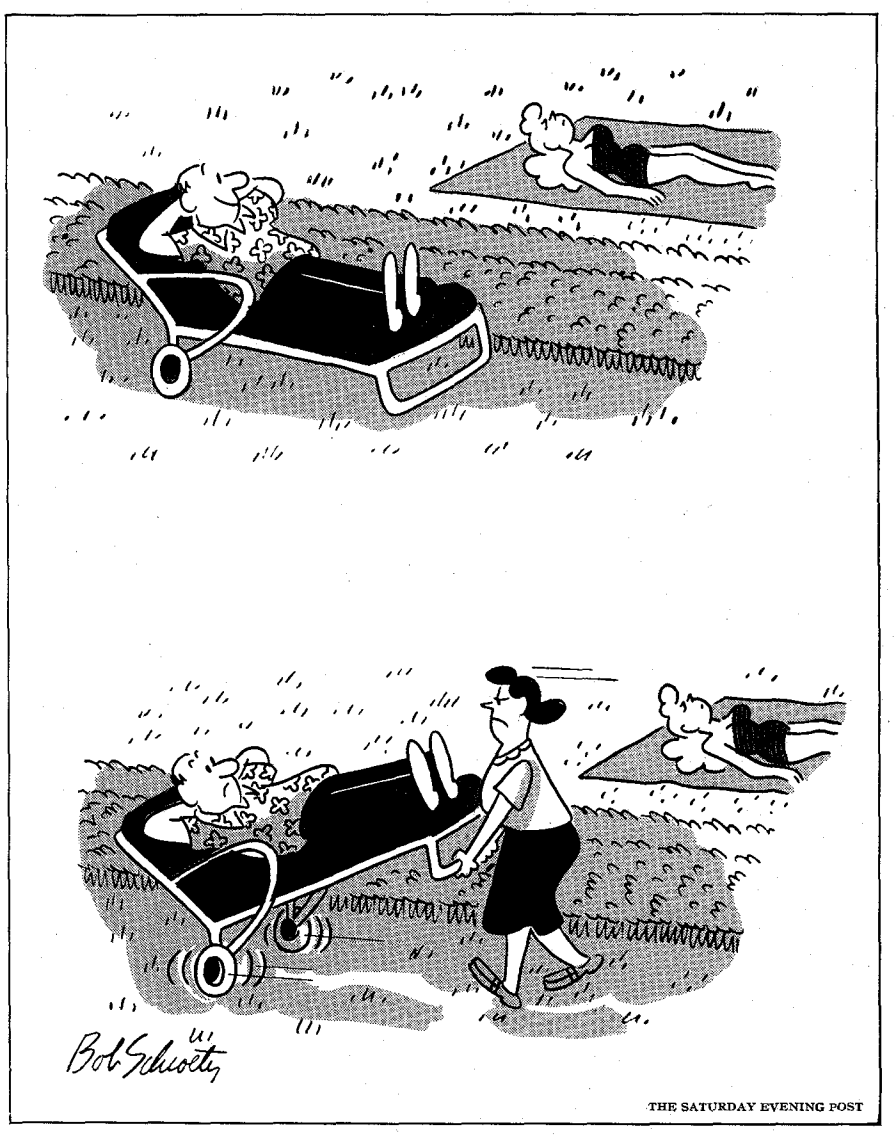
"Simon," she asked, "do you aim to catch that horse thief? To bring him back to jail?"

He shook his head. "No, Betsy. I wouldn't prison any man."

He looked far off then, with the deep light in his eyes, and she had her answer.

She watched him ride away in the long morning shadows, never looking back. He was a coming-and-going man, and the fading hoofbeats were like music to her.

So Simon Kenton lit out for Missouri—where he claimed new land in an unmarked country, and lost it lightly when one of the New Madrid earthquakes sent the Old Big Deep Strong River right through his location. But that was another season, and he was nobody's prisoner then. THE END



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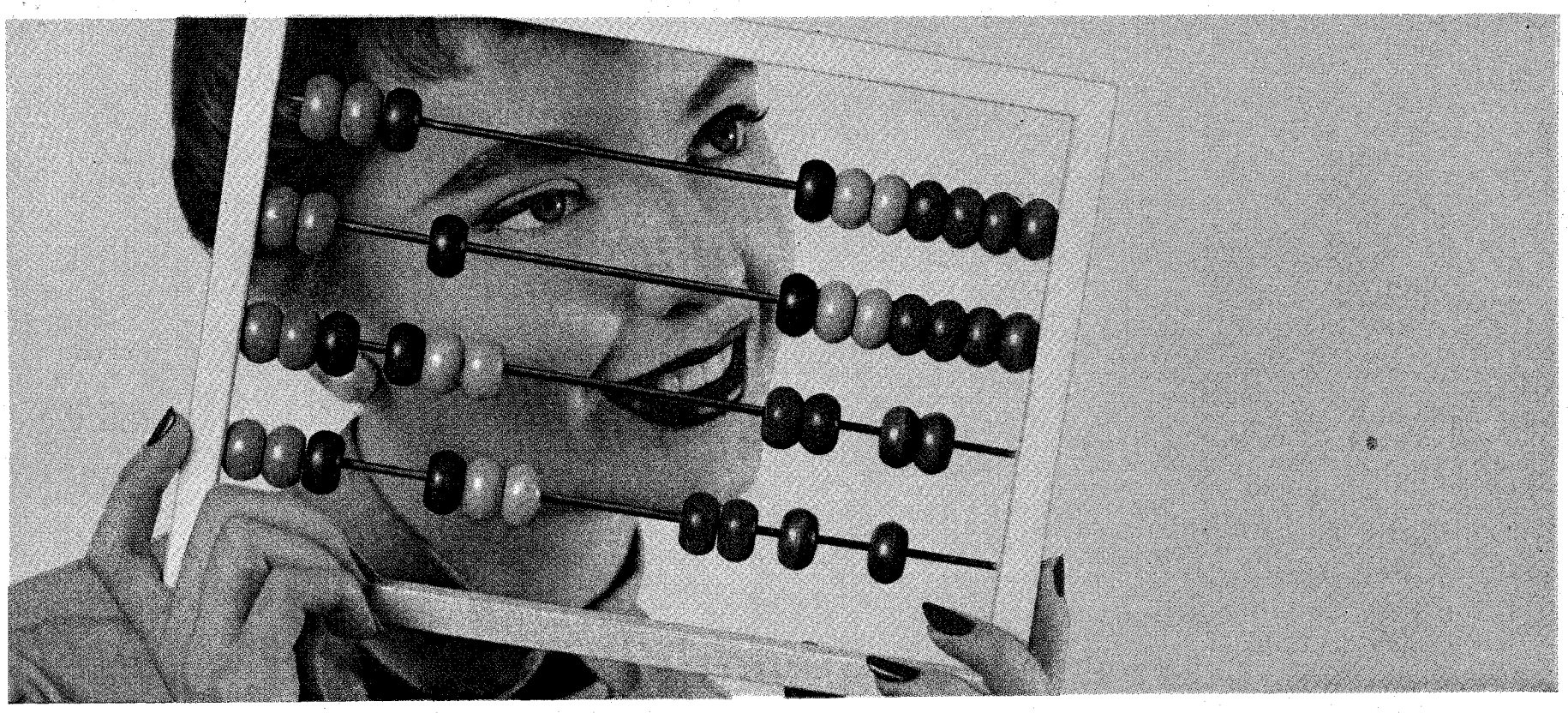

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The Mystery of Kefauver

(Continued from Page 29)

Bartlett, of the Chattanooga Times, who has studied Mr. Kefauver with the absorption of an entomologist examining a new species of bug, the senator from Tennessee is, on the surface at least, "the average man, striving to secure the confidence of his fellow average men by use of a potent combination of gentle humor, poise and friendliness." Basically, however, Mr. Bartlett feels Kefauver is far from average. "He is a truly 'big' man in the deeper sense," Mr. Bartlett says. "There is no quality of littleness, or meanness, or hypocrisy in him." But to a fellow senator whose admiration for Mr. Kefauver is far from boundless: "He is a political chameleon who is for whatever the man he's talking to is for. Behind that fumbling manner lies one of the best political brains in the country. His political sense is uncanny. He is the best handshaker that ever ran for office—any office, even constable."

Students of Kefauver as a political phenomenon would recognize a grain of truth in each of these thumbnail analyses—with the possible exception of that which describes him as a naïve Yahoo from the hookworm belt. Whatever else Mr. Kefauver may be—awkward, bumbling, clumsy, schoolteacherish, all are adjectives which have been applied to him—he is not naïve in the sense of being without guile, as all the politicians who have ever tangled with him, from Boss Crump, of Memphis, to Mr. Stevenson, have discovered to their sorrow. Nor is he in any respect a Yahoo—the Webster definition of Yahoo being "a raw countryman, a lout, a greenhorn." For political purposes, Mr. Kefauver has, beyond doubt, leaned toward the simple, folksy, homespun manner that goes down well with country folk, but the coonskin coat he wore at Yale rested more comfortably on him than did the coonskin cap he has long since abandoned as his political symbol. Neither can Mr. Kefauver's homeland be properly described as lying in the hookworm belt. His native heath is a lush valley rising to the foothills of the Alleghenies, a green land where fat cattle graze, and the 600-acre farm which is his ancestral seat is still as richly productive as it was when his great-grandfather worked it with slave labor more than a hundred years ago and brought artisans from Philadelphia to build a fine brick house upon it.

The concept of Mr. Kefauver as a raw-boned hillbilly just one generation removed from the buckskin shirt, the long rifle and the log cabin soon fades on a visit to his home town. Madisonville, which was named for President James Madison, lies in the rolling foothills of East Tennessee in the cattle-and-tobacco country, a prosperous little town of 1500 souls surrounding a venerable courthouse whose records go back to Indian days. It is an old town in a long-settled land, and the Kefauvers, and their kin, the Cookes, have been well-to-do people of education and culture in the community as far back as anybody can remember.

"I guess you might call the Kefauvers kind of the aristocrats of this part of the country," explains Dr. Joseph Erasmus Houston Stickley, who runs the drugstore where the senator lays in a supply of vitamin pills every time he is in town. "They were all lawyers, judges, doctors and members of the legislature. None of them ever made a failure that I know of, even the ones who stuck to farming. They have all been civic-minded, progressive people. Estes' daddy, Mr. Robert Cooke Kefauver, was mayor of Madisonville five times. He owned the first bicycle ever seen in Monroe County, and the first Ford car. His Uncle Paul was a smart man. He laid and paid for the first stretch of macadam road around here, just to show the farmers they didn't have to stay hub-deep in mud. The women of the family were all smarter about money than the men. Estes' father did pretty well in the hardware business and with real estate, but he never did make what you might call a fortune. Estes' aunts, Miss Vinnie, who lives on a big plantation down in Louisiana, and Miss Lottie, who runs the old home place here, they both are rich. They know how to manage."

Pictures of the senator which showed him beaming, somewhat sheepishly, from beneath a coonskin cap caused mild amusement to the townsfolk, who remembered him best as a neatly dressed, mild-mannered small boy, riding about the town in a little two-seated, rubber-tired phaeton pulled by a Shetland pony. The implication that Mr. Kefauver was a spiritual descendant of the grim Long Hunters who wrested the Tennessee hill country from the Cherokees was also moderately surprising to his aunt, Mrs. Charlotte Kefauver Johns, widow of an

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The reason the modern girl's bathing suit is real cool is that most of it is real gone.

DAN BENNETT

●

Episcopal rector, who can trace the senator's clan back to before the Revolution. Whatever pioneering was done by either side of the house, Mrs. Johns explains, was finished long ago. There were Cookes in the colonies by 1645, and one of Estes' forebears served as an officer on General Washington's staff at Valley Forge. The Kefauvers, a Huguenot family from Alsace-Lorraine, where the name had the Teutonic spelling, Kefober, settled in Maryland long before the first census was taken in 1790. Estes' grandfather, Jacob Peter Kefauver, a graduate of the University of Virginia, came into Tennessee carrying a Bible instead of an ax, to take over the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, of Chattanooga, in 1861. He was an eloquent and persuasive preacher, learned in Greek and Latin, but a practical man besides. He invented a hay baler once, Mrs. Johns recalls, but could never get a patent on it. On his mother's side, the senator can boast an even longer lineage. She was a Miss Phraedonia Estes, of Brownsville, Tennessee, whose family line goes back to fourteenth-century Italy, where the family seat, Villa d'Este, still stands near Padua.

The ability of the Southern senator to get along with Yankees and bend them to his will was demonstrated by his forebears long before his birth. The solid prosperity the family has maintained for generations is due in large part to the fact that the Civil War cost them relatively little except their slaves. When a Yankee patrol came to the farm, bent on confiscating the family silver and burning the fine house, Estes' great-grandfather, Robert Fielding Cooke, discovered that the officer in charge was a brother Mason. The two chatted pleasantly and the officer left empty-handed, leaving a guard to protect the house from other marauding bands which might happen to pass by.

Estes' grandfather, Jacob Kefauver, who married Mr. Cooke's daughter, Nancy, also turned war's disasters into a personal triumph. Soon after the surrender he attended a great Baptist meeting in Chicago, where he painted a poignant word picture of his shattered little church in Chattanooga, its pews ripped out and burned by Union soldiers. The remorseful Yankee Baptists not only took up a collection to rebuild his church, they gave him a roving commission, at $1000 a year, to travel about the South reassembling other scattered Baptist congregations.

The old house and the farm still are little changed from what they were 100 years ago, though tenants work the acres that the slaves once tilled. Kefauver's great-grandfather's hat, a flat-topped, wide-brimmed Panama, still hangs on a rack in the hall, and in the drawers of the fine old furniture, moldering leather wallets stuffed with Confederate money may still be found. Mrs. Johns has made no great effort to preserve these things. She has just been too busy for the past eighty-odd years to dispose of them. Alone, she runs the farm, which carries both a beef and dairy herd, and in times when hands were scarce she has been known to drive a tractor. Today she prefers to keep an eye on things from the porch, bellowing her admonitions through a cheerleader's megaphone when she thinks the men at work around the big barns and in the fields are carrying out their labors in a dilatory manner. In years past she has often turned the place over to a supervisor, going off to Europe to prowl the art galleries for a year, bringing back copies of fine paintings to hang among the fading ancestral portraits. Of late, though, she has stuck pretty close to home, for her time is growing short, she feels, and she wants to turn the place over to the senator in good shape. The thought that he will inherit the old home place both pleases and dismays him, for even under Aunt Lottie's excellent management it costs about $30,000 a year to run, and rarely shows a profit on the books.

She quickly dispels the rumor, spread by his friends for political purposes, that Estes was ever a horny-handed toiler laboring in the fields. He never hit a lick, as she recalls, though he did come out from town often in his pony cart, to romp around under the big trees and splash about in the little pond.

"I certainly did not notice anything particularly outstanding about him as a child," she says frankly. "His older brother, Robert, who died, was the smartest child that ever lived. He was the one the family pinned their hopes on. Estes was just the sweetest child in the world."

He was also the loudest baby, and the strongest, recalls his father, Robert Cooke Kefauver, a tall, spare old gentleman of eighty-six, with a fine head of snow-white hair.

"He could outsquall any baby I ever saw," said Mr. Cooke. "You could hear him yell for a quarter of a mile. He was also stout as a mule from the very first. I remember the day he was born—twenty-sixth of July, 1903—old Doctor Penland called me in the room. 'Come in here, Cooke,' he said, 'and look at this baby's back. I've delivered hundreds of babies, and this baby has the finest back I ever saw.' That's what lets him endure what he does, all this running back and forth over the country, speaking and meeting folks and losing sleep. He's been strong all his life."

Kefauver's sister, Miss Nora, a home-economics master who has taken care of "Mr. Cooke" since their mother died in 1948, also remembers her brother's great strength.

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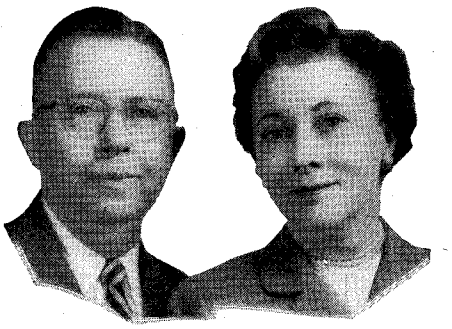

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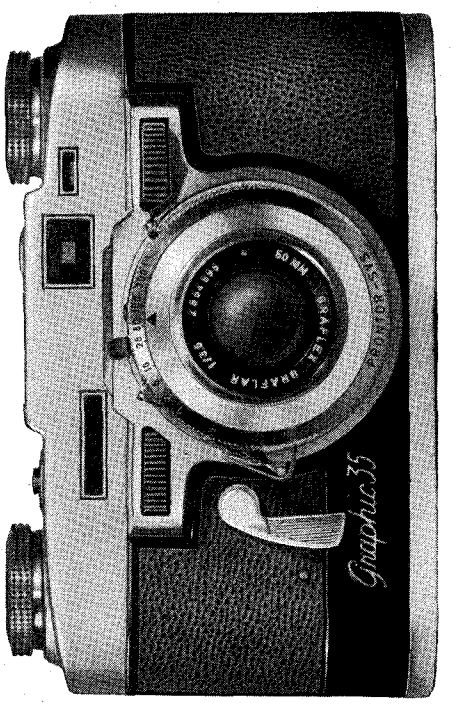

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"He'd ride me piggyback all over town, joggling along like a horse," she says. "He could mash a bottle cap double between his finger and his thumb. He could muscle out a two-bushel sack of wheat. When he played football at college, he was so tough they called him Old Ironsides."

Another picture of Kefauver as a youngster is painted by Dr. Robert C. Kimbrough, a kinsman on the Cooke side of the family.

"Estes never cut no capers, did no stunts, played no tricks," said Doctor Kimbrough. "He never tried to, and didn't, attract no extraordinary attention. He was a sort of by-himself boy. He was always a co-operative child, though, never contentious about little things. In that he was an odd member of the family. He had the Cooke gentleness in him. The Kefauvers are apt to be sharp-tongued."

He was always purposeful, Doctor Kimbrough recalled, but was never boastful about what he was going to do. He was sober-minded, matter-of-fact, and "never talked or wrote except down-to-earth."

"He didn't never express no grandiose ideas," Doctor Kimbrough recalls. "He didn't come home from school trying to impress folks by telling them about the glory of Greece or what the Ptolemies did."

Doctor Kimbrough shares Aunt Lottie's view that Estes, though smart enough in school, was far less brilliant than his handsome, strong-minded older brother, Robert, who died tragically at the age of fourteen, when Estes was ten. The family was picnicking on the banks of the Tellico River when Robert, who had gone swimming, suddenly went under. Pulled out and revived, he seemed all right, but that night at home, after insisting on eating a second helping of homemade peach ice cream, he was seized with convulsions and died.

Those who have sought to find in the senator's background some explanation for the burning ambition which drives him, are inclined to attach great importance to his brother's tragic death. They believe that the senator's dogged determination to reach the political heights may stem from a subconscious desire to prove to himself and to his family that he is as brilliant and as talented as was his brother. A gentler theory is that his fierce ambition to succeed is a product of a deep desire to compensate his parents for the loss of their more promising son.

Whatever has spurred him, his outwardly calm and imperturbable manner has always concealed a strong inner drive. His classmates at the University of Tennessee remember him as one of the most unprepossessing freshmen ever to enter there—a gawky fellow wearing a green suit of a hue so poisonous it sorely offended the more sartorially sophisticated of his brothers in the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

"We tried every way to get Estes out of that suit," one of them recalls. "Finally one night we stole the pants and pressed a hot iron against the seat until it burned clear through. Then he had to get some more clothes."

Whatever bumpkin shyness Kefauver might have felt as he matriculated soon wore off. In his second year he was selected as the school's outstanding sophomore. He went on to edit the school paper, star on the track team, play a good but nonspectacular game as guard and tackle on the football team, and score his first political triumph by being elected president of the student body. This series of achievements earned him the nickname "Big Stuff," which his old classmates still call him, though now they usually shorten it merely to "Stuff."

After his graduation from the University, Kefauver spent a year teaching math and coaching football at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where his mother had gone to take the waters for inflammatory rheumatism. From this experience, which taught him that he had no desire to be either a teacher or a coach, he earned enough to enter Yale Law School. He didn't ask anybody's advice about going, and he didn't ask for any financial help, his father recalls. He just went, setting out from Madisonville in a tired old jalopy which expired in Virginia. He sold the remains for enough to buy a railroad ticket to New Haven, and immediately plunged into an arduous program of study, table waiting and furnace firing. He soon discovered there was more money in tutoring dullards than in feeding them or keeping them warm, however, and in 1927 he showed up in Chattanooga, sporting an LL.B. degree, a derby hat and a coonskin coat given him by a grateful student from Mississippi whom he had tutored. He soon sold the coat, for $100, but he kept the derby, which he felt gave him an air of dignity when he made his first venture into the law, as a member of the firm of Cooke, Swaney and Cooke, whose partners were his cousins. Here at first he built up a thriving practice handling divorce suits for Negroes for thirty-five dollars each, but he abandoned this specialty when he went over to the larger firm of Sizer, Chambliss and Chambliss, which had the town's heaviest corporation practice. Even as a fledgling lawyer, though, his liberal leanings were beginning to manifest themselves, and he refused to work on any suits that were anti-labor or anti-public power in nature, preferring to take those cases in which the little man stood embattled against the powers of entrenched wealth.

"Estes," says his former partner, John A. Chambliss, "was not what you would call a brilliant trial lawyer, nor a dramatic advocate in the courtroom. He did not rant and wave his arms and stomp the floor. He had a grave, polite, almost courtly manner before a jury. But he could be very persuasive. And he was dogged and tenacious as all get out. When he went into court, he had all the law that would help him right at his finger tips. He was thorough."

Of Lawyer Kefauver's powers of persuasion there can be no doubt. He once convinced a jury that an elderly gentleman had been sane enough to make a will, even though the other side had proved that every time the telephone rang on the old man's desk, he would pick up a large bottle of ink and pour it in his ear.

His courtroom persuasiveness deserted him, though, when he took the stump for the state senate, running on a "Clean Up Hamilton County" reform ticket, pledging that if elected he would get rid of fee-grabbing justices of the peace. He was badly beaten, a defeat which grieved him so sorely his friends thought they were going to have to bury him. His wounded feelings were soon healed, though, when Gov. Prentice Cooper called him to Nashville as commissioner of finance and taxation. He served in this post for four months—the only executive post he has ever held—but left it to run for Congress to fill the unexpired term of a deceased incumbent.

He was probably the most inept orator ever to take the hustings in Tennessee, where politicians are expected to roar in forensic frenzy and shake the hills with their eloquence. He just stood up there, mumbling amiably, his friends recall, and it was an agony to listen to him. Strangely, the electorate forgave him his shortcomings as a speaker and sent him to Washington for ten years in a row. There he

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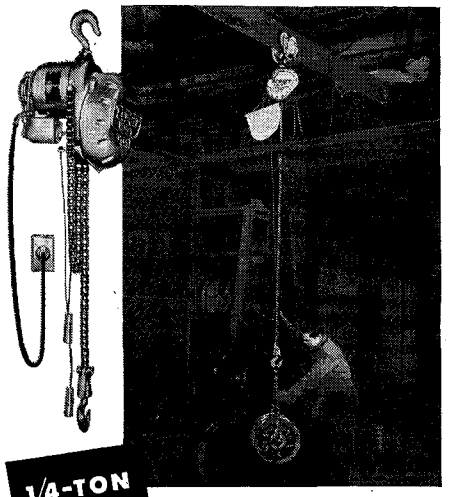

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made no great splash. Tall, owlish and earnest, he voted the straight New Deal ticket in labor matters, fought for public power in general and TVA in particular, and earned for himself the undying enmity of Tennessee's conservative industrialists, who still view him as a dangerous radical. He introduced a legislative-reorganization bill and wrote a book, 20th Century Congress, in which he suggested that the archaic system under which the national legislative bodies operate should be streamlined.

The ease with which he triumphed over his opponents every two years—he usually won his congressional races by at least 2–1—suggested to him that the time had come to seek a higher seat. Privately employing a national polling agency to find out how his candidacy for the Senate would be welcomed by the electorate, he learned that only about 13 per cent of the people thought that he'd make a good senator. The remainder thought he wouldn't or, what was worse, didn't even know who he was. Undaunted by this glum report, he set out in 1947, a year in advance, to shake hands at every crossroads in Tennessee. He plodded the main streets of 300 towns, and covered the same ground all over again during the campaign in 1948.

There is some doubt that even this perspiring trudge would have been enough to

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Parents used to know best, but now they know better.

RAYMOND DUNCAN

---

elect him if Mr. Crump, over in Memphis, had not decided to put the bumptious upstart in his place. In full-page ads printed in papers all over Tennessee, Mr. Crump said Mr. Kefauver reminded him of a pet coon, who peered amiably over its shoulder while rifling a dresser drawer.

Mr. Kefauver, who is slow to anger, took no particular umbrage at this, but his followers did. They borrowed a coonskin cap from a Chattanooga banker named Clarke, who had got it from a Mississippi River boatman, clapped it on Mr. Kefauver's head and told him to get in there and fight. An incongruous figure in his horn-rimmed spectacles and well-tailored suit, with the coonskin cap set lugubriously on his head, Mr. Kefauver then took out after Mr. Crump. He might be a pet coon, he said, but he wasn't Mr. Crump's pet coon, and though there might be rings on his tail, there were no rings in his nose. He even referred to Mr. Crump as a "monstrous dictator" and a "little tin god," though he is not comfortable when using such harsh appellations. He much prefers to use only the gentlest terms in referring to his opponents, and in his current campaign he has consistently referred to Mr. Eisenhower as a "charming and delightful man," to Mr. Stevenson as "a splendid man," and to Mr. Ezra Taft Benson as "a good and moral man."

"Keef," said one follower somewhat sorrowfully, "has no desire to be known as 'Fighting Estes.' He is, honest to God, the kindliest man I ever knew. He is a turn-the-other-cheeker if there ever was one. Some of these Tennessee tycoons have been trying to cut his political throat for years, yet when they need help in Washington, he'll break his back for them. Which I think is stupid. But it's his way."

The coonskin cap sent Kefauver to the Senate. The crime probe in 1950–1951, which carried his solemn, earnest countenance into every TV-owning home in the United States, lifted him to the stature, in his own mind at least, of presidential candidate. It also, he strongly feels, cost him the Democratic nomination in 1952, for he deeply believes that it was Democratic bosses who had been embarrassed by his Crime Committee revelations who put the skids beneath him at Chicago.

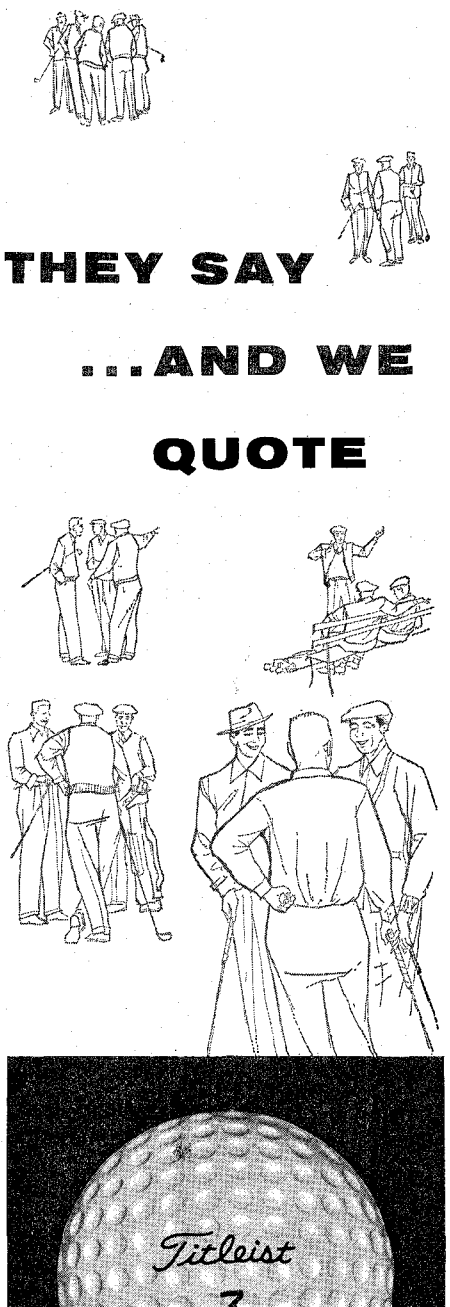
This year he is determined that his great dream shall not be suddenly shattered as it was in 1952. Patient, plodding, persistent, he has hit the campaign trail again, tracking down the voter like a wide-ranging bird dog casting for quail. Back and forth across the country, from New Hampshire to California, from New Jersey to Florida, with a hundred stops in between, he has made his way, presenting his case—his cause, he calls it—in words so simple a child may understand them: "The criterion of every vote I ever cast was whether it was good for the average citizen of the United States." . . . "I want our farmers to have their place in the economic sun." . . . "I'm against any law that will strike down the working man." . . . "I'm against monopolies and cartels that squeeze the little businessman to death." . . . "The South cannot secede from the Supreme Court. Its decision is the law of the land." . . . "I want peace with honor in the world."

He delivers the trite phrases without heat, in a clear, light voice, clutching the lectern with big, long-fingered hands, or now and then sawing the air with an awkward gesture. His manner on the platform, according to Gladwin Hill, of The New York Times, is like "the low-pitched earnestness of a family doctor advising a sniffling patient to keep warm and drink lots of water."

He arouses no great enthusiasm, but the people listen. For, as one of Kefauver's followers explains, "Estes has learned one thing about political speaking. In the clamor and the confusion of a political crowd, deep thoughts and complex phraseology are lost. You've either got to keep it simple and sincere or you've got to storm and shout and put on a show. And it's not Estes' nature to get all worked up."

It is the hand-shaking sessions that go before and after the formal platform speeches that win converts to Kefauver's cause. Here, too, his technique is his own. He is not an effusive greeter. There is no guffawing, back-slapping, hail-fellow camaraderie about him. His approach is casual, almost diffident. "Hello, mister," he says, reaching out to take the man's hand before the man can take his and mash his fingers. "What's your name?" He listens, repeats it, and then moves on. Sometimes, in crowds, people try to trick him. They will meet him, shake his hand and slip away, to place themselves in his path again. He always recognizes them. "Good to see you again," he grins, but he does not put out his hand. Sometimes clowns conceal small buzzers in their palms. This angers him, and his neck gets fiery red, but he shows no other sign that he is annoyed. After months of campaigning, the skin on his right hand between the forefinger and the thumb has grown as thick and rough as elephant hide.

The Kefauver show, when on the road, has been said to resemble a raggle-taggle of well-dressed gypsies. He refuses to pack his suits or place them in a bag, preferring to carry them on open hangers, from which the pants sometimes slip off and are lost. He carries his unanswered mail around in the small open-topped wooden boxes commonly seen on office desks. He frequently runs out of clean shirts and has to send a secretary out to find a Size 17, 36-inch sleeve. He loses his belts, and on one trip to Florida had to deliver a speech with his hands in his



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pockets, holding up his pants. He is constantly searching for his glasses or groping through his pockets for a cigarette, and he sometimes puzzles voters by appearing before them chewing an unlighted cigar from which he has not removed the wrapping.

As he moves across country, always behind schedule, he appears to be a thoroughly disorganized person, but his entourage actually functions as smoothly as a machine. Tucked close to his elbow as he moves through a crowd, an aide jots down the names of the people he is meeting, and picks up as many addresses as he can. Later, each one gets a little personal note, signed by Kefauver: "It was nice of you to meet me. It was pleasant seeing you. I am glad I can count on your help." This follow-up note is an important part of the Kefauver vote-getting technique. In the first place, his friends explain, about half the people in the United States don't get any letters at all. And only a minute percentage of them ever get a letter from a presidential candidate.

Moving between towns, Kefauver, for all his lazy, relaxed, deliberate manner, makes use of every minute. First, as he takes his seat in the plane, bus or automobile, he kicks off his large shoes, usually a pair made of alligator hide. He then reads the papers, first looking to see what's being said about him; next, checking on the activities of Adlai Stevenson; third, noting what the Republicans have done or said with which he can take gentle issue at his next press conference. He then may dictate a few lines around which his speech writers can prepare a text, which he will follow in substance, but translate into his own words. This done, he dictates letters and telegrams to one of the three secretaries who take turn-about traveling with him. Finished with the dictation, he ties on a black felt eyeshade, tucks a silk sock around the edges to shut off every gleam of light, leans back and goes to sleep.

A few minutes from his destination, roused by some alarm clock in his head, he wakes, yawns and gropes for his shoes. He digs into his brief case for his "bible" on the town he is approaching—a black leather book containing the names of the people he knows there—and refreshes his memory by reading the cryptic notes which tell him the names of their wives and children, and what they do for a living. As his transportation pulls up, he casts a quick eye over the waiting crowd, stalling while pretending to comb his hair, looking for familiar faces to which he cannot put a name.

"Quick," he says. "Who's the tall man in the polka-dot tie? . . . The short fellow in the striped suit?"

Somebody tells him, and he steps out smiling, hand outstretched, into the crowd.

Since early January, Kefauver has been following this killing schedule, bouncing back and forth across the United States like a tennis ball, snatching a few hours' sleep a night, dozing by day as he travels between towns. He rarely gets back to his big, comfortable fieldstone, brick-and-stucco English Tudor house in Spring Valley, a quiet suburb of Washington. Sometimes late at night, his pretty red-haired wife, Nancy, hears a plaintive mooing—"Mommee!"—beneath her window, for Kefauver never carries a key. She goes down and lets him in, gaunt, rumpled, red-eyed, and he falls in bed, dazed from fatigue. He has learned that coming home without warning is wise. They were expecting him after his triumph in New Hampshire, and his youngsters, David, Gail and Diane, had rigged up a booby trap. As he entered, bags of water fell on his head.

To all who travel with him, and find the pace exhausting, his stamina on the road, his patience and even temper in the face of myriad annoyances are incomprehensible. To Mrs. Kefauver, daughter of the late Sir Stephen Pigott, American-born Scottish baronet who designed the engines for the Queens Mary and Elizabeth, the answer is simple:

"I've watched him in politics for nearly twenty years. He thrives on campaigning. He relaxes at it. The people, crowding in on him, stimulate him. He really deeply enjoys what most people would find torturing. He has a built-in calmness. Whatever doubts and fears and inner tensions build up in him flow out of him as soon as he takes the stump."

Kefauver's bumbling self-confidence at times has caused Nancy deep amusement. Once, while attempting a ringing peroration, he started off, "As Shakespeare said ——" and then got the quotation completely wrong. Realizing this, he stopped, grinned sheepishly and mumbled, "Well, that's not exactly what Shakespeare said. But it's what he was trying to say."

Not even those who know him best can quite explain how Kefauver, a strange mixture of humility and ambition, awkwardness and poise, shyness and self-confidence, exerts such a strong appeal to the average man on Main Street. His friends, when questioned, keep coming back to his "deep sincerity," his "innate friendliness." And this, in truth, may be the key to that quality he possesses which makes all who meet him like him—whether or not they see in him a potential President. Years ago, when he was small, his mother gave him a Bible, in the flyleaf of which she had pasted a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It went:

If you are sighing for a lofty work,
If great ambitions dominate your mind,
Just watch yourself and see you do not shirk
The common little ways of being kind.

It is one quotation which the senator, who audibly is sighing for the loftiest work the nation can bestow on him, has never forgotten.

Psychiatry's Most Puzzling Patients (Continued from Page 30)

Coatesville, Pennsylvania, the patient became a "new man" for the first time at the age of sixteen.

Born in a small Southern city, the fourth of seven children in the Rickett family, his childhood had been made completely wretched by poverty, neglect, the death of one brother, the crippling of two others, and then the death of his mother and the breakup of the family. With two of his brothers, he was temporarily exiled to an orphanage.

"The orphanage finally insisted that the father take the children home," the doctors said. "The father lived with an alcoholic housekeeper with whom the patient quarreled. . . . When the patient was sixteen, during one of those fights he became enraged and afraid that he might kill her. Confusion followed, then amnesia. He disappeared from the Rickett family."

Careful probing later revealed that young Rickett, with his memory gone, roamed around the country until he was befriended and at length adopted by a circus concessionaire named Dice.

"Thus," said the doctors, "was born the Dice personality."

In place of the nervous, frightened, high strung Rickett boy was now a well-balanced, self-assured, confident young man. At the age of nineteen, he joined the Navy and became a gunner on World War II convoys making the grim, bloody runs to Iceland and Murmansk. It was for his heroism on these runs, while he saw many of his friends crippled and killed, that he received his citation. After three years, however, he blew his top; the night before he was to sail on another convoy, he got drunk and deserted his ship in New York. Dishonorably discharged by the Navy, he stayed in New England, married, and twice became a father.

"During his marriage," the doctors related, "periods of amnesia were reported, for which his wife and mother-in-law blamed alcohol. When Dice was twenty-seven, his wife—pregnant for the second time—left her husband to return to her mother."

The patient changed again. He went through a period of anger and confusion, was picked up by the police, hospitalized, diagnosed as a victim of schizophrenia, and given the standard treatment with insulin and electro-shock. He soon improved and was released from the hospital. A few weeks later—now nervous, withdrawn, anxious and frightened—he reappeared at the old Rickett homestead.

"Why, it's eleven years since we saw you," said one of his sisters. "Where've you been?"

"I've been sick . . . in a mental hospital."

"Oh," said the sister, who pursued the inquiry no further.

Back in his Rickett personality, the patient joined the paratroopers, made an enviable record for two years, disappeared from his camp, showed up again in the North in his Dice personality, and tried to return to his wife and children. His wife, however, felt an absence of two years was nothing to ignore.

"You're nothing but an alcoholic!" she told him. "We don't want to have anything to do with you."

Once again the patient became enraged and confused. Again he was arrested, put in a New York state hospital, and diagnosed as a schizophrenic. But this time, hospital officials decided to send his fingerprints to Washington. In a few weeks the answer was back.

"You say your name is Dice," a hospital doctor informed him, "but the FBI says your fingerprints are those of a man named Rickett—and the Army says you're AWOL."

"Rickett?" repeated the patient. "There's some mistake. I never heard of anyone by that name, and I certainly have never been in the Army. My name is Dice. I had a three-year hitch in the Navy."

The baffled patient was moved to Valley Forge Army Hospital, where Doctor Peters turned to hypnosis to study his problems. With this psychological tool, it was eventually found that the Dice and Rickett personalities could be turned off and on almost upon demand for hours at a time.

After nearly two years of intensive psychotherapy, the doctors apparently determined the major underlying factors, merged the two personalities and filled the memory gaps, and restored the patient to what they hope will remain a single personality.

Although some psychologists have doubted the occurrence of multiple personality, and a few have been quick to dismiss each reported case as pure hysteria or out-and-out faking, most modern workers now appear agreed that the strange phenomenon does occur. According to one survey made a few years ago by Drs. W. S. Taylor, of Smith College, and Mabel F. Martin, of Peru, Nebraska, more than seventy-five cases have been described in medical and psychological journals. In addition, there may be thousands or tens of thousands of cases which have never been reported through official scientific channels, but which have nonetheless occurred, to the mystification of the patients themselves.

"A case of multiple personality," said Taylor and Martin, "we take to consist of two or more personalities, each of which is so well developed and integrated as to have a relatively co-ordinated, rich, unified and stable life of its own."

What seems to be the first clear case of multiple personality on record is that of Mary Reynolds, described in 1816 by Dr. S. L. Mitchill, of New York, and later by the eminent Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, one of the most distinguished American physicians of the nineteenth century.

Born in England, the patient was brought to America when she was four years old, and raised in a cabin on the banks of Oil Creek, Pennsylvania. Her uncle, a Maj. Andrew Ellicott, professor of mathematics at West Point, originally reported the strange account to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, where it reputedly excited great interest, and later called it to the attention of American physicians.

"Miss Reynolds," Doctor Mitchill related, "possessed naturally a very good constitution, and arrived to adult age without having it impaired by disease. She possessed an excellent capacity, and had enjoyed fair opportunities to acquire knowledge. Besides the domestic arts and social attainments, she had improved her mind by reading and conversation, and was well versed in penmanship."

She was marked, however, by what was termed a "generally melancholic disposition." She was sedate and reserved, and avoided company.

In the summer of 1811, when she was eighteen, she was found one morning in a profound sleep from which it seemed impossible to arouse her. After nearly twenty hours, she awoke as a changed woman. The new Mary Reynolds was no longer melancholic, but cheerful, merry and extravagantly fond of company. At the same time, she had forgotten everything from her past.

"It was found necessary for her to learn everything again," said Doctor Mitchill.

After a few months, the new Mary Reynolds fell into a deep sleep and awoke as the old Mary Reynolds, with her old melancholy and with no memory of her new personality.

Thereafter, for about fifteen years, she underwent periodic transitions from one personality to the other. "Both the lady and her family are now capable of conducting the affair without embarrassment," it was noted. "By simply knowing whether she is in the old or the new state, they regulate the intercourse, and govern themselves (*Continued on Page 94*)

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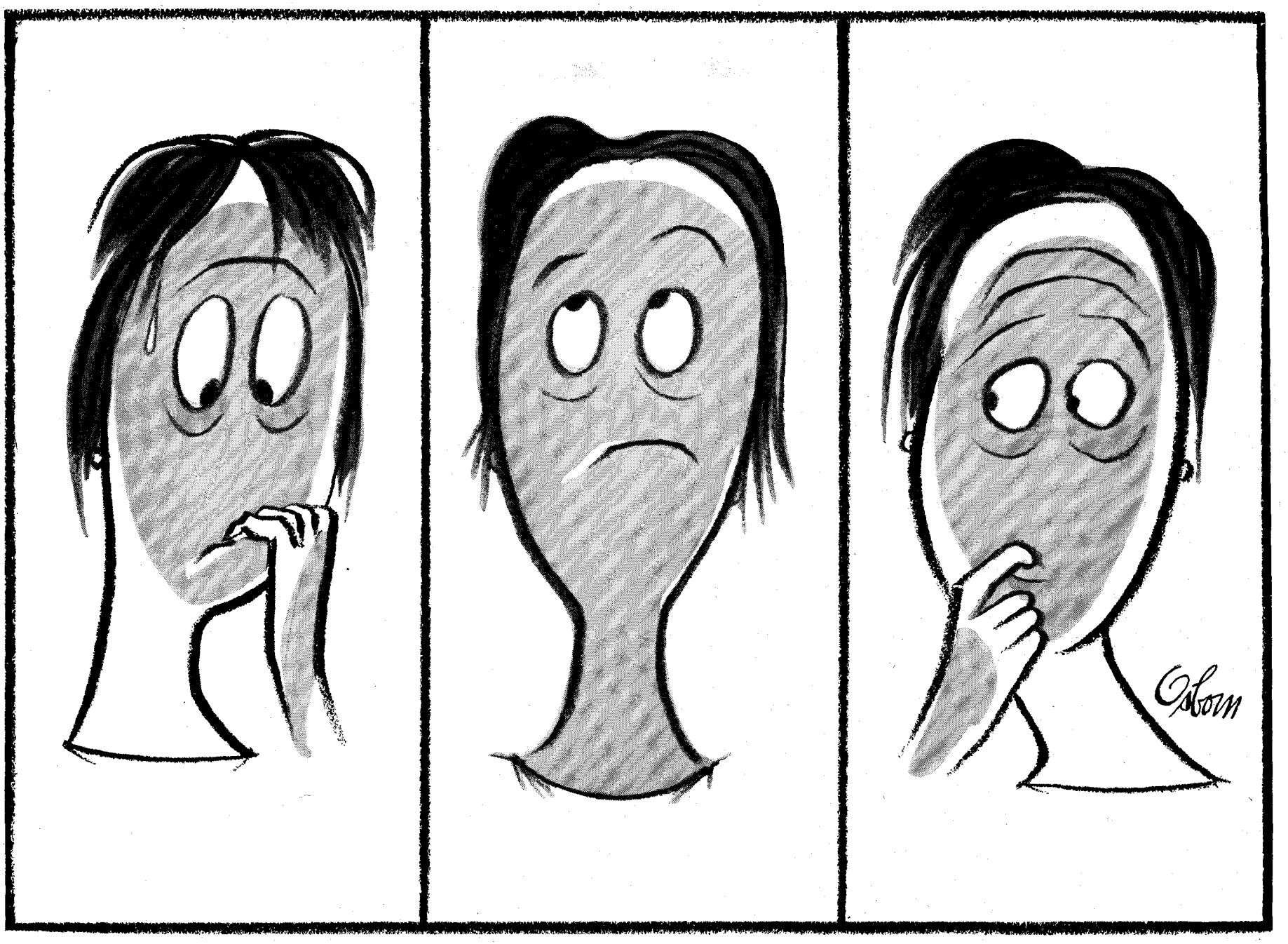

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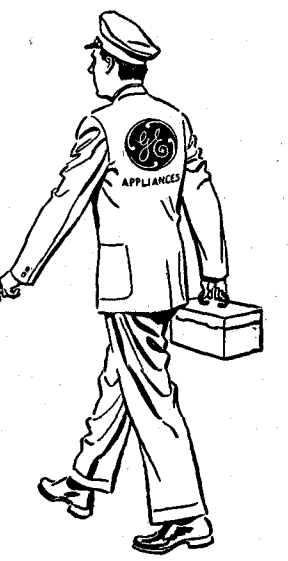

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(*Continued from Page 92*) accordingly." Finally, at the age of thirty-five, she moved into her second personality and stayed there until her death many years later.

Soon after the Mary Reynolds story was reported in American medical circles, a second and more startling case was revealed in Germany. This one concerned a young Bavarian known as Sörgel, who in one personality was decent, quiet, pious and industrious, while in another was insane, often violent, occasionally assaultive, and once proceeded to chop an old woodcutter to death.

Equally noteworthy among these early cases was that of a pretty young French seamstress known as "Felida X," who was studied over a period of twenty years by a group of Bordeaux physicians. She was depicted as a conscientious worker, very intelligent, but characteristically sad, silent, serious and constantly obsessed by pain. She was being courted by a young man, but demonstrated no great love for him.

"Almost every day," one of her doctors wrote, "she is taken by what she calls her crisis. She falls asleep at her work for two or three minutes, then awakes completely changed. She is vivacious. Her expression breathes gaiety, her speech is brisk, she hums at her work, her walk is agile, she scarcely complains of the thousand pains which had been troubling her."

Although she merely put up with her suitor while in her first personality, she demonstrated considerably more affection for him in her second, marrying him and bearing him eleven children, ten of them after their marriage. Unfortunately, only two of these survived. Over the years, Felida spent more and more of her waking hours in her second personality, and at last adopted it permanently.

Other examples which aroused scientific interest include an Englishman who in one personality claimed to know no foreign languages of any kind, but in another quoted freely from twelfth-century Norman-French poetry. A second was a Frenchman who at some periods was a respectable lawyer, and at others a destructive gambler, swindler and thief.

One case which eventually wound up in the police courts was studied a few years ago by Dr. Robert Riggall, of London's West End Hospital, and involved a young woman described as Mabel in one personality and as Miss Dignity in another.

"Miss Dignity periodically tore up Mabel's clothes, threw away her jewelry and tore up her money, all with malice aforethought," the doctor said. "At one time, Miss Dignity tore up so much of Mabel's underclothing that she was unable to keep warm."

Miss Dignity, who obviously held her other personality in low regard, wrote one letter to Mabel in which she urged her to commit suicide, and enclosed a packet of poison.

Until recently, the most celebrated of all multiple-personality patients in this country was the one known as Christine Beauchamp, a New England woman studied half a century ago by the late Dr. Morton Prince, of Tufts College Medical School, in Boston.

Miss Beauchamp had at least three personalities. Normally, she was pictured as conscientious, honest, naturally refined and marked with what was termed a delicacy of sentiment. Among other weaknesses, she had an intolerable fear of spiders, and contact with them would throw her into a state of terror.

In her second personality, called Sally, she was vivacious, bold and impish, and she held Miss Beauchamp in contempt.

"One day," Doctor Prince wrote, "Miss Beauchamp found in her room a small box neatly tied up. On opening it, six spiders ran out. Sally had gone into the country and gathered the spiders as a treat for Miss Beauchamp."

In a third personality, which the intolerant Sally named The Idiot, the patient was described as "formal, quiet, composed, affable and agreeable."

Later, Doctor Prince managed to get rid of Sally—an act which he called psychical murder—and produced a single personality by means of hypnotic suggestion. In 1920 he wrote, "Miss Beauchamp not only has remained well, but, like the traditional princess in the fairy story, soon married and 'lived happily ever after.'"

Perhaps the most striking case history of all—a case still under study—was first reported in 1953 to the American Psychiatric Association by Drs. Corbett H. Thigpen and Hervey Cleckley, of the Medical College of Georgia. In their report, presented to the association's convention in Los Angeles, they described their patient under the name of Mrs. Eve White. When they first saw her, in May, 1950, she appeared to be a dull, plain, unhappy housewife; only later did they learn she was a super Jekyll-and-Hyde in skirts,

Spider

By Ethel Fairfield White

Worry,
A black spider,
Spins endless filaments—
A web that captures and stifles
Clear thought.

who had upset her family, her friends, her neighbors and most of the stores, credit agencies and night clubs in her Georgia home town.

"She came to us complaining of severe blinding headaches and blackouts," the doctors said. "She was apparently a demure, retiring and very circumspect married woman, with a little daughter. Very quickly, we found that behind her problem was a complex of marital conflicts and frustrations, but later we realized that there was also something else."

The first clue to that "something else" came without warning after twelve months of study. Eve White wrote a letter to the two doctors. Most of it was in her own handwriting, but at the end was a short postscript in an obviously different hand. The doctors asked what she knew about this letter, but she denied even sending it.

Then, while Eve White was sitting in Doctor Thigpen's office, she put both hands to her head, and for a moment her face became blank. As her hands fell back, she grinned saucily, her eyes sparkled, she crossed her legs, and, in a totally different and tantalizing voice, she commented, "Hi there, doc!"

This signaled the formal appearance of the second personality, Eve Black. Instead of shy and demure, she was a hell-raising hoyden who refused to admit she was married or a mother, and described Mrs. White's daughter as "that brat." Although it later appeared that Eve White knew nothing about Eve Black, this second personality knew everything about Eve White, didn't like her and delighted in tormenting her.

During the next eight months, Miss Black appeared at frequent intervals and made life exceedingly difficult for Mrs. White. She ordered expensive dresses which Mrs. White couldn't afford. She wrecked Mrs. White's job—on a telephone switchboard—by insulting company executives, flirting with them, giving them wrong numbers if they complained, and ridiculing customers.

"We spent eight tumultuous months getting her out of hot water," one of the doctors related.

Poor Mrs. White was completely baffled by the antics of her second personality. Occasionally, she told the doctors, she would suddenly discover she was in "strangely amorous situations" with men she didn't know. She was accosted on the street by strange men who told her they had heard her singing in local night clubs. She received bills for clothes she didn't remember ordering.

"At first," the doctors said, "Mrs. White merely returned the clothes. Then Eve Black got smart and had the clothes altered as soon as she bought them. That way, the stores wouldn't take them back."

Eve Black could seemingly make her appearance whenever she wanted. The doctors could usually make her "come out" by saying to Mrs. White, "We'd like to talk to Eve Black," and dismiss her by saying, "Now we want to speak to Eve White."

The changes in personality were accompanied by startling, instantaneous changes in facial expression, voice and posture. Particularly astonishing to some observers were the changes in the patient's eyes—dull and lifeless in Mrs. White, but shining and sparkling in Eve Black. There was a striking difference in their speech, and Eve Black seemed to be remarkably lacking in formal education.

"How is it," Doctor Thigpen asked her one day, "that you don't seem to be as well educated as Eve White?"

"Well, I'll tell you," answered Eve Black. "She went to school, but I guess I didn't pay attention."

To the psychiatrists, some of the most convincing evidence came from careful laboratory investigations conducted with brain-wave machines, handwriting studies, and especially a barrage of psychological tests which were conducted and analyzed by independent observers. These analyses all demonstrated striking, significant differences between the two personalities.

Doctors Thigpen and Cleckley—the latter an internationally recognized authority, and head of the department of psychiatry at the Georgia school—constantly expressed their own skepticism during the first years they followed their fascinating patient. Many of their fellow physicians were not merely skeptical at first but scoffed at the whole affair or dismissed it as fakery.

One research professor said, "She's playing a part. She's an actress. Probably, from what you tell us, a very good little actress. But we could trip her up without any trouble at all. Why don't you bring her to a faculty meeting and let us question her?"

Mrs. White agreed to appear before the assembled faculty of the medical school and answer any questions which might be put to her. On the appointed evening she walked into the meeting room and found it jammed with more than 100 medical experts. For nearly two hours she changed repeatedly between herself and Eve Black, demonstrating the remarkable differences in voice and facial expression, and indicating that, as Mrs. White, she knew only her own history, but as Eve Black she knew about both personalities.

It was primarily on this last point that the assembled doctors tried to trick her, peppering her with rapid-fire questions, denunciations, cajolery, taunts and more questions.

At the end, the research professor said, "Gentlemen, what a magnificent actress she would have made! But she isn't acting. This is no fraud."

One day in September, 1952, twenty-eight months after Mrs. White had first walked into the Georgia hospital, she returned for a routine appointment. Suddenly during the interview, she closed her eyes, then opened them, stared at Doctor Thigpen, and asked in a strange, deep voice, "Please, who are you?"

This marked the arrival of a third personality, later to be called Jane, a mature, dignified, cultured woman with great poise and a warm sense of humor.

"This newcomer," the doctors stated afterward, "is impressively more than a sum of the other two. In her there is promise of a maturity and capability, a capacity for life, beyond the range of either Eve White or Eve Black."

For the next few months there was apparent warfare between three personalities for the body of the woman—three personalities, each with its characteristic voice, facial expressions, memories, morals, outlooks and psychological reactions. By the spring of 1953, when the doctors presented their first formal report to the American Psychiatric Association, they were able to reveal that the unhappy Mrs. White seemed to be on the way out.

"She appears less and less frequently, while Jane is taking over," they said. "However, Eve Black is still around, and still getting in trouble."

By early this year Jane was clearly in complete control. The patient had ended her unhappy first marriage with a divorce, and had fallen in love with another man, married him, and was reported to be living happily with him and with her daughter.

Continual study, the doctors said, has shown that a sad and frustrating childhood, the unhappy first marriage, money problems and a host of other personal matters all contributed to her emotional difficulties. Only a few months ago they suddenly found what may have been the factor which first created the break in personalities. This severe emotional shock came when Eve, at the age of six, was urged to enter the room in which her grandmother's body was lying in its coffin, and to kiss the corpse farewell.

"It now appears," the doctors said, "that this unhappy event was followed by frequent and terrifying nightmares, and presumably triggered off the personality changes."

Although there is no complete agreement among psychologists, psychiatrists and psychoanalysts on the exact cause of multiple personality, it now seems to be generally recognized that the bizarre condition not only exists but exists in many different forms.

Perhaps the simplest, say Doctors Thigpen and Cleckley, is the common form which makes it possible for a man to read a book and simultaneously listen to a symphony concert, and enjoy both. Other common forms of multiple personality may be involved when people remark that "John has become a new man since the war," or "College made a different person out of that girl," or "Henry isn't himself when he's been drinking." Similarly, multiple personality may be a factor in nightmares and sleep-walking, in the mysterious voices reputedly heard by holy men as well as by some unholy criminals, and in the experience described by some deeply religious people as being converted, or "born again."

"Determining the basic explanations for these strange phenomena, and the relationships between them, represents a major problem in psychiatric research," the doctors say. "Few problems in modern psychiatry are more fascinating or more challenging." THE END

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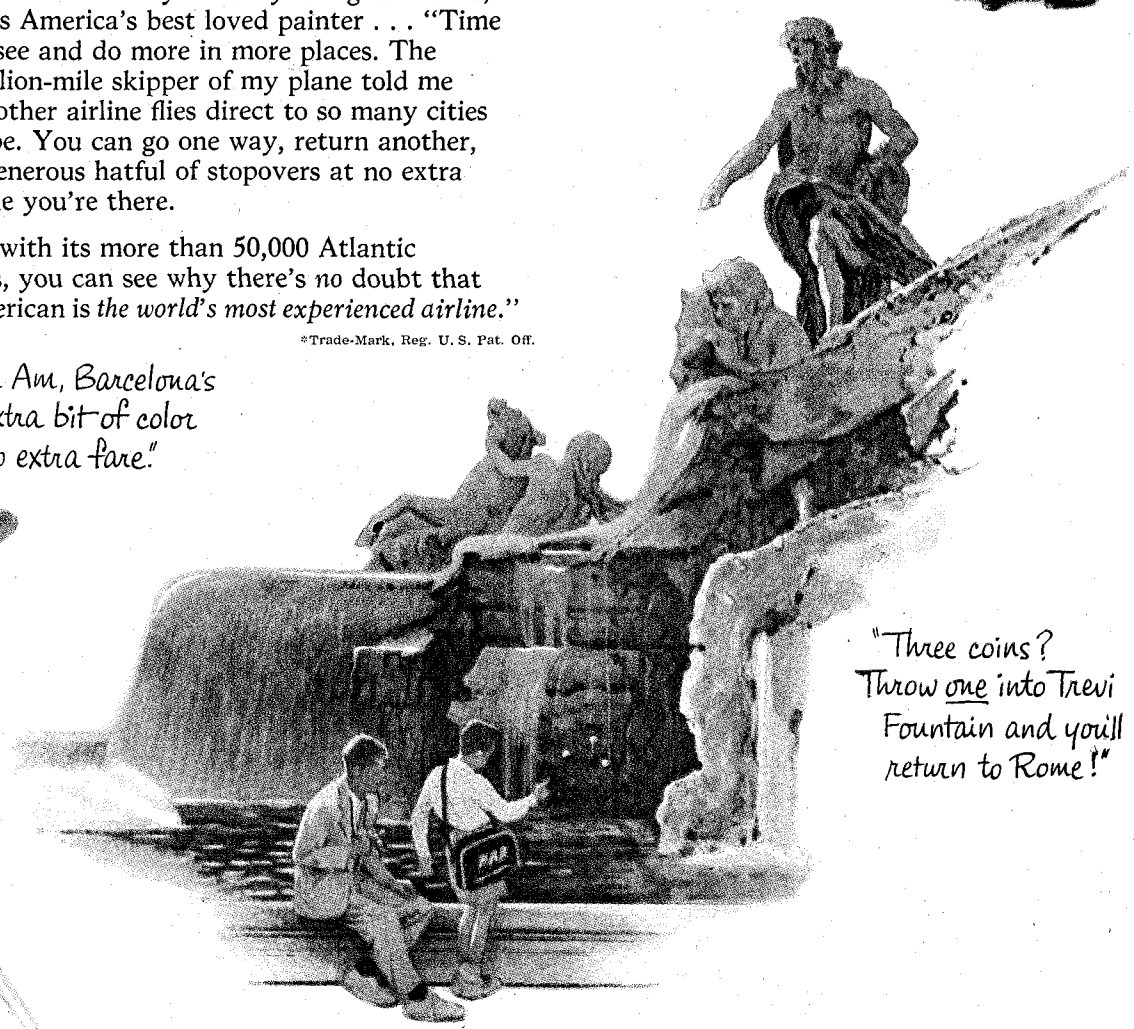

"Three coins? Throw one into Trevi Fountain and you'll return to Rome!"

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The Wreck of the Mary Deare

(Continued from Page 45)

tread of a man's feet entered into that heavenly oblivion. I can't say that it woke me or even that I struggled back to consciousness. Not immediately. It was just that the tread of his feet was there; a solid, metallic sound—the ring of boots on steel plates. It was a penetrating, insistent sound. It was above my head, beside my bed, first one side, then the other, and then farther away—a slow, unhurried, purposeful tread—the march of a dead man across the sleep of oblivion. And when it was no longer there I woke.

Daylight stabbed at my bleared eyes and a huddle of sodden blankets in the corner of the dank steel prison in which I lay stirred and rose. It was Patch, his face ashen with fatigue.

"I thought I heard footsteps," he said. His eyes looked wild, like black marbles sunk deep in ivory sockets. "I swear I heard somebody."

I crawled out of the bunk, sweaty with the salt heat of a soggy mass of blankets, but cold and stiff, with a gnawing pain in my belly and my shoulder aching like hell. It all came back to me then, hitting me like a physical blow, and I stumbled to the door and looked out. It was true, then; not a dream. I was back on the Mary Deare, and—what a wreck she was! Her funnel lay over at a crazy angle and all the bridge deck was twisted and gnarled and battered. The tide was low and, beyond the wreck of her, the Minkies gnashed their black teeth, foam-flecked where the stumps of rock stuck up out of the sea. No salvage ship lay anchored off, no tug, not even a fishing boat. There was nothing. Just the ugly, familiar shape of Grune à Croc and the mass of the reefs beyond—not a single sign of life, and the sky savagely gray, with an ugly pallor that made the cloud shapes black and cold-looking.

"My heaven!" I croaked. Instinctively, perhaps, I knew what we had to face—what the pallor of the dawn meant and the savage gray of the sky.

And Patch, sniffing the air over my shoulder, muttered, "There's a heap of dirt coming up."

The sky to the west of us was somber, a black wedge of cloud that left the horizon sharp as a line ruled between air and sea. There wasn't much wind, but the thunder of the waves on the exposed reefs had an ominous sound, and in the shelter of the rocks, the swell that slopped against the Mary Deare's side was big and solid.

"Those footsteps," I said. "What were they?"

He shook his head, not answering, and his eyes avoided mine. Heaven knows what he was thinking, but a shudder ran through him, and it crossed my mind that a lot of men had died because of this ship. And then a strange thing happened: a little cloud of rust rose like red steam from the well-deck bulwark as a steel hawser ran out over the side. The bight appeared, checked on the rail, and then fell over into the sea with a faint splash. When it was gone, the ship was still again—no movement anywhere—and I was conscious that Patch was gripping my arm.

"Queer," he said, and his voice had a hollow sound.

We stood rooted to the spot for a long time, staring along the length of the ship. But everything was still and motionless—nothing moved except the sea.

"There's somebody on board," he said. His tone was uneasy and his face was as drawn and haggard as it had been on the day I had first met him. "Listen!"

But I could hear nothing—only the slap of the waves against the ship's side and the pounding of the swell on the reefs. The wreck was as quiet as the grave.

Patch descended then to the well deck and stopped to gaze at the cover of No. 4 hatch. And when I joined him I saw that it wasn't the usual tarpaulin cover fixed with wooden chocks, but steel plates fresh-welded to the coaming. He had a look at the derrick winches and then we went past No. 3 hatch, which was also plated over, and up the ladder to the boat deck. Here all the ventilators had been removed and lay about the deck like truncated limbs, the ventilation holes covered by rusty plating. The funnel had been cut through at the base by a torch, shifted to one side and the vent plated over. The engine-room ventilation hatches were screwed down tight and the hatchways to the port and starboard main-deck alleyways had been removed and the holes plated over.

There was no doubt whatever that the report of the St. Helier fisherman had been correct. A salvage company had been working on the wreck. They had sealed off the whole hull of the Mary Deare and probably they had also repaired the leak in the for'ard holds. It explained the way she had lifted at the top of the tide and the rake of the decks to the cocked-up stern. The ship was watertight, almost ready to float off. I found Patch standing by the port bunkering chute, his eyes riveted on the hatch cover, which had been torn from its hinges and lay abandoned on the deck. In its place a steel plate had been welded over the chute, effectively sealing the bunker off. It meant that Dellimare's body would remain there in its steel coffin until the hulk was towed into port and officials came on board with equipment to open up the ship. It meant days, possibly weeks, of suspense for him, and there was despair in his face as he said, "Well, that's that." And he turned away, to stare aft along the length of the ship. "They should have had a stern line out," he said.

I wasn't following his trend of thought. I was thinking that there was all this work completed and no salvage ship. "Why do you think they left?" I asked him.

He glanced at the sky, sniffing the breeze from the west, which was coming now in irregular puffs. "The forecast was probably bad," he said. "Maybe they had a gale warning."

I stared at the jagged reefs, remembering what it had been like before. Surely ——

"What's that?" His voice came sharp and clear, and through it, beyond the barrier of the bridge deck, the cough of a diesel engine settled to a steady roar. I could feel the deck vibrating under my feet, and for a moment we stood, quite still, listening to the music of it. Then we were running for the bridge-deck alleyway. We came out at the head of the ladder that led down to the for'ard well deck, and there, just aft of No. 2 hatch, stood a big suction pump, lashed to the deck. The engine was going full bat and the thick suction pipe was pulsating with the flow of water where it disappeared through a hole cut in an inspection hatch. Water was sluicing out of the far side of the pump, flooding across the deck and disappearing through the scuppers. And yet there was nobody there. The well deck was empty and in all the fore part of the ship there wasn't a living soul. It was uncanny.

"Try the bridge," Patch said. "Somebody started that pump."

We dived back into the alleyway and up the ladder to the bridge. It was all so familiar, but horribly changed. The glass was gone, the doors smashed and the wind was whistling through it, pushing little rivulets of water across the sand-smeared platform. There was nobody there—nobody in the chartroom. And then, out on the bridge again, Patch gripped my arm and pointed. Beyond the bows a pillarlike rock stood like a bollard with the bight of a thick steel hawser round it. The hawser ran taut from rock to ship, an anchor against the pull of the tides. It was the hawser that had fouled me during the night as I swam in over the bows.

But Patch was pointing to something else—a small blue dinghy pulling out from under the Mary Deare's bows. It was Higgins, and he was rowing out to the rock. The peaked cap on the bull head, the massive shoulders and the blue seaman's jersey—it was all so clear in the cold gray light. It was clear, too, what he intended to do. I shouted to him, but he couldn't hear me from the bridge. I dived back down the ladder, down to the well deck and up on to the foc'sle.

"Higgins!" I screamed at him. "Higgins!"

But it was blowing quite strong in the gusts now and Higgins didn't hear me. He had reached the rock and was tying the dinghy to a snag, and then he began to climb. He reached the bight of the hawser and, with an iron bar he had brought with him for the purpose, began to lever it up the rock, while I shouted at him, standing up in the wind, balanced right on the slippery point of the Mary Deare's bows.

He had his back to me all the time, and when he'd freed the loop he pushed it up over the jagged point of the rock and the whole line of the wire that anchored the ship, right from where it ran out through the hawsehole, went slack as it fell with a splash into the sea. I stopped shouting then and watched as he clambered back down the rock and got into his dinghy.

He saw me just as he'd unhitched the painter, and he sat looking at me for a moment. His face was without expression and his big shoulders sagged with the effort he had made. And all the time I was shouting to him, telling him to fix the hawser back on the rock. "There's a gale coming!" I shouted. "A gale!" I kept on repeating that one word, trying to din it into his thick head.

Maybe I succeeded, for Higgins suddenly let go of the rock, pivoted the dinghy on one oar and began to row back toward the Mary Deare. But the tide was north-going, about three knots, and though he worked like a man possessed to drag that heavy dinghy through the water faster than the tide ran, he made not more than twenty yards headway. He tired quickly and, after the first burst of energy he made no further progress, and then, gradually, the tide took control and he drifted farther and farther away from the ship, still desperately rowing.

In the end he gave it up and steered the dinghy across the tide into the lee of Grune à Croc, and there he sat, clutching the rock,

(*Continued on Page 98*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Can a force play be executed when no base is touched? Here the situation, based on an actual play, is posed in an assumed major-league setting.

Say Brooklyn and Pittsburgh are in a scoreless tie as the Dodgers come to bat in the fourth. Sandy Amoros is walked. Pee Wee Reese and Gil Hodges are retired on pop flies. Duke Snider doubles to left center, and Amoros stops at third. Now the Pirate pitcher intentionally walks Roy Campanella to load the bases.

Carl Furillo, with the count one-and-one, slaps a lazy grounder to the Pirate third baseman. Snider, who has left second, holds up to avoid colliding with the fielder who gets the ball. When the fielder moves to tag him, Snider scoots for second, but is overtaken and tagged out. Before the out, however, Amoros has crossed the plate.

If you were umpiring, would you count his run?

See Page 99 for answer

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(*Continued from Page 96*) staring at the ship, his head bowed to his knees, his whole body slack with exhaustion.

The noise of the suction pump died and ceased abruptly, so that I was suddenly conscious of the wind whining through the broken superstructure. Patch had switched the engine off, and as I climbed down off the forepeak he came to meet me.

"We've got to flood the ship!" he called out. "It's our only hope!"

But there was no way of flooding her now. Every vent and hole was sealed off and we couldn't get at the sea cocks. Even the doors to the engine room had been welded to keep the water out. The salvage company had sealed that hull up as tight as a submarine.

"We'll just have to hope for the best," I said.

Patch laughed. The sound had a hollow ring down there in the tween-decks alleyway. "A westerly gale will bring a big tide. She'll float off at high water. Bound to, with nothing to hold her. She's pumped dry, all but the two for'ard holds." His voice sounded hoarse and cracked. He shrugged his shoulders and added, "Better see if we can find some food."

I followed him back down the tween-decks alleyway. The galley was dark and it stank. The sea had been there before us, and so had the French. There wasn't a tin of any sort in the place. There was a cupboard full of bread that was a pulped, mildewed mass and there was meat that heaved with maggots and butter thick with slime and sand. All we found was some cheese that was good in the center, a jar of half-dried mustard, some pickles and a broken pot of marmalade. We broke our fast on that, wolfing it down, and then we searched the saloon and all through the officers' cabins and the crew's quarters. We found a sticky mass of boiled sweets and a jar of ginger and, best of all, some stoker had gone to earth with two tins of bully beef. We took our miserable haul back to the little deckhouse on the poop and ate it, sitting there, shivering and listening to the rising note of the wind.

The gale came up fast with the turn of the tide, and soon the waves, breaking against the side of the wreck, were reaching up to the bridge deck and we could feel the stern beginning to move under us. Once, when I went to look out of the door, I saw the blue dinghy still bobbing in the lee of Grune à Croc.

By midday it was blowing full gale. All the fore part of the Mary Deare was being pounded and battered by huge seas, her bridge deck hidden every now and then in sheets of white water, the whole hull quivering to the onslaught. Water swirled across the well deck below us and the boom of the waves striking against the plates of her side was so shattering that I found myself holding my breath, waiting for them, as though the blows were being struck against my own body. And out beyond the sea-swept wreck of the Mary Deare, the stumps of the reefs dwindled as the Minkies gradually vanished in a welter of foaming surf.

I did see Higgins once more. It was about two hours before high water. The Mary Deare was beginning to lift and shift her bottom on the gravel bed and Grune à Croc was a gray molar stuck up out of a sea of foam with water streaming white from its sides and spray sweeping across in a low-flung cloud, driven by the wind. I saw Higgins moving on the back of the rock, climbing down toward the dinghy. I saw him get into it and pick up the oars. And then a squall came, blurring the shape of the rock, and I suddenly lost sight of him in a curtain of rain.

That was the last I saw of Higgins. It was the last anybody saw of him. I suppose he was trying to reach the Mary Deare. Or perhaps he thought he could reach the mainland in the dinghy. He had no choice, anyway: Grune à Croc would have been untenable at high water.

I stood in the doorway of our deckhouse for a long time, my eyes slitted against the rain and the driving spray, watching for a glimpse of him through the squall. In the end the seas drove me in and when I told Patch how Higgins had gone, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "He's probably dead by now." There was no anger in his voice, only weariness.

The cabin in that deckhouse was about ten feet by six, steel-walled, with a bunk, some broken furniture, a window that had no glass in it and sand on the floor. It was damp and cold, the air smoking with wind-driven spray, and it resounded like a tin box to every sound throughout the ship. We had chosen it for our refuge because it was perched high up on the stern, and it was the stern that was afloat.

For a long time we had been conscious of movement, a rising and falling of the steel walls that coincided with the gunfire bursts of the waves crashing against the hull below us. But now there was a shifting and a grating of the keel. It was a sound felt rather than heard, for nothing was really audible except the incredible, overwhelming noise of the sea. And then gradually it lessened. Spray ceased to come in through the window. The door blew open with a crash. The Mary Deare had struggled free of the sea bed and was turning head to wind.

I looked out and saw that Grune à Croc was no longer on the port bow, but away to starboard. The Mary Deare was afloat. The movement was easier now, the noise of the sea less terrifying. The high stern was acting as a steadying sail and she was bows-on to the breaking waves. I could hear them thundering against the bridge deck, see them burst in a great cloud of spray, forcing water through every opening of the bridge housing as the broken tops swept by on either side. And all the time Grune à Croc was fading away.

I shouted to Patch that we were clear and he came out from the cabin and stood looking at the incredible sight—a wreck floating with her decks streaming rivers of water and sloped down so that all the fore part of her was below the waves.

"We're clear!" I cried. "If we clear Les Sauvages we're all right!"

He looked at me. I think he was considering leaving me in ignorance. But then he said, "It must be very near high water."

I nodded. "Just about," I said. And then it came to me: for six solid hours after high water the tide would be north and west-going—driving us back on to the Minkies—back on to the Minkies at low water with all the reefs exposed. "Great grief!" I breathed, and I went back into the cabin and lay down on the bunk.

There was nothing we could do—not a single thing we could do to help ourselves.

We struck toward dusk in a maelstrom of white water where there wasn't a single rock showing. I don't know whether I was asleep or merely lying there on the bunk in a sort of daze, but the shock of our hitting threw me to the floor. It came like the blow of a mailed fist, a fearful crash up for'ard and then a slow crunching as the plates gave and the rocks disemboweled her, and the thunder of the seas became more overwhelming.

I lay quite still where I had fallen, feeling the probing teeth of the rocks through my whole body, expecting every moment that the waves would engulf us as she slid under. But nothing happened, except that a thin mist of spray touched my face as it drifted over the ship and the grinding, tearing sound went on so continuously that it became a part of the general uproar of the sea.

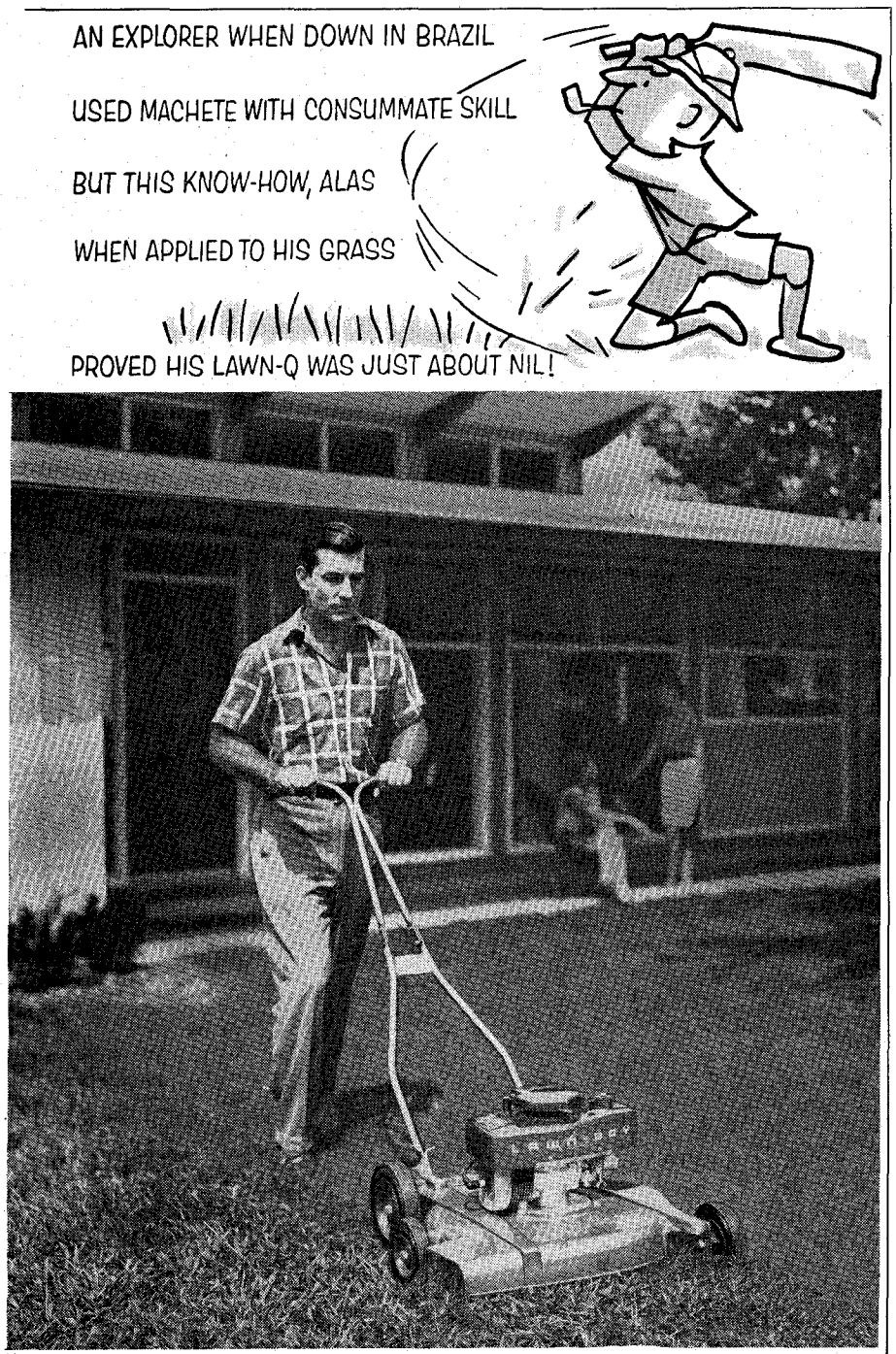
The cabin floor was canted over and, as I got to my feet, a sudden shifting of the ship flung me through the door and I fetched up against the passage wall with a sickening thud that wrenched at my arm and drove the breath out of my body. I saw the ship then, and the pain didn't seem to matter any more. She was lying heeled over, all the length of her clear against a boiling background of surf. Her bridge deck was a twisted, broken mass of wreckage, the funnel gone, the foremast snapped off halfway up and hanging loose in a tangle of derrick wires. And over all the for'ard half of her the seas broke and rolled and tumbled incessantly.

Patch was lying, half reclined against the wall by the deckhouse entrance, and I shouted to him, "How long ——"

The words seemed to get caught up in my throat.

"Before she goes?"

"Yes. How long?"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"God knows."

We didn't talk after that, but stayed there, too cold and tired and fascinated to move, watching as the first jagged points of the reef showed through the foam. The weary half light faded very slowly into darkness. We heard the bows break off; a protracted agony of tortured metal, tearing and rending up there beyond the wreck of the bridge deck. And then the remainder of the ship lifted slightly as it was freed of their weight, shifting across the saw-edged rocks with a terrible trembling and groaning. We could see the bows then, a black wedge out in the break of the waves to port, with cargo spilling out of a cavern of a hole where the plates had been torn open. Bales of cotton bobbed about in the white water and the waves played with the great square cases that were supposed to contain the aero engines, smashing them to matchwood on the reef.

Patch gripped my arm. "Look!" he shouted. A case had been flung toward us, and it was splitting open. The contents cascaded into the sea. God knows what it was. The light by then was very dim. But it certainly wasn't the solid lump of an aero engine.

"Did you see?" He had hold of my arm and was pointing. And then the sudden excitement left him as the wreck on which we stood split across at the after end of the upper deck. A great crack was opening up across the whole width of the ship. It tore the port ladder leading down to the well deck from its fastenings, twisting it slowly as though an invisible hand were squeezing it. Rivet fastenings were torn out in machine-gun-fire bursts and steel plates were ripped like calico. The gap widened—a yard, two yards—and then it was dark and night clamped down on the Mary Deare.

By then the falling tide had exposed the reef, the seas had receded, and the wreck was still.

We went back into the cabin and lay down under our sodden blankets. We didn't talk. Maybe we slept. I don't remember. I have no recollection of that night. It is like a blank in my mind. The sea's incessant roar, the wind piping a weird note through twisted metal and the sporadic clanging of a loose plate—that is all my recollection. I didn't feel any sense of fear. I don't think I even felt cold any more. I had reached that stage of physical and mental exhaustion that is beyond feeling.

But I remember the dawn. It filtered into the dim recesses of my mind with the sense of something strange. I was conscious of movement—a long, precipitous roll, first one way, then the other. I could hear the sea, but there was no weight in the sound. The crash and roar of mountains of water smashing down onto rocks was gone, and someone was calling me. Bright sunlight stabbed my eyeballs and a face bent over me—a face that was sweaty and flushed under the graying stubble of a beard, with eyes sunk deep in hollow sockets and skin stretched taut across forehead and cheekbone.

"We're afloat!" Patch said. His cracked lips were drawn back from his teeth in a sort of grin. "Come and look."

I staggered weakly to the entrance and looked out on a strange scene. The reefs had disappeared. The sun shone on a heaving sea, but there wasn't a sign of a rock anywhere. And all the Mary Deare for'ard of the well deck had gone, vanished. The well deck itself was under water, but it was as Patch had said—we were afloat; just the stern section and nothing else. And the sun was shining and the gale was diminishing. I could feel Patch trembling where he stood against me. I thought it was excitement. But it wasn't. It was fever. By midday he was too weak to move, his eyes staring, his face flushed with unnatural color and the sweat pouring out of him. He had been too long in the East to stand up to nights of exposure in sodden clothing without food. Toward nightfall he became delirious. Much of his raving was unintelligible, but now and then the words came clear, and I realized he was back on that voyage up through the Bay, giving orders, talking to Rice—disjointed scraps that were an appalling revelation of the strain to which he had been subjected.

Toward evening a small aircraft flew over. I watched it circling low down to the northwest, its wings glinting in the setting sun. They were searching for us on the Minkies. And then night closed in and we still floated, very low in the water. There was a moon hanging in a clear sky full of stars and the wind had gone so that the moon carved a small silver path across a placid, kindly sea that still heaved gently, like a giant resting.

That night I was almost too weak to move and Patch lay like a corpse, shivering occasionally, his face still hot and his eyes wide in the faint moonglow. Once he started up and seized my hand, trembling all over, words tumbling from his lips—words that had no meaning. But this sudden outburst, this raving, lasted only a short while. He hadn't the strength to keep it up and he suddenly fell back exhausted. I lay close against him all the rest of the night, but I had no warmth to give and in the morning he looked like a ghost, small under the stinking blankets.

I saw the Minkies again just after the sun had risen. They were on the horizon, small, jagged points of black etched sharp against the western sky. And then, much later, I heard the sound of an aircraft's engines. I had dragged Patch out on deck to get the warmth of the sun, but he was unconscious then. The aircraft went past us. I saw the shadow of it cross the water and I pulled myself up, searching the sky for it through bleared and gritty eyes. Then I saw it turning, banking out of the sun and coming back, very low over the water. I clutched the rail for support and waved a blanket at it as it zoomed over just above my head with its engines snarling. It flew off toward the Minkies, and a long time afterward, as I lay on the warmth of the deck in a semicoma, I heard the

(*Continued on Page 101*)

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 96

The run does not count.

Section 7.08e permits a tag or touched base on a force play: "Any runner is out when he fails to reach the next base before a fielder tags him or the base after he has been forced to advance by reason of the batter becoming a runner."

Also Section 4.09: ". . . if he (the runner) reach home base on or during a play in which the third man is forced out . . . his run shall not count."

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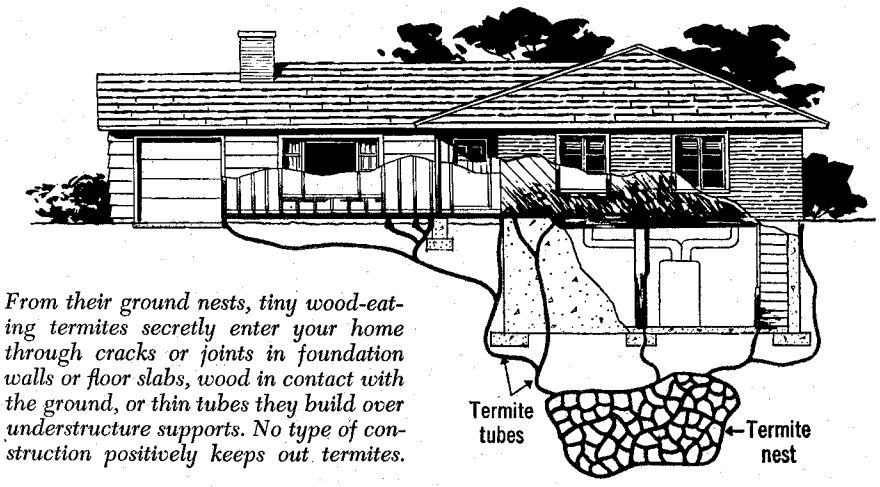

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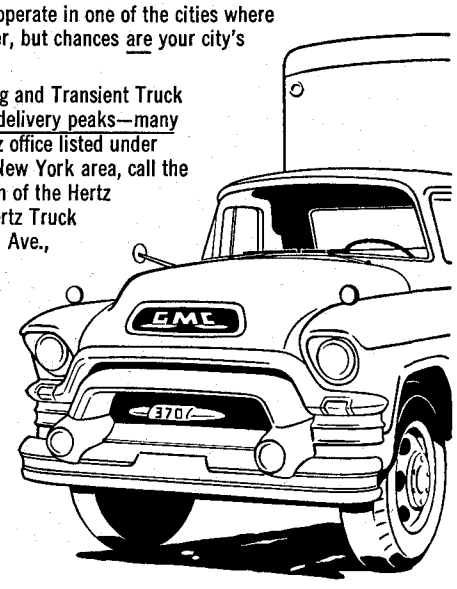

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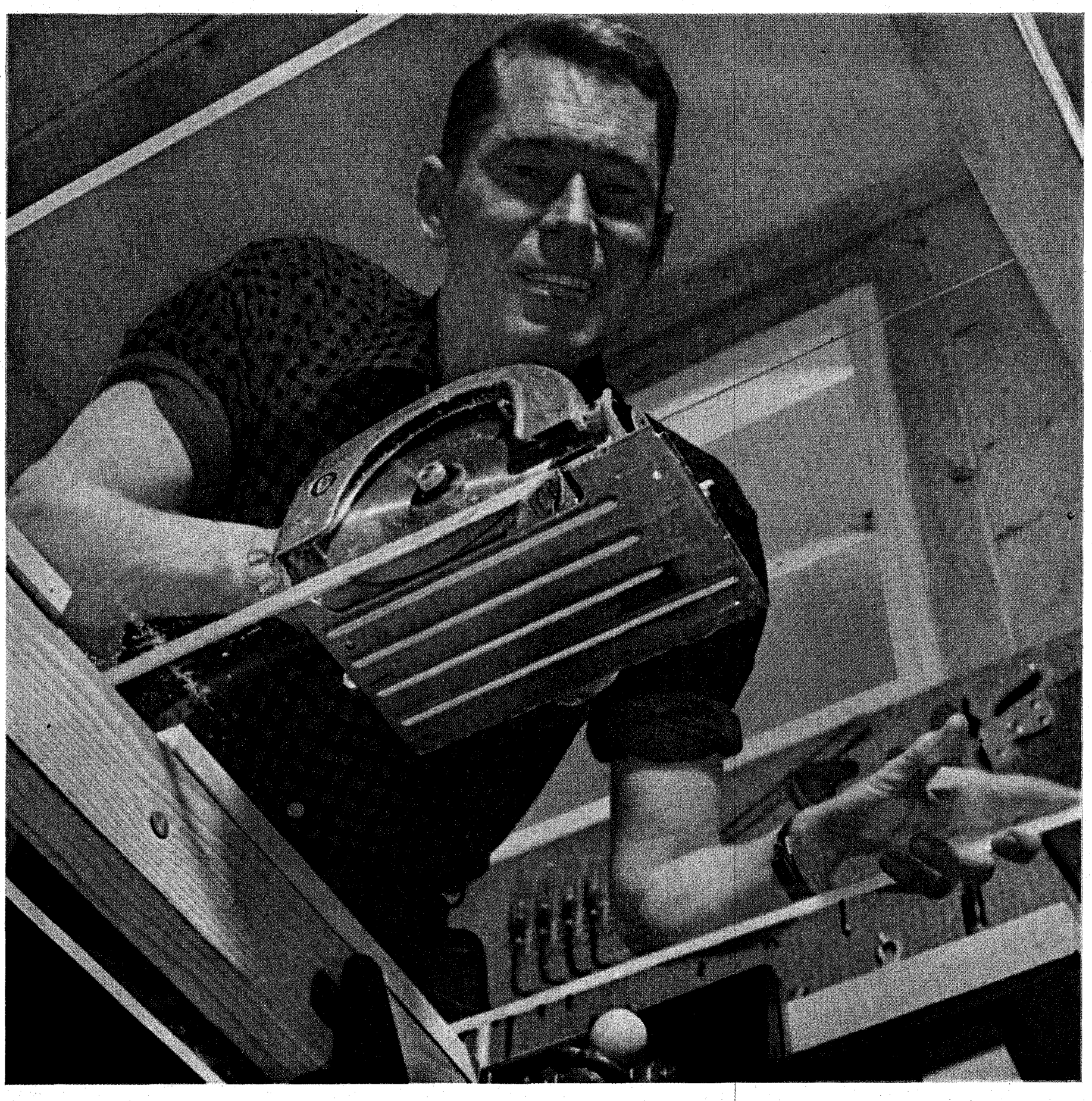

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(*Continued from Page 99*) putter of an engine and the sound of voices.

It was the St. Peter Port lifeboat. They came alongside and life stirred again at the sound of friendly voices; strong hands helping me over the rail. They stripped us of our salt-stiff, sodden clothing, wrapped us in blankets, and then sleep came to me, the wonderful relaxed warmth of sleep. But I remember, just before I lost consciousness, a voice saying, "Want to take a last look at your ship?" And a hand lifted me up. I shall always remember that last glimpse of what was left of her. She was stern-on to us, very low in the water, so that the deckhouse, in which we had lived for two nights, looked like a chicken coop floating on the surface of the water. And then, in the trough of a swell, I saw the rust-streaked lettering of her stern: MARY DEARE—SOUTHAMPTON.

So far as I was concerned, the story of the wreck of the Mary Deare ended there on the edge of the Minkies. But for Patch it was different. He was more directly involved and I was reminded of this as soon as I woke in the hospital at St. Peter Port. I didn't know it at the time, but I had slept for more than twenty hours. I was immensely hungry, but all the nurse brought me was a small plate of steamed fish, and she told me there was somebody urgently waiting to see me. I thought perhaps it was Mike, but when the door opened it was a girl standing there.

"Who is it?" I asked. The blinds were drawn and the room all darkened.

"It's Janet Taggart." She came to the side of my bed and I recognized her then, though she looked very tired and there were dark hollows under her eyes. "I had to see you—as soon as you woke."

I asked her how she'd got here, and she said, "It was in the papers. I came at once." And then she leaned down over me. "Listen, Mr. Sands. Please listen to me. I'm only allowed to stay a moment." Her voice trembled with urgency. "I had to see you before you talked to anybody."

She hesitated then, and I said, "Well, what is it?" I found it difficult to concentrate. There were so many things I wanted to know and my mind was still blurred.

"The police will be coming to take a statement from you soon." She paused again. She seemed to have difficulty in putting whatever it was she wanted to say into words. "Didn't Gideon once save your life?"

"Gideon?" She meant Patch, of course. "Yes," I said. "Yes, I suppose he did." And then I asked her how he was. "Didn't somebody tell me he had pneumonia?" I had a vague memory of the doctor telling me that when he was examining my shoulder.

"Yes," she said. "He's very ill. But he passed the crisis last night. He'll be all right now, I hope."

"Have you been with him all the time?"

"Yes, I insisted. I had to—in case he talked." And then she went on quickly, "Mr. Sands—that man Dellimare —— You know what happened, don't you?"

I nodded. So he'd told her that too. "Nobody need ever know now," I murmured. I felt tired and very weak. "All the for'ard part of the ship broke up on that reef."

"Yes, I know. That's why I had to see you before you made any statement. Will you promise me something, Mr. Sands? Don't tell anybody about it. He's suffered enough. Will you promise? Please."

I nodded. "Yes, I promise," I said. And then I added, "But there's Mike. He knows."

"Mike Duncan? I've seen him. He hasn't said anything yet—either to the press or to the police. He said he'd do nothing about it until he'd seen you. He'll do whatever you do."

"You've seen Mike?" I pulled myself up in the bed. "How is he? Is he all right?"

"Yes, he's here in Peter Port." She was leaning down over me again. "Can I tell him you're going to forget what Gideon told you? Can I tell him you want him to keep quiet about it too?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes, of course; there's no point in saying anything about it now. It's over—finished." And then I asked her how Mike had been picked up.

"It was a fisherman from St. Helier. He found the motorboat just before the storm broke. There was a man called Burrows on board too. He was badly injured, but he made a statement to the police—about Higgins." And then she said, "I must leave you now. I want to see Mr. Duncan, and then I must be with Gideon when he wakes—to see that he doesn't talk. It's the sort of silly thing he might do." She smiled wanly. "I'm so grateful to you."

"Tell Mike to come and see me," I said. And as she reached the door, I added, "And tell—Gideon—when he wakes that he's nothing to worry about any more—nothing at all."

She smiled then—a sudden warmth that lit her whole face up; for an instant she was the girl in the photograph again. And then the door closed and I lay back and went to sleep. When I woke again, it was morning and the curtains were drawn back so that the sun streamed in. The police were there and I made a statement. One of them was a plain-clothes man from Southampton, but he was uncommunicative. All he would say about Patch was that he'd no instructions at the moment to make any arrest. After that there were reporters, and then Mike arrived. The police had refused to let him see me until I had made my statement.

He was full of news. The stern section of the Mary Deare had gone ashore on Chausey Island. He showed me a newspaper picture of it lying on its side in a litter of rocks at low water. And yesterday Snetterton had been through Peter Port. He'd had a salvage team with him and they had left for Chausey Island in a local fishing boat. "And I've been on to our own insurance people," he said. "They're meeting our claim in full. We'll have enough to build to our own design, if we want to."

"That means losing a whole season," I said.

He nodded, grinning. "As it happens, there's a boat for sale right here in Peter Port would suit us nicely. I had a look at her last night. Not as pretty as Sea Witch, of course." He was full of plans—one of those irrepressible people who bounce back up as soon as they're knocked down. He was as good a tonic as I could have wished and, though he still had a piece of adhesive tape stuck across the side of his jaw where the skin was split, he seemed none the worse for his thirty hours on the water-logged wreck of that motorboat.

I was discharged from hospital next day and when Mike came up to collect me, he brought a whole pile of London papers with him. "Altogether you've had a pretty good press," he said, dumping them on my bed. "And there's a newspaper fellow flew in this morning offering you a tidy little sum for a first-hand account of what happened. He's down at the hotel now."

Later we went and looked at the boat Mike had discovered. She was cheap and sound, and we bought her on the spot. And that night Snetterton turned up at our hotel, still neat, still dapper in his pinstripe suit, though he'd spent two days on Chausey Island. They had cut into No. 4 hold at low water and opened up three of the aero-engine cases. The contents consisted of concrete blocks. "A satisfactory result, Mr. Sands. Most satisfactory. I have sent a full report to Scotland Yard."

"But your San Francisco people will still have to pay the insurance, won't they?" I asked him.

"Didn't those sleeping tablets work?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, yes. Yes, of course. But we shall recover it from the Dellimare Company. Very fortunately they have a big sum standing to their credit in a Singapore bank—the proceeds of the sale of the Torre Annunziata and her cargo. We were able to get it frozen pending investigation. I think," he added thoughtfully, "that Mr. Gundersen would have been better advised to have organized the resale of the aero engines through another company. But there—the best-laid schemes ——" He smiled as he sipped his sherry. "It was a clever idea, though. Very clever indeed. That it failed is due entirely to Mr. Patch—and to you, sir," he added, looking at me over his glass. "I have requested the H.B. and K.M. —— Well, we shall see."

I wasn't allowed to see Patch before I left Peter Port. But I saw him three weeks later, when we gave evidence before the resumed court of inquiry. He was still very weak. The charges against him had already been dropped; Gundersen had slipped out of the country, and Burrows and other members of the crew had admitted to the police that they supported Higgins' evidence only because they were frightened. The court found that the loss of the Mary Deare was due to conspiracy to defraud on the part of the owners and the whole matter was referred to the police to take what action they could.

A good deal of publicity was given to the affair at the time and as a result Patch was given command of the Wacomo, a 10,000-ton freighter. Because of this and our own diving program, I didn't see him again until September of the following year. Mike and I were in Avonmouth then, getting ready to dive for a wreck in the Bristol Channel, and the Wacomo came in from Singapore and moored across the dock from us. That night we dined on board with Patch.

I barely recognized him. The lines were gone from his face and, though the stoop was still there and his hair was graying at the temples, he looked young and full of confidence in his uniform with the gold stripes. On his desk stood the same photograph in its silver frame, but across the bottom Janet had written: "For my husband now—bons voyages." And framed on the wall was a letter from the H.B. & K.M. Corporation, of San Francisco, similar to one I had received.

That letter had been handed to Janet by Snetterton at their wedding reception, and with it a check for five thousand pounds for her husband's part in exposing the fraud—a strangely apt figure! Mike and I were working on a wreck off the Hook of Holland at the time, and when we got back I found a similar letter waiting for me, together with a check for twenty-five hundred pounds—"as some compensation for the loss of your vessel."

The body of Alfred Higgins was never recovered, but in August of that year a metal dinghy, with patches of blue paint still adhering to it, was found wedged in a crevice of the rocks on the south side of Alderney. It had been battered almost flat by the seas.

One final thing I would like to record—an entry in the log of Sea Witch II made on September eighth, just after we had located and buoyed the wreck in the Bristol Channel. It reads:

11:48—Freighter Wacomo passed us outward-bound for Singapore and Hong Kong. Signaled us: "Captain Patch's compliments and he is not, repeat not, trying to run you down this time! Good wrecking!" She then gave us three blasts on her siren, to which we responded on the foghorn.

A month later, with Sea Witch II laid up for the winter, I began this account of the loss of the Mary Deare. THE END

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Wyoming Wonderland (Continued from Page 33)

an arch of elkhorns, and its saloons with their gambling tables and promises of hilarity on Saturday nights.

Jackson Hole is a valley forty-eight miles long and six to eight miles wide, lying at an altitude ranging from 6000 to 7000 feet in the northwestern corner of Wyoming. The headwaters of the Snake River flow southwestward along the valley floor on their way toward the main stream of the Columbia. The 400 square miles of Jackson Hole are rimmed by mountains to the south and east, by the Yellowstone plateau to the north, and by the sheer escarpment of the jumbo-sized Tetons to the west.

What sets Jackson Hole apart from any other ranching valley is this soaring range of the Tetons, a line of snowy peaks which form the most dramatic mountain scenery on the continent. The Tetons, which rise to 13,766 feet, are the result of a colossal slip of the earth's crust which exposed a 7000-foot-high wall of rock, later carved by weather and glacial action into a series of needle-topped spires. These peaks, and the valley from which you view them, now form our newest and our hardest-won national recreational area.

The battle for the Tetons began soon after the first permanent settlers began to move in along the swift-flowing Snake, in 1884. These early homesteaders soon discovered that their beautiful valley was a stern taskmaster. The long, cold and snowy winters generally made it necessary to feed stock between November fifteenth and May first, demanding more hay than the average small rancher could raise or afford to buy. By summer-ranging cattle on the forested high country to the east and turning their ranch land into irrigated hayfields, a few of the better-equipped cattlemen in the southern part of the valley managed to prosper; for the majority, however, ranching in Jackson Hole was a marginal affair.

When the squeeze was on, the early ranchers lived off the elk herds. Large herds of the wapiti still come down from the mountains to winter in the valley, the elk being able to survive on snow-covered range where cattle will starve. During the early years of this century, when tourist stragglers from nearby Yellowstone Park began to penetrate the valley, local businessmen began to give the snow-dusted Teton peaks a more appraising look.

In 1903, President Teddy Roosevelt toured the neighboring Yellowstone country and began to trumpet its virtues as a recreational area. A few Jacksonites began to wonder whether you could eat scenery, after all. By the time the depressed cattle prices following World War I hit the valley, many of the smaller ranchers were in hock to the bank and there was a widespread feeling that something would have to be done to rehabilitate Jackson Hole's economy.

Though the majority of Teton County citizens would probably accept the foregoing statements as a reasonably accurate appraisal of Jackson Hole's ranching economy up to 1923, there were and are other opinions. A few Jackson Hole ranchers and businessmen insist that the valley is good ranching country, period. Others grant that it's hard to make valley cattle pay a profit when beef prices are low, but hold that intelligent ranching can show a profit in times of average prices. These opinions are honest ones, and they sparked one of the biggest hassles that ever rocked the West.

There had been a number of attempts in Washington, starting in 1898, to add the Teton Range country to the neighboring Yellowstone National Park lands. The first local move to transform the area was a 1923 meeting held in a log cabin hard by an old cable ferry spanning the Snake River. Struthers Burt, writer and valley rancher, and four other local residents met with Horace Albright, then superintendent of Yellowstone, and drew up a plan to set aside a large portion of Jackson Hole as a national recreation area. No one would buy the plan at the time, though it did cause a lot of talk.

Two years later, a group of more than 100 local residents—owning, among them, a total of 32,000 acres of valley land—drew up a petition stating that, having found ranching in Jackson Hole unprofitable, they believed the best use for the land was as a recreational area; and that they were willing to sell their holdings for that purpose to anyone who would pay a fair price. The petition was sent to a Casper, Wyoming, meeting called to consider the extension of Yellowstone Park's boundaries; there, it sank without a trace. Two of the petitioners who had also taken part in the log-cabin conclave, Dick Winger and Jack Eynon, went East to try to interest some one of the conservationist organizations in the project, but returned empty-handed.

This, then, was the situation in 1926, when John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his family made their second vacation trip to Jackson Hole. A substantial number of the smaller valley ranchers were disposed to sell out to a worthy cause; a smaller number of the more prosperous ranchers were against any park plan. A further large bloc of Jackson Hole citizens sat on the fence; among them were a number of local officials who wondered how you ran a county if most of it was tax-free, Federally owned property. The Western livestock associations opposed any further take-over of range lands by the Government. The National Park Service wanted the valley and the Teton Range, either as an addition to Yellowstone or as a separate park project. The United States Forest Service, which already administered much of the surrounding high timber country, was determined to hold onto the wooded areas of the valley and the Teton slopes. And on the fringes of this controversy was a changing cast of politicians—spear carriers who rushed on and off the stage, adding to the general confusion.

Horace Albright, a dedicated conservationist, accompanied Rockefeller to the valley to explain the local situation and the Park Service's hopes. What Rockefeller saw in Jackson Hole appalled him. The valley's single north-south road was speckled with refreshment stands and filling stations. A dance hall stood on the shore of a jewel-like wilderness lake, a rodeo grandstand occupied a scenic spot, and among the billboards was one touting the delights of a Hollywood Cowboy's Home.

When Rockefeller learned that the road and its unsightly developments—the whole of the valley floor, in fact—would be outside the borders of the proposed mountain park, he apparently felt a slow-burning irritation. If the whole floor of the northern part of the valley were incorporated in the park, he reasoned, the area's big-game herds would have more winter range and the nation's tourists could have a good look at the mountains which so enraptured him. Rockefeller asked Albright to send him facts and figures about the land involved in such an acquisition. A year later, after the Federally owned land in the valley had been withdrawn from further homesteading, Rockefeller decided to purchase the privately held acreage in the northern half of Jackson Hole and give it to the nation as a part of the prospective Teton National Park.

From the main lounge of the year-old Jackson Lake Lodge (Rates: $10 a day and up), tourists watch the changing light on the snow-covered peaks of the Grand Tetons. This picture window is sixty feet wide and two stories high.

With this decision, early in 1927, the shadow play which was destined to transform Jackson Hole began to quicken in pace. For reasons which are obvious, Rockefeller did not want his name associated with the real-estate-purchasing program. That spring two Rockefeller executives, Kenneth Chorley and Vanderbilt Webb, paid a call on a Salt Lake City lawyer named Harold Fabian and told him they wanted to form a company with $1,000,000 in assets to buy property in Jackson Hole. Chorley and Webb explained that the land would eventually go to the people as a national park, but they did not tell Fabian who was giving the money. Fabian agreed to give his services, and the three men formed a Utah corporation called the Snake River Land Company.

The first move of the "Snakes"—as the project's opponents later called them—was to engage a purchasing agent who knew the Jackson Hole people and the land values; they went to a respected Jacksonite named Robert E. Miller and asked him to take the job on a commission basis. Miller agreed, after stipulating that the prices he paid to landholders must be fair and reasonable. The odd feature of this choice of Miller was that he was the president of the Jackson bank, which held mortgages on much of the land he was commissioned to purchase. And further, Miller had been the area's first Government forester; as a former Department of Agriculture employee he presumably shared some of the antagonism the Forest Service and Department of the Interior's Park Service have often displayed in their competitive attempts to gain administration of Government-owned lands.

How much Miller knew about the sponsorship of the Snake River Land Company is a matter of conflicting opinion; he died in 1934 and cannot solve this puzzle. In any event, Miller went about his task energetically, and within the space of several years acquired considerable land on the eastern side of the valley at prices ranging between $7.50 and $40 an acre. Some of the scenic acreage on the western (*Continued on Page 104*)

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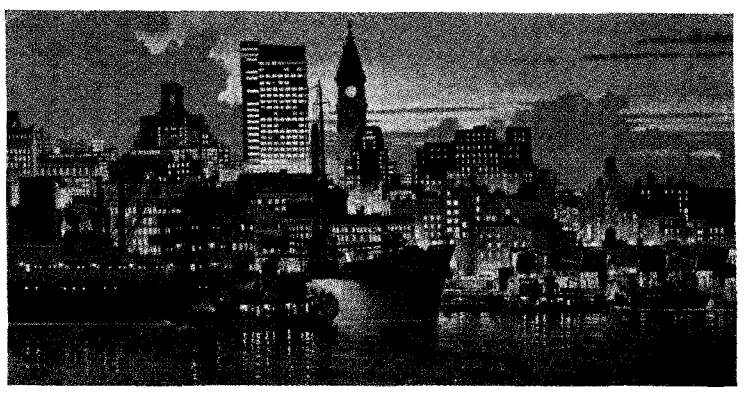

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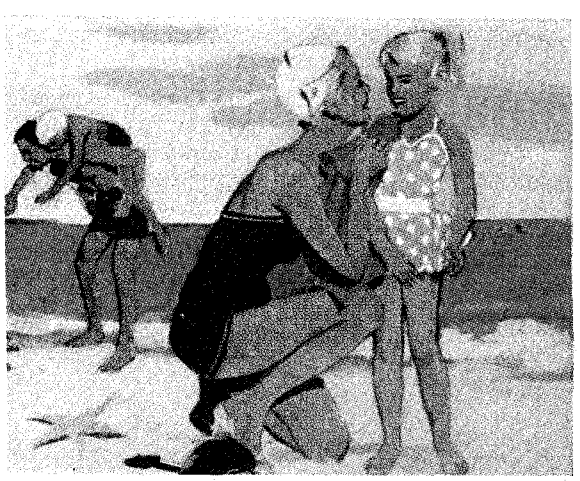

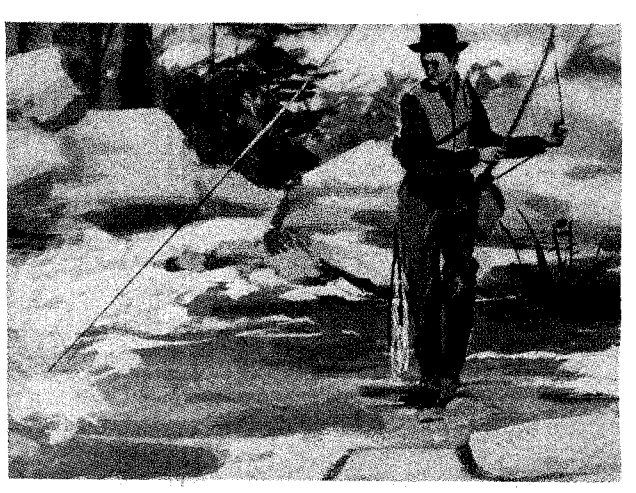

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(*Continued from Page 102*) side of the valley sold for as high as $100 an acre. Miller considered these prices fair—the records show that by 1932 Rockefeller agents had paid $1,316,672.99 for land on which the state of Wyoming had placed a valuation of $521,037—but when he began to encounter the inflationary effects of his buying he suggested a slow-down of the purchasing program. Then Miller disengaged himself from the Snake River Land Company and suddenly became an implacable opponent of both the park and the Rockefeller purchasing project.

Meanwhile Dick Winger, another local man, became the Snake River agent. Winger found valley land prices spiraling. Those who had sold were annoyed because they hadn't held out for more money, and those who had held out were angered because they were having trouble getting their asking price. As Will Rogers commented some time later, "The only mistake Mr. Rockefeller made was that he had some money left when he finished buying that land out there."

Though Miller and Webb had briefed Wyoming's governor, Frank Emerson, and the state's congressional delegation on the details of the Rockefeller contribution to the park project during a Washington meeting in 1927, politics began to fog the picture around 1930. By this time the first version of the Grand Teton National Park had been established—this included the mountain range and its fringing lakes, most of it Government-owned land—and Rockefeller's name was associated with the land buying in the valley.

The late Sen. Robert Carey, of Wyoming—whose political ear was always tuned to the stock-association frequency—privately approved the national-park plan at first, and then publicly proposed that Rockefeller buy the land and give it to Wyoming for a state-run park. When this plan for dumping the park into local politics was rejected, Carey's pique led him to commit a political misdemeanor.

The setting was Denver's Brown Palace Hotel. Sometime during a social evening Carey remarked to a Denver Post reporter that Rockefeller and the National Park Service were doing terrible things up in Jackson Hole. The Denver paper promptly put this opinion into a headline, the wire services picked up the story, and Carey found himself in the unhappy position of a man who hadn't known the gun was loaded.

Carey probably could have salvaged the situation if it had not been for a journalistic enterprise established a year or so before by Jackson opponents of the park extension. The Grand Teton was a weekly "newspaper" dedicated to proving that Rockefeller, the Snake River Land Company, the National Park Service and anybody else who believed in the park project were enemies of the people. The word picture of the Rockefeller Cossacks riding down the helpless peasantry of Jackson Hole made strong reading. But no one had paid much attention to the Grand Teton's nonsense about house burnings and terrorism until the newly elected Wyoming senator apparently confirmed it.

Finding himself suddenly astride a white horse with a lance in his hand, Carey made the best of it and called for a Senate investigation of the Jackson Hole activities of the Park Service, the Snake River Land Company, the Teton Transportation Company and several other Rockefeller-sponsored administrative units. During July, 1933, a Senate committee held four days of public hearings in the Jackson Legion Hall.

The hearings vindicated the Rockefeller interests and the Park Service. True, the Snake River Land Company had burned a house, but not until they had bought the property. The burning was simply an economical way of removing an eyesore. This was an exceptional case; most of the dude and working ranches purchased by the land company were leased back to the former owners for long periods.

The Senate investigation put an end to the more sensational aspects of the Jackson Hole controversy, but it did not eliminate opposition to the project for expanding the park to include the valley floor. The stock associations were still opposed to all Government ownership of grazing lands, and local ranchers feared that the project would block the movement of cattle to and from the mountain grazing areas. A few local citizens simply feared their homeland was being bought up for some profit-making scheme—a suspicion which was heightened when the Rockefeller interests, to fill an administrative vacuum their purchases had created, reluctantly took over the management of the valley bus line and several tourist lodges.

During the mid-'30's, while Rockefeller continued to buy land on a diminishing scale, lingering opposition to the park extension gradually crystallized around the idea that any expansion of the boundaries should be limited to the western side of the Snake River. This would have split the valley, roughly, down the middle, with the eastern half given over to ranching and private exploitation.

The Rockefeller interests may have had this disturbing development in mind when, during November, 1942, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., wrote Secretary of the Interior Ickes:

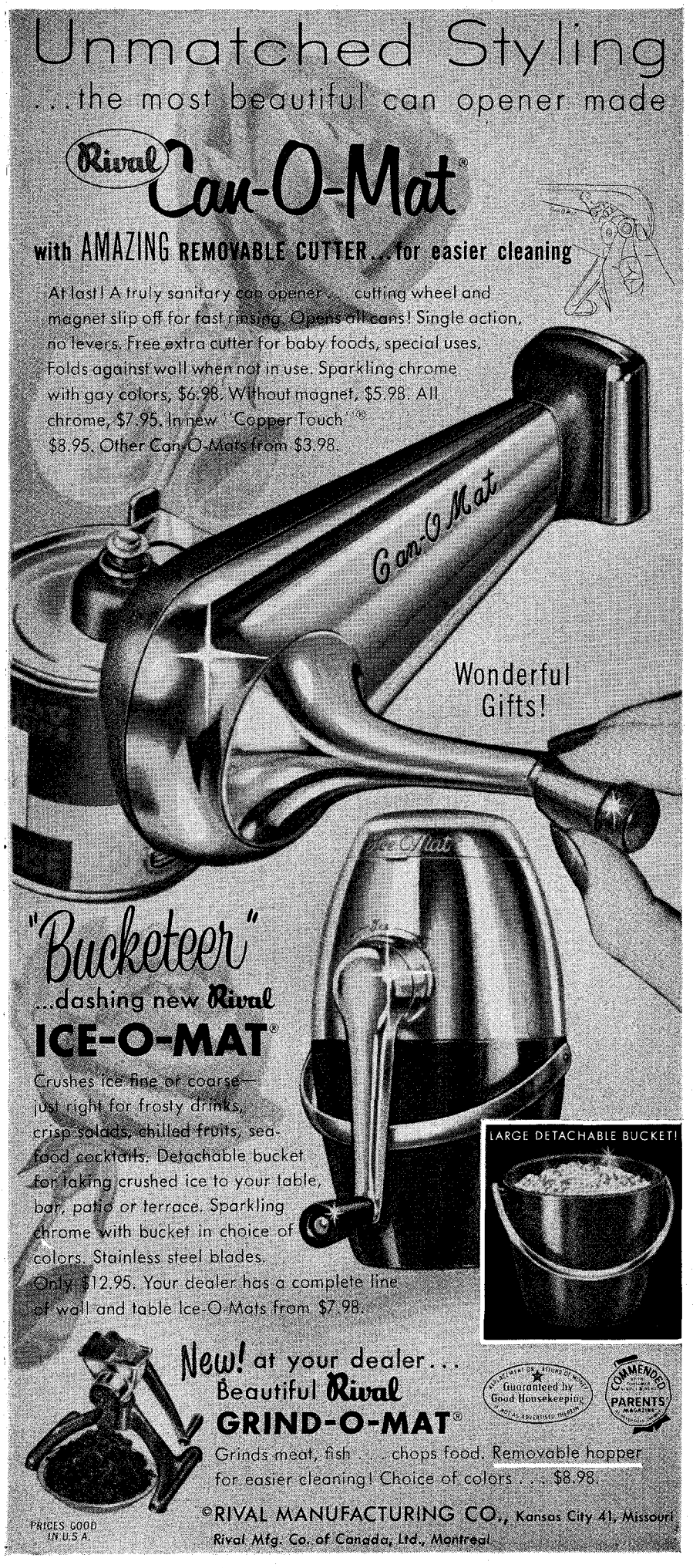
Nearly fifteen years ago I purchased some 30,000 acres in the Jackson Hole country on the earnest recommendations of the then Director of National Parks. This I did for two reasons: first, having in mind the winter feeding of great quantities of game which was being gradually exterminated by starvation; and, secondly, never for a moment doubting that the Federal Government would gladly accept the land as a gift for addition to its national-park system and would forthwith take whatever steps were necessary to that end. During the years that have intervened there have been, as you know, numerous negotiations with Government representatives in regard to the matter. All these negotiations have come to naught. Over this period I have expended in connection with the property, which cost me $1,000,000, half as much again for taxes, maintenance, handling, etc. Today it stands me in at a total cost of roughly $1,500,000.

Rockefeller concluded with the warning that unless the Government took some action on the proffered gift, he would be forced to dispose of the land in the open market. The answer to this ultimatum came early the following year, when President Roosevelt, by proclamation, established the 221,000 acres comprising the valley north of Jackson as the Jackson Hole National Monument. (Na-

The Back Road

By Sara Bridge Graves

This little winding road by day
and night
Presents a twisty path for sun
and moon
To splash upon, like wind along
a dune.
Pure magic liquefaction! In
this light
The trees and bushes, stones
and grass in flight,
All curve past crannies where
the small hills swoon
Near nesting places tiny as a
spoon,
Yet amply large for birdsong
clear and bright.
Over and under, glancing like
a kite,
The road continues on, an
ancient rune
Carved in the thoughts and
ways of those in tune
With country acres sprawling
left and right.
A big road map may mark it
unimproved,
But country folk know living
makes it grooved.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tional monuments can be proclaimed, national parks must be legislated into existence.) The proclamation guaranteed all existing property and ranching rights within the monument area. It should be noted that some 93 per cent of the monument area was either Government-owned land or Rockefeller-purchased property.

Only an optimist would have expected this presidential ukase to finish the Jackson Hole controversy. Wyoming's Representative Barrett, supported by Senator O'Mahoney, introduced a bill abolishing the monument. The bill passed. Roosevelt killed the bill with a pocket veto. The state of Wyoming sued the park superintendent in Federal court, challenging the validity of the Roosevelt proclamation. The state lost. There were hearings. There were on-the-spot investigations, denunciations, and more hearings on national, state and local political levels. Jackson Hole cattlemen refused to deal with the Forest Service, acting as agent for the Park Service, and grazed their stock on monument range without permits or payments. More Barrett bills were introduced—one to abolish the monument; another to turn its administration over to the Forest Service. The Department of the Interior appropriations bill was passed with a rider denying funds to the monument. Gov. Lester Hunt, of Wyoming, wrote Roosevelt protesting the creation of the monument, while 100 prominent Jackson citizens signed a petition in favor of the monument.

On December 16, 1949, twenty-two years after his first Jackson Hole purchase, Rockefeller deeded 33,562 acres of the valley land as a gift to the Federal Government. The following September, Congress established the monument area in the valley as part of the Grand Teton National Park. The enabling act directed that during the transitional period, while recreational facilities were being developed, payments from park revenues would compensate Teton County for tax losses on land acquired for park purposes. Grazing and residential rights within the park area were also protected for a period of years. The long battle to preserve the sagebrush, the mountain vistas and the game herds of Jackson Hole had at last been won.

The early history of Jackson Hole contained more than one portent of this cyclical course of the valley's destiny—from sagebrush to sagebrush in a century. A diarist named Osborne Russell, who reached the Snake with a trapping expedition in 1834, had observed:

> This valley was called Jackson Hole . . . the whole being covered with wild sage and surrounded by high and rugged mountains upon whose summit the snow remains during the hottest months of the summer. The alluvial bottoms along the river and the streams produced a luxuriant growth of vegetation. The great altitude of this place, however, connected with the cold descending from the mountains at night, I think would be a serious obstruction to the growth of most kinds of cultivated grain. This valley, like all the other parts of this country, abounded with game.

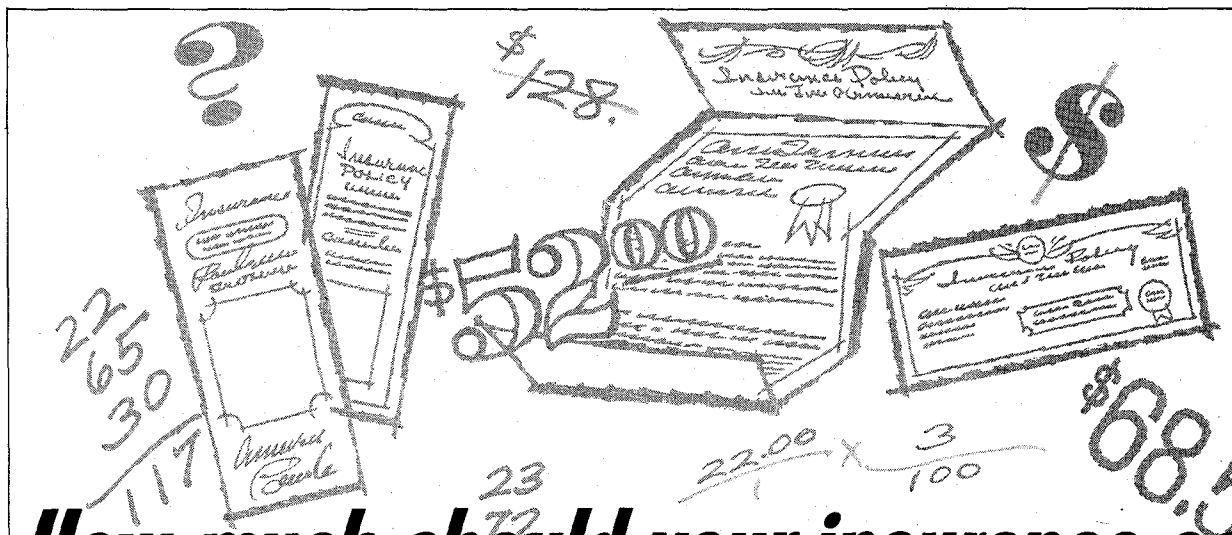
John Colter, one of the greatest of the mountain men, is supposed to have been the first white man to see the Tetons. That was in 1807, while Colter was on his way north to discover the wonders of what was later called Colter's Hell, now known as Yellowstone Park.

From the scanty records, at least nine trading and exploring expeditions have been traced through the Jackson Hole valley between 1807 and 1829. During the following decade trading and beaver trapping brought a lot of activity to the mountain area around the valley. With the beaver trapped out and the fur trade dead, the valley was forsaken by white men and left to solitude except for an occasional summer bivouac of Shoshoni, Flatheads, Bannocks or the neighboring Nez Percés. The community history of Jackson Hole did not begin until 1884, when the first permanent white settlers arrived.

During the 1955 season almost 1,250,000 tourists visited Jackson Hole, many of them on their way to or from Yellowstone, a dozen miles to the north. Some of these travelers paused only long enough to take a roadside picture of the glaciers on the Tetons; others spent anything from a week to a season at lodges and dude ranches.

The Tetons are the finest mountain-climbing area in the country, and Paul Petzold and Glenn Exum, two internationally famous climbers, will guarantee to hoist to the top of the tallest peak anybody who can walk. Rafting down the Snake through the back country where the moose feed in the willow thickets is another projected tourist attraction; a safe but exciting thirty-mile trip spanning half the length of the valley takes about six hours.

Five miles south of the park border, in the town of Jackson, anyone who likes to buck the laws of chance can find a family-style Las Vegas going full blast. The Jackson palaces of sin don't try to make gambling a big industry, but they do offer floor shows, a bar faced with silver dollars, and weekly rendezvous points for valley residents and tourists. Anyone in Teton County will tell you that you haven't lived until you've seen Jackson on a Saturday night.



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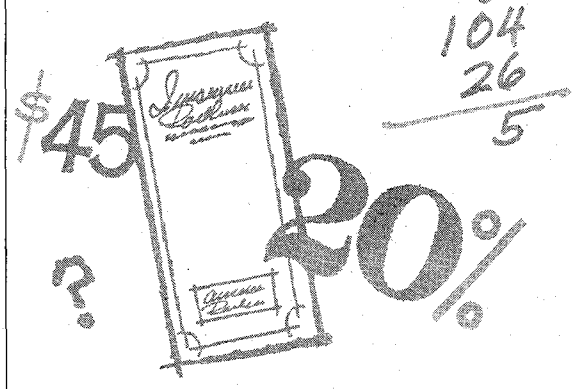

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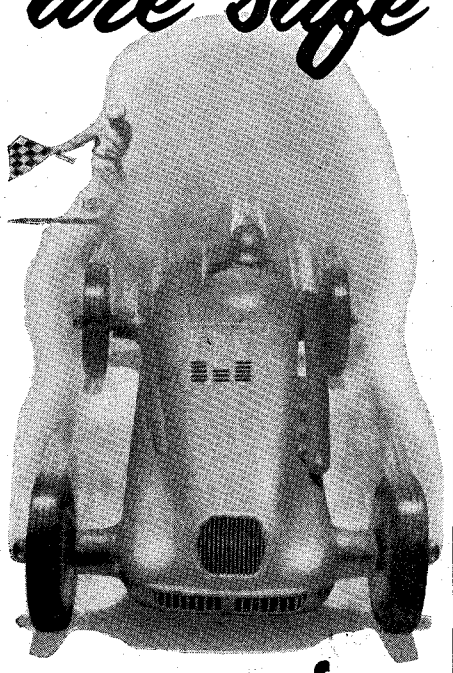

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Today the visitor will discover that just about everyone is glad that the valley finally became a park. The issue which once split neighbors is being buried deeper with each seasonal tourist invasion. The supporters of a lost cause are quick to point out, however, that serious problems still face Jackson Hole. The Rockefeller and the Park Service purchasing programs have priced most of the remaining privately held land in the valley out of the ranching business, leaving Teton County with but one source of revenue—tourism. Tourists, unlike cattle and ranches, aren't taxable, and with 97 per cent of its area nontaxable Federal property, it looks as though there may be lean days ahead for the county's school districts. Other Jacksonites fret over what may happen to their valley in a recession period when tourism falls off.

As a partial answer to this unpleasant prospect, Jackson has constructed a breath-taking ski lift up the 1500-foot slope of Snow King Mountain on the edge of town; the only problem which remains is luring visitors into the valley over the snow-banked mountain roads during the winter season. There is also some hope that Federal legislation can be devised that will guarantee permanent payments to the county out of park receipts—though the most recent effort in this direction was vetoed by President Eisenhower as being regionally discriminatory.

Oddly enough, the administrative unit for the Rockefeller park holdings, The Jackson Hole Preserve, Incorporated, constitutes one of the main worry spots for those concerned with Teton County's future. Having won his fight for the park, Rockefeller, in 1953, launched a development program which entailed moving the small hamlet of Moran to a new location, constructing a tourist village and erecting a $6,000,000 tourist lodge. The lodge and the village are to be run for some years by the nonprofit Rockefeller management unit, the Grand Teton Lodge and Transportation Company, and the whole project was designed as a pilot program for the improvement of inadequate tourist facilities in other national parks.

The people of Jackson Hole accepted this new multimillion-dollar beneficence in a what-will-Rockefeller-do-next mood and happily contemplated the fact that local taxes on the new development would settle their county's fiscal problems for some years.

When the Jackson Lake Lodge was opened last spring, 5000 guests from all over Wyoming and parts of Idaho found Rockefeller's architect, Gilbert Stanley Underwood, had set $6,000,000 worth of modern, reinforced-concrete motel on a plateau overlooking Jackson Lake and the Tetons. The monolithic lodge and the guest cottages ranged behind it offer accommodations for 800 transients a night. Rates run from ten dollars a day for single rooms in the main lodge to fourteen dollars for a cottage which can sleep a family of four. The site, chosen by the elder Rockefeller, forms a magnificent platform for the main-lounge picture window, sixty feet wide and two stories high, which frames the Tetons. Rockefeller had a temporary scaffolding erected to the exact level of the lounge floor before he gave the word for construction to start; he wanted to be sure that all America would see the Tetons as he saw them.

It was probably inevitable that there would be a local division of opinion about the lodge. Some Jackson Hole residents think it couldn't be improved upon, some frown upon it as an architectural blunder which ignores the tradition of mountain-country pine-log-and-peaked-roof construction. Whatever the merits of the discussion, there are two safe statements that can be made about Jackson Lake Lodge: It is the newest and the finest of national-park hotels, and it would have given John Colter something else to gasp about as he trudged up the valley of the Tetons. THE END

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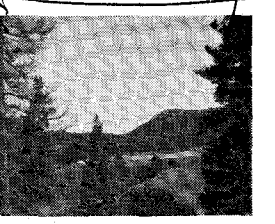

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The Second Year of Marriage

(Continued from Page 23)

intellectual. She'd gone with Stephen to the first formal reception for the visiting scientists—"They all looked like owls," she told Whitman afterward—but from then on she'd spent her time visiting her family on Long Island or seeing old friends whom she summoned by phone to New York.

The first of these to arrive, by sport car from Old Westbury, was one Teddy Blake, who had known Peggy, it seemed, since they were both in their perambulators. Whether Teddy had ever left his was questionable, Whitman Prentice thought, gazing out of a window at the young man's parked sport car. But Teddy was at least physically mature. Described by Peggy as a seven-goal polo player, he looked very much better on a horse, she said, than he did all folded up in his car.

It was he who'd driven Peggy out to Long Island to visit her family—while Stephen was reading to his assembled colleagues a paper on The Magnetic Attraction of Two Masses in Motion—and it was quite obvious that Teddy was being just the old family friend. In his open devotion to Peggy he was being just an old pal, but he was also an attractive, unmarried male. Furthermore it was spring and he'd seen her every day since Monday, and now it was Friday and they were together downstairs at this moment—Teddy and Peggy—sitting close together on a sofa drinking bourbon on the rocks while Stephen and his friends went on talking their enlightened, unintelligible, scientific gibberish.

Whitman couldn't stand lying awake in the darkness any longer. He switched on the light by his bed, got up and put on his dressing gown and slippers. Helen had given him that dressing gown for his birthday the year before she died, which would be four years ago on May Day, and he thought with resentment how much frailer the texture of life was than the texture of silk. He sat down in the armchair by his reading table and turned on the lamp there and lit a cigarette and thought about Helen and their son, the only child she'd borne him.

Then he realized that the sound of voices below him had stopped. The house was so still that he was startled by the knock on his door. *It can't be Stephen*, he thought; it was probably Thompson, his ancient butler, stopping to say good night, and he called out, "Come in," and his son came in from the shadowy hall.

"I saw a streak of light under your door," Stephen said. "Hope I'm not bothering you."

"On the contrary," his father said. "On the contrary." He tried to keep his tone casual as Stephen walked toward him. "I take it the party's over."

"Party? Oh, you mean our bull session downstairs."

"Yes," his father said. "Will you have a cigarette?"

"Cigarette? Why, yes, thanks, I will."

Absent-mindedly, Stephen reached down into the silver box on the table. He was tall, over six feet, with good shoulders and the same spare, slightly lounging figure that showed in the photograph of the bomber pilot on his father's bureau. The elder Prentice could see that photograph dimly down the room, and he felt in his throat a familiar sensation, a choking surge of pride in his son, who was certainly as attractive as any polo player living.

But Stephen had forgotten to light his cigarette, so, after a moment, Whitman took a packet of matches from his dressing-gown pocket.

"Here."

"What? Oh, thanks," Stephen said; and then, "I thought I gave you a lighter for Christmas?"

"You did. You always do. But I prefer matches."

"Why? They're practically archaic."

"So am I. And matches always work. Has Peggy gone to bed?"

"She's gone up to our room."

A rueful note in his voice made his father ask quickly, "What do you mean? Is anything wrong?"

"She wanted to go dancing."

"Dancing?"

"With Teddy Blake."

"Alone with Teddy Blake?"

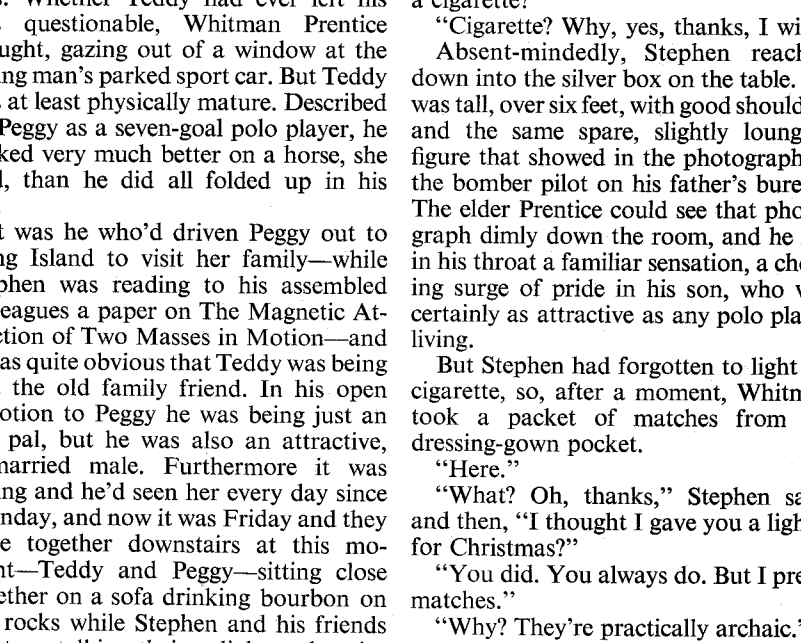
"Yes," Stephen said; and then, "Oh, they asked me to go with them. Teddy suggested that the three of us go to some night club—after the others had left, I mean—but, of course, I couldn't."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Because tomorrow's Saturday, the last day of our S.A.S. meeting. I want to be fresh for the final papers."

"What papers?"

"Well, there'll be one on mesons and another on the anti-proton and a report



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"John isn't much of a tipper."

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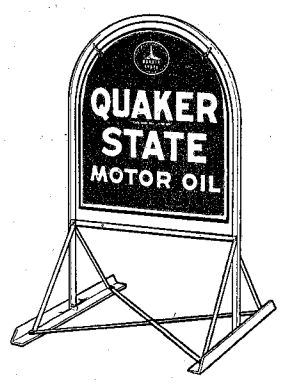

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on the latest research into the possible neutralization of gravity."

"Yes, I see. Very important, no doubt. But let's get back to Peggy. You say that after you refused their invitation, she still wanted to go dancing with Teddy?"

"Yes."

"And you asked her not to?"

"Dad," Stephen said, "I didn't ask her. I told her."

"Good."

"But it was absolutely against my principles! And when Blake got a little aggressive—I think he was tight—and asked me if I didn't trust my wife with him, I reacted like a sophomore. I told him to hop in his doodle bug and go home or I'd punch him in the nose."

"Splendid! What happened?"

"He went. I don't think Teddy's mentally equipped to handle more than one idea at a time, and it was my insult to his car that registered. He said, 'I'll have you know I paid over fifteen thousand for that car,' and by that time he was halfway down the front steps. Then Peggy rushed out after him and apologized for my rudeness, and told him she'd see him tomorrow."

"Will she see him tomorrow?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. She's going to some hunt-club luncheon out on Long Island and I assume he'll be there."

"Why don't you forbid her to go?"

"Forbid her? Again?"

"Why not? You're her husband."

"Oh, well, yes, but ——"

"But that would be archaic, like lighting cigarettes with matches?"

Stephen smiled bleakly. "Something like that." He looked at his father. "I've always believed that marriage should be an equal partnership, with neither party dominating the other. Now I've done something contrary to that belief. Tonight I acted on impulse—but the question is: What am I going to do about tomorrow? That will have to be a rational decision and I've got an unpleasant feeling that a great deal depends on it. Maybe my marriage."

"Sit down, Steve," Whitman said.

Rather to his surprise, Stephen sat down and folded his arms as he faced his father.

"I remember," he said, "that you always made me sit down when you lectured me."

He looked remarkably like the portrait of his grandfather, Amos Prentice—Whitman's father—that hung on the wall almost directly above him.

"I'm not going to lecture you," Whitman said. "I'm going to try to understand you. Because I don't think I do."

"You mean, you don't understand my indecision about tomorrow?"

"Not just that, Steve. I feel—I've felt for some time—that you and I live in radically different worlds, and personally I find it—disturbing."

Stephen half turned and glanced up at the portrait on the wall behind him.

"Didn't you and Grandfather Prentice live in different worlds?"

"No. We lived in different eras, of course. But it was the same three-dimensional world. We could measure it by the same yardstick and figure its course by the same mathematics. We could weigh it in pounds and ounces and see it with our naked eyes, instead of through a two-hundred-inch telescope or an electro-microscope or by tracing some mysterious white streaks on an exposed photographic film. Your world is so small I can't see it, Steve, and it's so vast that my mind can't take it in. And you've given it a fourth dimension that leaves me feeling—well, marooned."

"Marooned?"

"As though I were still living on my old-fashioned Newtonian planet and you were flying around somewhere out in Einstein's curve of space."

"That's quite a picture, dad."

"The worst of it is," his father went on, "that I don't understand your moral values any better than I do your mathematics. And I'm almost afraid to ask you what those values are because I don't want to offend you and maybe lose you for good."

"Dad, I ——"

"It's bad enough, getting old. A lonely business. I'm prepared to put up with a normal amount of that, but I don't want to be cut off entirely from my only—from you, Steve."

"Dad, don't you know why I'm here?"

"Certainly. You're here for that S.A.S. meeting, that ——"

"I mean here in your room. Now."

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This charming seven-year-old ash blonde is descended from one of George Washington's Revolutionary War aides and also from the author of The Star-Spangled Banner. She was born at Ossining, New York, famed mostly for its Sing Sing Prison, very much on the right side of the walls; became a pig-tailed advertising model for children's products, a network juvenile radio star, a Broadway actress, and signed her first movie contract in 1946. Her films include Lydia Bailey, Dream Boat, A Lion is in the Streets, Rogue Cop. She uses her real name in movies. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:

Anne Francis

Whitman leaned over and crushed out his cigarette in the ash tray on the table. "Tell me, Steve."

"Because I want your advice about Peggy. About tomorrow."

His son had come to him for help in a vital matter, and for a moment Whitman let the warmth of that thought fill his mind. Then he said, "All right. First, I'll ask whether you really love her?"

"Yes, I do."

"And Peggy? Does she love you?"

"I'm not sure. She did when she married me. But now ——" Stephen got up from the chair and walked to one of the open windows overlooking his father's back-yard garden. Somewhere down there in the April darkness a cat howled, and Stephen laughed. "Sounds just the way I feel," he said; and then, "How can I be so damned upset, when I know that my love for Peggy is based on a sexual attraction that functions simply to assure reproduction of the species? It's absurd, and yet ——"

"Steve!"

"Yes, dad?"

"Speaking of reproduction, why haven't you two had a baby?"

Stephen turned from the window. "Well, we decided ——"

"You don't mind my asking?"

"No. We planned to start a family after we were sure our marriage was successful. I figured we'd know in two years."

"Two years! My dear boy, I was married to your mother for thirty-eight years and I never was sure that our marriage was a success."

"Why, dad, I thought you and mother had a perfect marriage!"

"We did have. But it was never a certainty. She worked at it, and so did I, after I'd learned my lesson."

"What lesson?"

Whitman reached for another cigarette; then forgot to light it. "I mean," he said, "after I'd learned that you can't take a woman for granted."

Stephen said, "Well, I'm afraid I've done just that. And now Peggy's slipping away from me. She's turning back to the things—the man she's always known. I think he's paleolithic, but he's a man, and I don't want to lose her to him."

"I'm glad you don't," Whitman said.

"Yet if she really wants to see him tomorrow, how can I stop her from going to that luncheon? I can't lock her up in our room!"

"No, hardly."

Stephen—the professor of physics who before that had been a bomber pilot and before that a skinny, towheaded boy with his mother's gray-blue eyes—this amalgamated Stephen came quickly then and stood before his father.

"What do I do, dad? Can you tell me?"

"Yes. I can tell you exactly."

"Exactly?"

Whitman smiled. He felt confident now. "You've never been interested in our family history, have you?"

"Our family history? No, not particularly. Why?"

"Well, there's a legend that I heard from my father"—Whitman waved toward the portrait of Amos on the wall—"about one of our remote English ancestors who came home from the Crusades to find that his wife had deserted him. He won her back by offering her a dress made of cloth of gold."

"Very pretty. But what's that got to do with my problem?"

"It establishes a precedent."

"Dad, why don't you light your cigarette?"

"Ah, yes," his father said; and did so. "Steve, you must buy Peggy a dress."

"Buy her what?"

"A gold dress."

Stephen stared down at him. "Gold?"

"Or whatever material passes for it nowadays."

"Dad, are you serious?"

"And gold slippers to go with it."

"I believe you are serious."

"And all the gold jewelry she can wear—and still walk."

"My heaven," Stephen said, "Peggy'd think I'd gone batty!"

"She will think so," his father said, "and she'll be very, very happy to know you've gone batty over her."

"Oh," Stephen said. "Oh, I see. Well, yes, she might. That is, if she still loves me."

"No better way to find out."

"But it sounds fearfully gaudy! All that gold! And Peggy has such good taste she might be revolted by ——"

"Son," Whitman said, "the basic human emotions aren't dependent on good taste. If they were, the human race would have died out long ago. Fortunately we are saved by the wholesome vulgarity of love—and besides, that gold costume is necessary because it inspires your speech."

"What speech?"

"The one you make to Peggy when you take her shopping."

"Oh," Stephen said, "she goes with me?"

"Of course, she goes with you! You can't lock her up, but you can certainly take her shopping."

"Suppose she won't go."

"My dear boy," Whitman said, "you were once an officer in the armed forces of the United States. Have you forgotten how to give an order?"

"Well, I —— No, I guess not."

"Then Peggy goes with you. And now about that speech."

"Yes, sir," Stephen said, and seemed wholly unconscious of the "sir."

"You put it in your own words," Whitman said, "but the idea is this: You tell Peggy that you want to dress her in gold because it's the most precious substance in the world and that nothing else will do for the most precious woman in the world."

"Oh, my sainted grandmother!" said Stephen.

"Yes," his father said, "I know just how you feel and I admire your fine choice of expletive. But I'd like to point out that your grandmother was not a saint—on either side of the family—or you and I wouldn't be here."

"That's probably true."

"If you do something to show Peggy that she's dear to you, she won't care a hoot how crazy it is, or how garish, or how absurd. She may never wear that dress you're going to buy her, but she'll always remember why you insisted that it had to be gold."

Stephen said, "Where the hell do I get such a garment?"

"Go to all the women's dress shops. If you don't know where they are, look in a newspaper. But don't consult Peggy. Just keep dragging her around and hunting like a bird dog till you find what you want."

"Suppose I don't find a gold dress?"

"Then order one made. Chances are you'll find one. But in any case don't compromise, don't flinch, and don't give up, even if it takes all day tomorrow."

"All right, dad. I'll do it. I'll ——" Stephen paused in dismay. "But I can't do it tomorrow. I'll miss the wind-up of our meeting. I won't hear those papers!"

"Steve," his father said, "you can get copies of those papers. But you can't get a copy of Peggy. If you let her go out to Long Island tomorrow, you'll never get her back." (*Continued on Page 110*)

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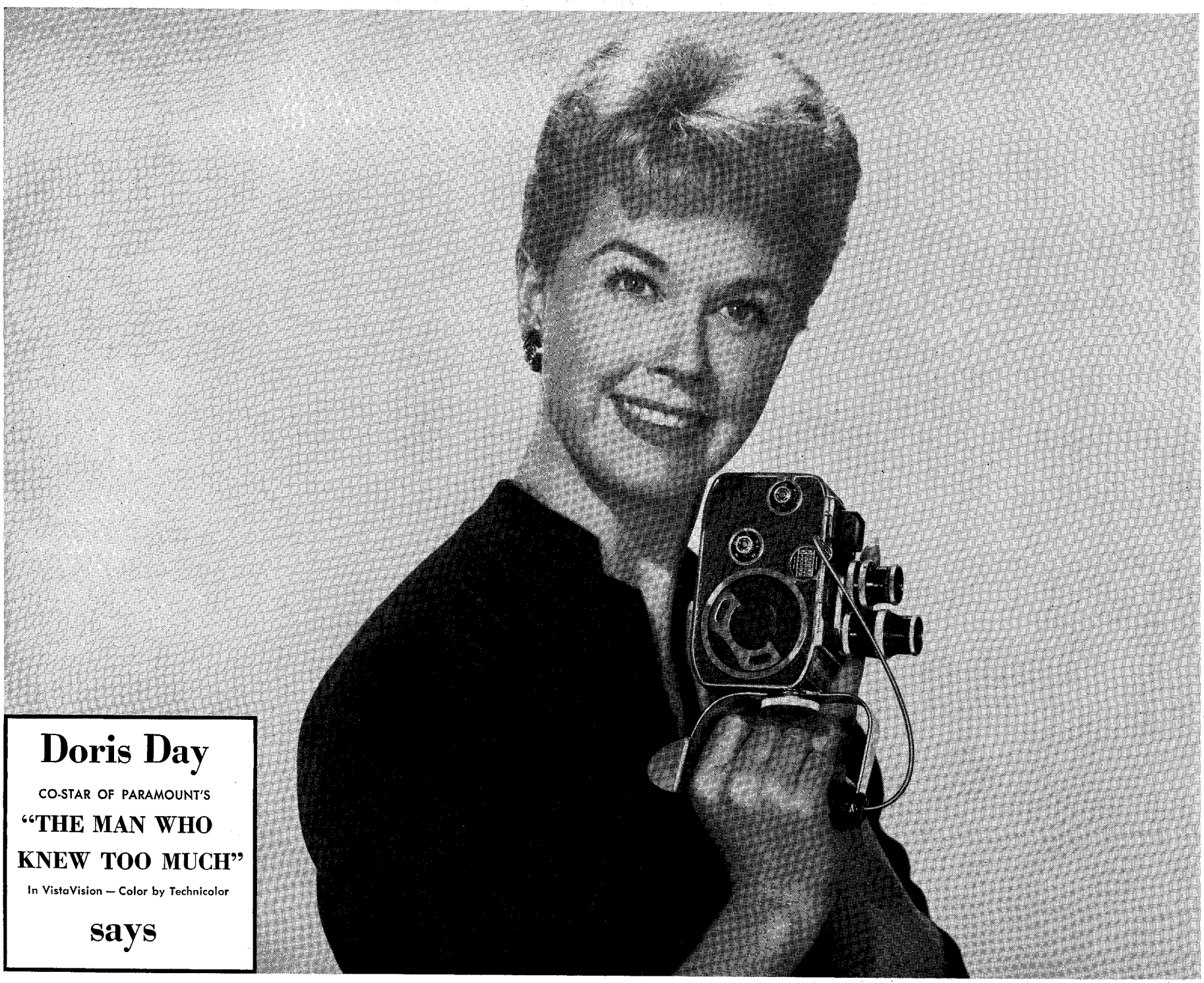

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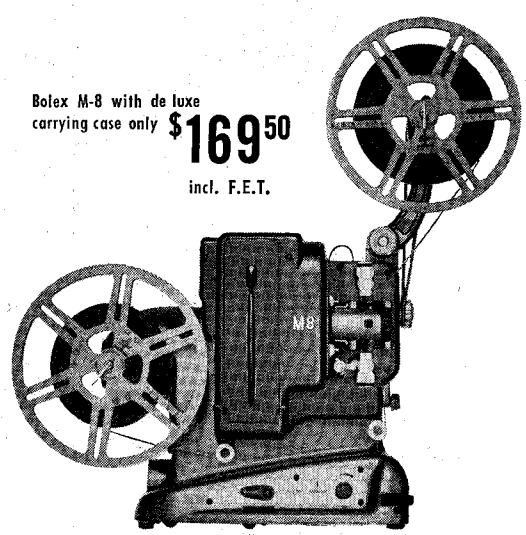

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(*Continued from Page 108*) "But she knows my work's important! What's wrong with her, anyway?"

"I think she feels neglected and wasted," his father said. "Do I have to tell you, a scientist, that a woman is made for a purpose? And that her greatest need is to make sure that this purpose is carried out in love?" Whitman Prentice stood up, brushing ashes from his lapel and tightening the belt of his dressing gown, whose silk had outlasted the life of his own love. "I'm getting tired waiting for my grandchild," he said; and then it was his turn to remember that he, too, had once been an officer in the armed forces of the United States. Straightening his spine, he faced his son.

"You'll buy a gold dress for your wife tomorrow. That's an order, Steve!"

"Yes, sir," the professor of physics said.

Late the next afternoon, Whitman was reading in his room when Thompson knocked and came in to ask whether the younger Prentices would be home for dinner.

"I don't know," Whitman said to his butler and old friend. "I haven't seen them all day."

"I saw them this morning," Thompson said, "when I served them breakfast in their room."

"How were they? That is, what would you say the atmosphere of the room was, Thompson?"

"A bit stormy, Mr. Prentice, I should say."

"Ah," Whitman said.

"The storm seemed to be in full progress as I knocked, sir, but, of course, there was a lull when I took in the tray."

"Of course. Did you notice later, Thompson, whether they'd eaten their breakfasts?"

"I did, and they had, sir."

"That's a good sign, wouldn't you say? I mean, generally speaking?"

"I should call it hopeful, sir. And then, too, I saw them leave the house together at ten o'clock, though they didn't speak to me about dinner or even seem to see me."

"How did they look then?"

"Mr. Stephen looked as if he were leading a charge, sir. Very grim and determined. He had Mrs. Stephen by the hand, and she looked ——"

"Yes, Thompson?"

"Dazed, sir."

"Happily or unhappily dazed?"

"Mr. Prentice," the white-haired butler said, "there are two things I've never been able to judge by their facial appearance, so to speak. One is the ripeness of a melon and the other is a lady's true feelings."

"Quite right, Thompson. I'd like to know how they're both feeling now. But I'll just have to wait and ——"

There was a sound from downstairs—the thud of a heavy door closing. Whitman got up from his chair. He looked at Thompson, who moved with surprising agility out of the room into the hall.

"Yes, it's them," the butler said, reappearing in the doorway. "Shall I tell them you're here in your room, sir?"

"No. They'll stop in if they want to see me."

"Yes, sir," Thompson said. "I'll just leave the door —— Oh! Here comes Mrs. Stephen running!"

The butler ducked back just in time to avoid being trampled by Peggy, who came rushing into Whitman's room as though blown by the April wind that was swirling past his windows. She looked lovely and tired and disheveled, with her blond hair askew and her face all wild color, and she was laughing exhaustedly as she flung herself into his arms.

"Oh, Father Prentice! It's been the damnedest day! Steve's gone mad, and it's wonderful, it's heavenly!"

"Take a deep breath, my dear."

"I still can't believe it! He gave up his meeting for me, and he's done the most balmy, most wonderful thing. He's bought me an awful gold dress that looks like a lamp shade, but he ——"

"Psst!" Whitman warned.

Peggy turned, and they both looked at Stephen as he entered the room. He was carrying a dress box under one arm, a shoe box under the other, his pockets seemed to be bulging with packages, and he, too, looked exhausted.

"Hello, son," Whitman said.

"Hello," Stephen said. "We've been shopping."

"Oh, have you?" his father said. "How nice."

Peggy rushed to her husband and embraced him, boxes and all.

"Steve's just bought me the most gorgeous present, Father Prentice," she said. "It's a perfectly beautiful gold dress!"

"With slippers to match," Stephen said.

"And a gold necklace," Peggy said, "and earrings and a bar-pin and a bracelet with bangles."

"Just costume jewelry," Stephen said, with a depreciatory gesture that cost him his hold on the dress box. It fell to the floor, and Peggy pounced on it with a fluttery cry and hugged it passionately to her bosom. "I love all my beautiful presents and I'm going to wear my new dress for dinner tonight, and then never again, because it's so precious I'm just going to save it forever."

"You can do what you like with it," Stephen said, "after tonight. But I want to see you in it once, at least. Come on, Peg."

"Yes, darling. I'm coming. I can't wait to put it on." She looked back at Whitman and laughed and winked a blue eye. "You know, Father Prentice, I think your son loves me!"

"I wouldn't be surprised," Whitman said. "He's quite bright about some things."

Peggy laughed again and went out. Stephen followed her. But at the door he stopped and looked back at his father. Raising his free hand he made a circle with his thumb and forefinger and then gave his father a full military salute.

Whitman returned the salute.

Then he was alone in the room, and beyond the windows the April day was dying, and he walked to his bureau and looked at Steve's wartime photograph that stood there, and then he leaned down and opened the bottom drawer of the bureau.

There was nothing in it but a long cardboard box, and Whitman removed the lid and laid it on the floor and then folded back several layers of tissue paper and took out of the box a gold dress. It was old, but unwrinkled, unfaded, practically unworn; and he walked across the room with the dress in his hands and stood in front of the portrait of Amos, his father.

"You heard that legend from your father," he said, speaking aloud to the portrait, "and you told it to me when I was so wrapped up in business that I almost lost Helen. Now I've told it to Stephen, and it's worked for him as it did for me, and maybe someday he'll tell it to his son."

There was great comfort, great peace for Whitman Prentice in the thought that all through the changes of time and the endless mutations of the world, there ran a continuing thread of human experience, of human frailty and wisdom and love.

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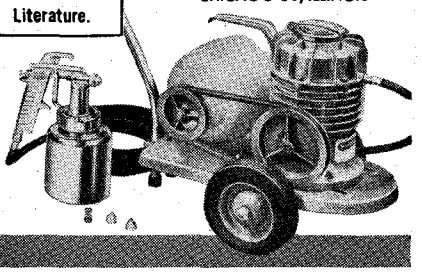

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Work is Good for Kids

(Continued from Page 42)

basement, but hated it. "I never spoke to anybody," he says. "I never saw anybody. Then I decided I'd better go talk to Mr. Boeseke."

Cedric Boeseke—pronounced Bo-sick—is a forty-seven-year-old former teacher who bears up under the imposing title of Co-ordinator of the Work Education Program for Santa Barbara and Carpinteria. His opposite number for Santa Maria, Lompoc and Santa Ynez is Leslie Vanoncini.

Talking things over with Randy, Boeseke learned something about the boy's interests and dislikes. A series of aptitude tests revealed that Randy liked people, enjoyed influencing them and would probably do well as a salesman. With these clues, Boeseke ran down his list of co-operating WEP employers until he came to one with an opening that neatly fitted Randy's needs.

The opening was in a prosperous men's-wear shop on State Street. Its owner had already been sounded out about WEP through a county-wide survey which included him among the hundreds of employers willing to take on a student as an unpaid observer-helper. In lieu of money, he would give his protégé instruction in such elementals as use of the cash register, gradually working up to the finer arts of buying and selling men's clothing. At the same time, WEP made him responsible for filling out a highly detailed report card on which the high school would base Randy's work-education grade.

The fact that no pay passed between Randy and his employer put their relationship on an easy, familiar basis. Randy felt free to ask questions and to nose around, and the results proved little short of astonishing. In three semesters, his on-the-job grade at the store rose from C to B to A. Meanwhile, since he had found a practical use for such academic subjects as English, spelling and math, his classroom performance promptly improved. What's more, he became so stimulated by his new status as a man of business affairs that he made up all his previous scholastic failures in a single session of summer school. Paid for vacation-time work at the store, he used part of his earnings to attend a clothier's convention in Los Angeles. By this time, all thoughts of quitting school had given way to far more ambitious plans. In fact, since graduating from high school last year, Randy, once rated a potential delinquent, has entered a Los Angeles business college while working part time in a big department store as one further step toward his full-fledged career in merchandising.

What happened to Randy has been happening in one degree or another to hundreds of seniors and dozens of juniors all over Santa Barbara County. They are vindicating one of the prime beliefs of Dr. Charlotte D. Elmott, director of guidance and secondary education in the Santa Barbara schools. "Once young people get experience in a job," she declares, "they really begin to grow up."

Chic, earnest Doctor Elmott is one of the many educators and lay citizens in the county who started work on WEP in 1951. At that time they began to weigh the conclusions reached at several state and national meetings, including the Mid-Century White House Conference, called to discuss children and youth. One of the basic conclusions the Santa Barbarans came to was that education is the responsibility not just of the schools but of the whole community. Taking this as a starting point, they drafted advisory committees of businessmen and labor leaders, parents and teachers, adults and teenagers to survey every employer and service organization in the county. They sent out questionnaires among the upper-class students to find out what kind of work experience they'd had and what kind they wanted. They sent other questionnaires among the teachers to discover their ideas about problems faced by the kids that such a program might help.

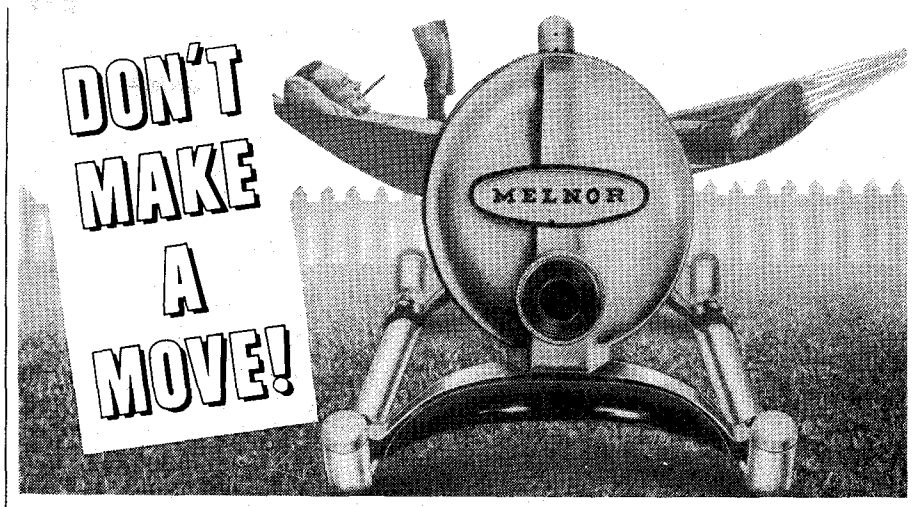
Boiled down, the reaction was: Let's stop sheltering the older kids. Give them the responsibility of a job on school time and for school credit, and let them see what makes a citizen tick. Let them start to understand why their parents come home nights with their feet killing them. Then, when they graduate and start looking for a permanent job, they'll not only have a better idea of what they want, they'll also have an answer when they're asked what experience they've had.

It took two years of hard thinking and discussion before the Work Education Program was formulated, but then the plan proved simple and forceful enough to win a $40,000 grant from San Francisco's Rosenberg Foundation to get the ball rolling. In February, 1953, WEP went into operation in the county's five high schools—Santa Barbara, Santa Maria, Carpinteria, Santa Ynez and Lompoc.

Like most of the thousand or so other work-education programs in United States high schools today, WEP traces its descent from the old apprentice system. Most of these programs, however, emphasize paid work and therefore can benefit only a small percentage of a high

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just how much experience has that new man had?"



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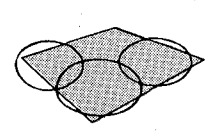

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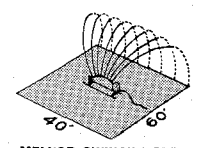

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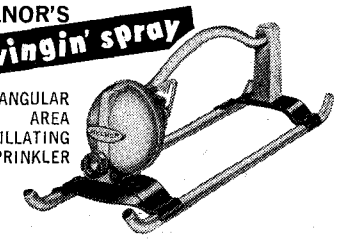

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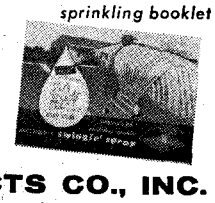

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school's students, since the number of co-ordinated earn-and-learn opportunities is limited.

The Santa Barbara plan, on the other hand, broadens the field enormously by the addition of unpaid jobs. Under WEP, an upper-class student may elect any approved job, paid or unpaid, as long as he has the consent of his parents and his faculty advisor. He continues taking the courses, such as English, which are required for a diploma. But for a nonessential subject in the music, art or craft group, say, he may substitute a WEP job. This will take him out of the classroom for two hours each school day and put him to work in town. For these two hours he will get only one hour of school credit, but that doesn't seem to discourage the kids; nearly a third of the county's high-school upper-classmen enroll in the program.

Most of these students find that WEP brings them a new and very gratifying sense of importance. In Lompoc, for instance, seventeen-year-old Judy sampled this feeling when she was first addressed as "Miss Stokes" by the pupils of the sixth-grade class in which she was assisting the teacher. John Kuizenga, who started his pharmacist's training last year in Carpinteria's Valley Rexall Drug Store, got his first professional thrill donning a druggist's smock. Nursing observer Donna Salmon, after helping with the first Salk vaccine shots given in Santa Maria, rushed home to exclaim, "Mother, today I made history!" Robert Benbrook, who wants to be a writer, tasted recognition the first time his by-line appeared on a front-page story in the Goleta Valley Times. Art Sutton, however, almost stumbled into blasphemy when he took his first big step in the service of the Lord.

Art, redheaded and freckled, is bound for the Presbyterian ministry. For a while he thought seriously of entering electronics, but his work education under the Rev. Wallace W. Williams convinced him that the church was his goal. It was a proud moment one Sunday when Art stood in the pulpit to preach his first five-minute sermon to the congregation. He spoke on the symbolism of church architecture. The church edifice, he said, was like a Biblical fishing vessel of old, riding over worldly waves to the feet of Christ. He went on to explain that the heavy beams above them were, in effect, like the sturdy ribs of a ship. But at this point he suddenly realized that his imagery was turning things upside down, so, in a desperate attempt to reorient his voyagers, he hastily concluded, "and here we sit with our bottoms facing heaven."

For an awful moment Art knew the full meaning of chaos. Then the Reverend Williams took over and put the services back on an even keel with a prayer. But in Santa Maria, Art still gets kidded about the Sunday he capsized the congregation.

Since its debut WEP has encountered few problems more serious than Art's runaway simile. Occasionally students and employers have failed to get along, but most such cases have been caused by misunderstandings, and these are generally settled amicably, thanks to the close supervision exercised by WEP's two co-ordinators. One such case involved a bank manager who notified co-ordinator Boeseke that he was considering firing a new girl from a paid job. She didn't seem to understand that knitting and writing personal letters at her desk just weren't done on bank time.

Boeseke investigated. He discovered that since the girl didn't like coffee, she declined the usual coffee break and therefore considered that time hers to do with as she pleased. Boeseke encouraged her at least to join her coworkers and to take her knitting with her, and the girl quickly conformed. Indeed, she earned both a raise and a promotion before she graduated.

Close supervision has also helped nip in the bud what little public disapproval there has been of WEP. One newspaper editor raised a cry of "exploitation of youth," but the charge died aborning. Both labor leaders and school officials have leaned over backwards to keep any possible hint of exploitation out of the plan. By the same token, it is understood that no student may replace a bona-fide worker.

One of the several surprising things about WEP is the readiness with which laymen have turned teachers in the wide variety of enterprises to which the project now extends. These include department stores, radio stations, the district attorney's office, theaters, libraries, newspapers, ranches, restaurants, doctors' and dentists' offices, dairy-products firms, lemon-packing plants, drugstores, churches, specialty shops, service stations, laboratories, architects' offices, bakeries, machine shops and city offices.

Many adults admit that WEP appeals to the ham in them. Some freely confess that the chance to show off their own skills and knowledge is not without a pleasing effect on the ego. Others take solid satisfaction from watching the youngsters develop confidence in their abilities. Still others find it stimulating just to have the kids around. After taking eight students into his office over several semesters, Don Taylor, head of the real-estate-and-insurance firm of Venaas and Taylor in Santa Maria, said, "It makes all the difference in the world having these girls here. They ask us questions that make us ask ourselves questions about why we do some of the things we do. They brighten the office. They've rearranged the furniture. They've put flowers on the desks. They've made us watch our English and straighten our ties."

George King has particular reason to be grateful to his WEP students. The proprietor of a one-man-two-boy garage near Solvang, in the beautiful Santa Ynez Valley, George enjoys teaching mechanically minded youths, and often uses two students in paid jobs. A couple of winters ago his students got a chance to pay him back. When pneumonia laid George low for three weeks not only did the two boys keep the garage running at least part time, they also insisted on donating their services until he could get back on the job.

So far, WEP has worked about as well for girls as for boys. Among the senior girls, one of the most popular programs is nursing. As student observers, they learn hospital procedures, including general care of patients. Eventually, with parental consent, most of them witness childbirth and at least some major operations.

This extension of work education into semiprofessional and professional fields makes the Santa Barbara program as helpful to the college-bound as it is to those for whom graduation from high school marks the end of formal schooling. Keith Berry, for example, is a well-above-average student of Santa Barbara High who, to confirm his choice of a legal career, was accepted as an observer and helper in the district attorney's office. The impact of young Keith on D.A. Vern Thomas and his staff is now officially recorded in the annals of Santa Barbara County by a resolution that was formally presented to Keith, along with a banana split. This document reads in part:

WHEREAS by participating in consultations and conferences, doing research, filing documents, reorganizing the library, attempting to reorganize our filing system, attending sessions of the Honorable Board of Supervisors, assisting attorneys in the preparation of legal opinions, acting as receptionist, answering the telephone with a soft and soothing voice, clipping the newspapers for our scrapbook, eating our chocolate candy so the girls on the staff would retain their glamor . . . IT IS FURTHER DIRECTED that upon his admission to the state bar he be immediately employed in this office as a duly qualified Deputy District Attorney with the appropriate emolumens for services rendered to this office.

Another student observer in the D.A. office found his experience equally valuable, though in a rather different way. Assigned the job of reading long legal opinions, he discovered that the practice of law involves far more dull bookwork than it does courtroom theatrics. He hastily revised his plans for a legal career and decided instead to shop around for something more to his liking. Fortunately for him, a WEP student can try out, one after another, as many as three different jobs in a single semester.

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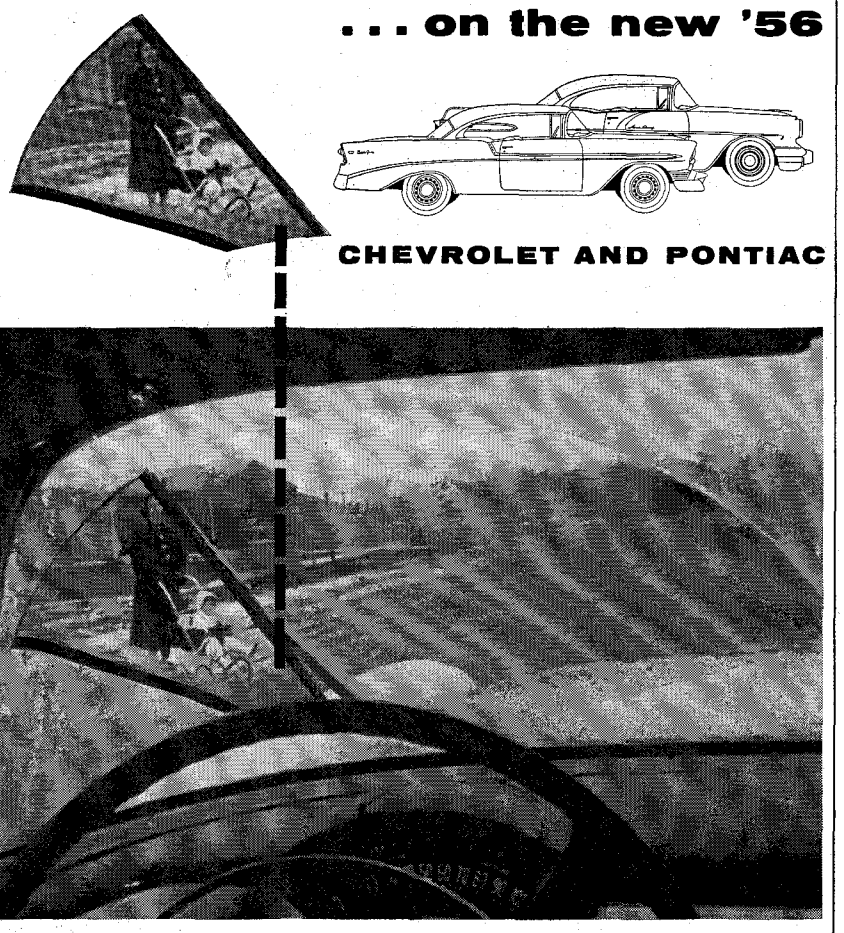

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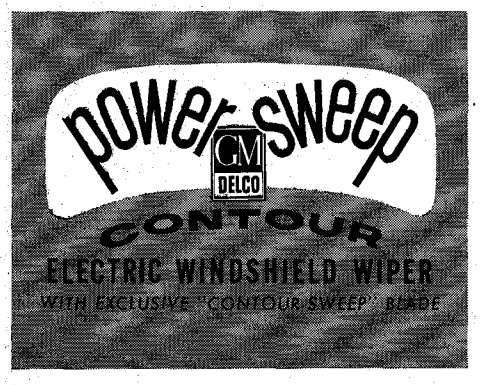

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As parents have realized to their delight, this kind of second-guessing is a much less costly and time-wasting affair at this stage of the game than it would be later in life. One girl even saved her family the expense of an intended four years in college when, after two semesters as a WEP dental technician, she realized that she had found her calling in this work.

Some students, hesitating between two possible careers, manage to sample both at once through WEP. In his senior year, for instance, Mike Bradley, now in the armed forces, spent two hours a day—from 1:00 to 3:00 P.M.—at White's Small Animal Hospital in Santa Barbara, and then two more—from 3:30 to 5:30 P.M.—at the Channel Wholesale Electrical Supply Company, where he worked as a paid electrical trainee. Having made up his mind as to his first and second choices, Mike is willing to settle for electrical work when he gets his military discharge, in case he fails to pass the strict entrance

... ...

Artesian Spring

By John Robert Quinn

Now, at the edge of the
woods,
I shall quench both soul
And body. Existence here
Is deep and whole.

No matter how much I
drink,
There will be quite
As much when I am gone,
Water, wound tight,

Coiled on a silver reel,
Enough and more
To slake both man and beast
To the fiery core.

... ...

requirements for veterinary medicine at the University of California.

Of the 693 students holding WEP jobs in the spring semester of 1956, 411 were paid a minimum of seventy-five cents an hour and 282 were paid nothing. Surprisingly—at first thought—the nonpaying openings are just as sought after as the paying jobs, a fact which Dr. Myron S. Olson, the program director, takes as an indication that the plan would work equally well in hard times. Actually the nonpaying jobs offer more exploratory opportunities than the paid ones, giving the student a greater chance to learn his way around an entire business or professional operation. In a bank, for instance, the unpaid student would "observe" and help out in all departments—savings, notes, escrow, and so on. A paying job here, on the other hand, would more likely consist of such repetitive work as sorting out checks.

All this strange new activity among the students has not been without its effect on upper-class teachers. For one thing, of course, WEP has meant some inconveniences in the way of schedule juggling and squeezing, particularly in the case of students who also go out for sports and other extracurricular activities, and must therefore fit their work education into the morning hours. But even more unsettling is the fact that teachers have found themselves subjected in class to new and taxing questions based on the experiences their pupils encounter in the working world. For example, Miss Fern Johnson, physiology and biology teacher at Santa Barbara High, found herself so shaken by student quizzing that she devised a WEP course of her own, refreshing her lab technique two afternoons a week in the Warner Clinical Laboratory.

As it happens, Miss Johnson probably has to thank a WEP student named Dick Middleton for her chance to work in this laboratory. As far back as he can remember, it was Dick's ambition to be a surgeon. He had his own microscope at the age of seven and made a game of "operating" on dolls. Then he found that he would never be able to make the grade in surgery because of a heart permanently injured by rheumatic fever. When coordinator Boeseke learned about this, he talked things over with Dick and with Dick's physician and parents, then asked Dr. Douglas Warner to give the boy a chance in his lab.

Doctor Warner was less than enthusiastic about the idea, but he agreed to try it—and the results have been happier than anyone could have forecast. Dick has found a satisfying substitute outlet for his talents and, at eighteen, is headed for a Ph.D. and a career as a laboratory man. And Doctor Warner is so pleased with Dick's work that he has asked for a chance to help other WEP students.

In fact, WEP is now working so successfully that similar programs have been set up in three other California counties, while still another three have the plan under consideration. In Santa Barbara, no longer does the program depend on Rosenberg Foundation funds; the county, as well as the cities and towns, has willingly taken on the relatively small cost of operation. This consists chiefly of the salaries of director Olson and co-ordinators Boeseke and Vanoncini, and averages only about twenty-five dollars apiece for the county's 1890 upperclassmen.

But despite these marks of success, it hasn't always been easy for WEP officials to make clear to other educators just what they hope to accomplish. When the administrative staff of WEP attended a state Department of Education meeting in San Jose, California, two years ago, they decided to take along several of the program students. One of these was Robert Sawyer, of Santa Barbara, now an engineering student at Stanford University. WEP had been instrumental in helping Robert make up his mind to enter engineering, and his first work experience had put him eye-deep in a ditch, his back bent, his hands clasping a mud-laden shovel. It wasn't ennobling work, but it helped firm up Robert's concept of his role in life.

At the meeting, Robert was called on as Exhibit C to tell of his work experience and when he finished, one hard-shelled, old-school educator peppered him freely with peremptory questions. Doctor Olson and his staff began fidgeting on their defensive seats, wishing they could silence this inquisition with their hot statistics and cold facts.

But they reckoned without Robert.

When the cross-examiner challenged him with: "What earthly good did it do you to waste time shoveling mud?" Robert had his answer.

"Down in those ditches," he said, "when I would look up and watch an engineer walk by, all I could see of him was his feet. So I'd say to myself, 'Someday you'll be in his boots, and when you are, you'll understand the man in the ditch.'

"I think," Robert concluded, "that that understanding will help make me a better engineer, just as the experiences of these other students will make them better teachers, better lawyers and better salesmen."

THE END

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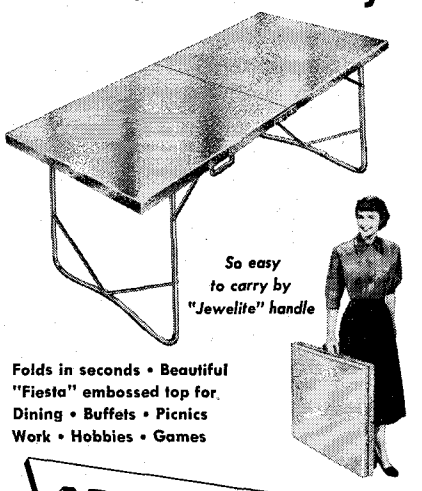

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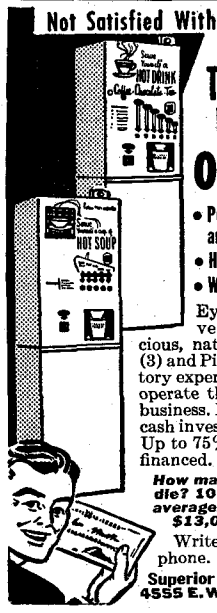

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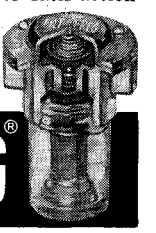

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A Wild West of Their Own

(Continued from Page 27)

a land of enormous possibilities and is serving other special uses.

During my tour of the Northwest it became clear that Red China is being forced by internal and external pressures to develop this remote region more swiftly than she might otherwise have done. Partly as a result of the United Nations embargo and the war in Korea, the Chinese communists have gone all out in a tremendous effort to shift the center of gravity of their country from the coastal regions into the relatively empty lands bordering Soviet Central Asia.

In some respects the Chinese Reds have been compelled to follow the same strategy that Gen. Chiang Kai-shek did when he retreated far into the interior as the Japanese attacked from the sea, and contrived to rebuild his shattered forces with American help. But today the Chinese drive to the interior is not a temporary expedient. It is a carefully calculated plan, on a permanent basis. The Chinese second five-year plan, scheduled to begin in 1958, devotes its principal attention to the Northwest, just as the first five-year plan did to the three northeastern provinces known as Manchuria. If and when this second plan is carried out, China's Northwest will replace Manchuria as the principal route between Peking and Moscow, and perhaps also as China's main industrial region.

The forced pace of development in the Northwest is partly a defense measure. During the Korean war it became clear how vulnerable Manchuria is to bombing attacks. If the United Nations had chosen to do so then, they could have destroyed most of Manchuria's industrial complexes—even though such a move entailed the risk of bringing Russia into the war. But in the Northwest, factories, railways and mines are far safer from bombings than they would be anywhere else in China. Moreover, this region assures maximum secrecy for projects which China and Russia are reported to be undertaking jointly. I saw in Kansu that, although the second five-year plan is two years distant, a number of its projects already have been launched. Red China and Red Russia are co-operating most closely today in this heart of Eurasia.

Before the war a trip to Kansu would have been arduous, lengthy and expensive. But I made the flight from Peking to Lanchow in seven hours' flying time at a cost of seventy-five dollars, and came back by train, using the new railway between Lanchow and Sian—one of several new railways which join at Lanchow and have been built since 1949.

The last lap of this flight into Lanchow reveals one of the most fantastic landscapes I have ever seen. There is not a tree in sight for hundreds of miles, but only a maze of barren yellow hills and deep ravines. Thousands of tiny cultivated fields ran up and down the treeless slopes. Those fields, of course, proved the presence of hundreds of thousands of people.

These are the celebrated loess highlands, whose soil comes entirely from loess, the wind-blown dust from the adjacent deserts of Central Asia. This fertile yellow dust has accumulated in some places to a depth of 400 feet. Centuries ago careless men destroyed the thick forests then covering these hillsides, and the result has been continuous erosion on a massive scale. From the air it is evident that this land of no trees and numerous people also is a land of no villages. I did not see a single house from my plane. I was wondering where all the farmers lived who tilled those fields when, looking more closely, I saw thousands of subterranean caves carved out of the loess.

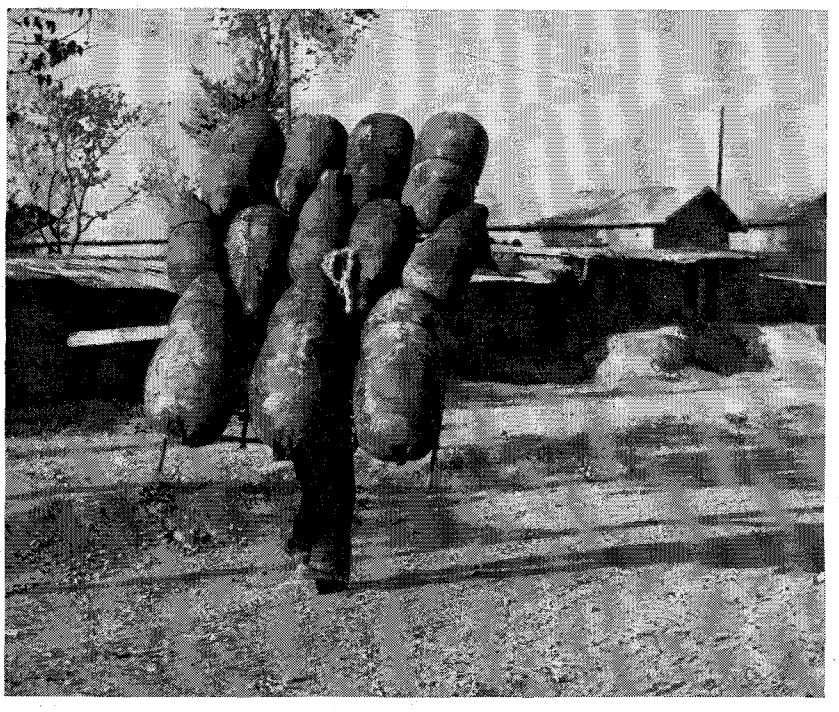
When I returned later by train I passed many of these troglodyte villages. This railway through the loess country was one of the first lines begun by the Red Chinese; it was completed in 1952, and it was most difficult to build. The railway journey is no less fantastic than that by air. The train seems always to be either entering a tunnel through a yellow mountain or crossing a viaduct over a frightening yellow ravine. At places the roadbed hangs precariously midway up a cliff, with an ascending yellow wall on one side and a vertically plunging yellow wall on the other. The numerous crews of male and female workers I passed showed that the railway needs constant attention and repairs. Peasants are drafted for this purpose by the government. Because everything literally is made of dust, one gets the feeling that the line may be washed away by heavy rains at any moment.

Lanchow itself is a yellow town on the Yellow River, surrounded by yellow mountains and crammed to overflowing with men, women and children of the yellow race. For centuries this ancient city derived its principal support from the agricultural produce grown on the surrounding loess dust. But today it reveals as vividly as any city in China the spectacular changes of the past few years. When I first came to China in 1937 the central government had very little interest or influence in provinces so remote as Kansu. But shortly after I arrived in Lanchow I met a little old man on the street who strikingly demonstrated the difference between the present Chinese Government and those of the past. The little old man was an itinerant peddler, who earns a precarious living repairing broken rice bowls and cooking utensils. He carried a long bamboo pole slung across his shoulder, with a heavy box suspended at either end.

At first sight there seemed nothing remarkable about him—I had seen thousands like him before in many parts of China. But then I noticed a white card hung at one end of his pole, and he permitted me and my guide to examine it. It was what the French would call a dossier—a combined identity card, traveling passport and trading license. It was stamped with an astonishing number of red-ink seals from a variety of government offices, including the police. It gave the name and age of this illiterate peddler in Chinese characters, it showed that he was a member in good standing of an association of peddlers, and that he was free to move about in the province. Nothing could have shown more clearly than this Lanchow peddler's card how Red Peking has reached out into its most remote regions and down to the humblest of its citizens to regulate and control them. This is a far cry from the regional independence and unbureaucratic casualness of the China I knew before the war.

Six centuries ago Marco Polo, coming from the West along the old Silk Road, passed through Lanchow—and the city probably experienced fewer changes during the intervening six centuries up to 1950 than it has felt during the last seven years. At night in my hotel I could hear the familiar hoarse whistles of American steam locomotives which were brought by the Japanese to Manchuria, many years ago, and then were brought by Red Chinese over new roadbeds to Kansu. The ancient walls of Lanchow, which Marco Polo may have known, still remain, with their superb round towers and ancient narrow gates which can be swung shut at night. But outside those walls, on the way from the airport in a Russian-built taxi, I passed scores of large new buildings, including the university now under construction, the People's Hospital, and a big new hotel which has not yet opened because of the lack of running water. The hotel's hundreds of rooms indicate that Peking foresees an increasing flow of transients through Lanchow.

In Kansu, as in other parts of China I visited, Russian advisers and technicians keep very much to themselves—almost out of sight, so far as possible. But Chinese administrators went out of their way to tell me how much the Russians are helping them. They are supervising construction of a huge oil refinery at Lanchow, which is intended to refine the output of the Yümen oil fields, 500 miles to the northwest in the Gobi Desert. I was surprised to get permission to visit the new refinery, but I understood why when I saw that construction had barely started. However, the visit was instructive because it showed the extent of Chinese plans. Between Lanchow and the site of the refinery a road was being built more than twice as wide as Fifth Avenue in New York City. A large hill thickly covered with the houses and pagodas of an old suburb was being completely leveled to make the road straight. The equipment used by the swarms of workers, including many women, was a curious mixture of the most primitive tools and modern machinery. Yellow earth was being removed in traditional small baskets in some places and by bulldozers in others.



A Yellow River boatman trudges home with a raft made of inflated sheepskins.

Along this central highway is arising the beginning of what is called New Lanchow. The railway yard under construction contains thirty miles of tracks, and the usual modern equipment of turntables, grain silos, refrigerating plants and the like, all brought from Russia. A large suburb of dormitory houses for workers was rising, with an expansive clubhouse as its center. These buildings were made more attractive by adapting Chinese designs, with curved roofs and red-lacquered columns. I was told that this was headquarters for a "construction division," made up of Northwest Chinese troops who had first "volunteered" to fight in Korea, and after being demobilized in Lanchow had again "volunteered" to stay on as civilian workers. The ancient walls of the adjoining village of Shikutien were being pulled down by bulldozers with American manufacturers' plates—probably captured during the Korean war. But here, as elsewhere in China, I saw very few trucks. Mule carts were being used to haul cement, stones and earth.

The use of primitive methods of transportation alongside modern machines was even more evident on the Yellow River. The surface of the great stream at Lanchow was covered with small rafts made of inflated sheepskins. A dozen of these tied together looked like some grotesque animal, and supported a wooden frame holding cargo or passengers. A steady stream of these age-old contrivances was borne by the river's current under the steel arches of the new railway bridge. The strangest sight of all came when the pilots of these rafts reached their destination. Having unloaded their cargo, they could not paddle upstream against the strong current. So they put their rafts on their shoulders and walked back along the new river highway, sometimes for twenty miles or more.

There is a boom-town atmosphere in Lanchow, and everybody I met there talked like a booster. Certainly grandiose plans have been announced, and everybody is busy. The city has almost tripled its size since 1950, and is still growing at a fantastic rate. The projects already announced for the Northwest are chiefly concerned with oil, heavy industry and collectivized cotton farming. At Paotow, at the top of the big bend in the Yellow River, construction of a steel-and-iron combine has begun. It is expected to rival the Anshan combine in Manchuria. Lanchow's heavy industries are expected to be equally important, while at the same time this city will serve as the political capital of the whole Northwest and as the rail center for traffic to and from Central Asia and the Soviet Union.

When I revisited Shanghai after my trip to Lanchow, I was in a better position to see more clearly the Red Chinese plan to shift their main industrial and commercial activities from ports like Shanghai and Tientsin to interior cities. The communists are deliberately deflating Shanghai, and its population is being cut down by wholesale removals. This process is speeded up by the UN embargo. All the old

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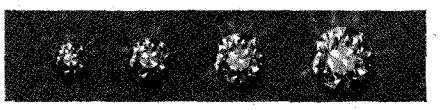

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(*Continued from Page 114*) treaty ports are almost lifeless—and at least for the time being the communists seem to be quite satisfied to keep them that way. According to communist notions, the 6,000,000 Chinese who once lived in Shanghai were "contaminated" by capitalistic leanings, and can be really "reformed" only by removal to other places, preferably the interior. When I was in Shanghai last November, thousands of shops were being closed in a fierce "socialization" drive. It was reported that at least 500,000 persons had lost jobs or small businesses and would be compelled to leave Shanghai.

Lanchow offered a spectacular contrast. The most commanding new building there is an enormous gray structure which houses the railway administration. A railway official told me that 20,000 construction workers are employed at present on an extension of one Lanchow line to Urumchi, capital of Sinkiang, supplemented by about 10,000 peasants and local inhabitants most of the year. This railway will be the main line between Russia and China, connecting with the Russian network 1500 miles from Lanchow at Ayaguz, in the Soviet Kazakh Republic.

I was told that more than one third of this line has been completed, although my informant admitted that the workers were laboring under "difficult conditions." They are housed in primitive huts or Mongolian tents while pushing the railway through the Gobi Desert and snow-clad mountains. There is no attempt to conceal the fact that most of these workers are prisoners—so-called reactionaries or counterrevolutionaries; forced laborers. Even the communist press has hinted on occasion that their working conditions are unnecessarily miserable.

Construction has just begun of a Lanchow-Peking railway following the course of the Yellow River, via the iron-and-steel center of Paotow. A third line is being rushed, linking the Southwest for the first time with the rest of China. When finished, this line will permit travel by railway from Peking or Lanchow to Chungking, via Chengtu. A considerable part of this line has been built, and it is scheduled to be completed this year. They told me in Lanchow of a fourth railway project which I had not heard mentioned in Peking. Survey teams were laying out a line into one of the wildest and least-known regions of China: Koko Nor Lake and the mysterious Tsaidam Basin, a big desert and marshy depression in western Chinghai province, some 500 miles from Lanchow in the direction of Tibet.

While I was in Peking, exciting rumors were spreading that extensive new oil fields had been discovered in the Tsaidam Basin which would make this area the "Baku of China." Baku is the seat of Russia's biggest oil fields. Moreover, it was said that in various parts of the Northwest rich deposits also had been found of manganese, lead, iron, copper, silver, gold and graphite. There is, of course, no way of verifying such reports. But it is a fact that thousands of Chinese geologists and prospectors have been trained under Russian supervision in Russian methods, and the greater part of them have been at work in the Northwest since 1954. No previous government in China has ever had the advantage of such services from a large group of geologists, and today's surveys and explorations are much more thorough than in the past. Then, of course, all labor is under control. In Chinghai province, for example, thousands of peasants, together with their camels and yaks, have been drafted to open new roads and pathways to places hitherto inaccessible, and to give logistic support to the swarms of prospectors.

I was able to get very little information about what is happening in Sinkiang—Chinese Turkestan—China's westernmost province, which also has had close contacts with India, Afghanistan and Soviet Russia. Sinkiang has been a focus for international intrigues and power politics for generations, and has long been reported to be the most likely site in China of great mineral wealth, including oil. If present plans are fulfilled, Sinkiang will be on the main road between China and Russia, and no longer a land of mystery. Perhaps Peking's official reticence about Sinkiang just now can be explained by the rumor that ultrasecret atomic-energy installations are being located there, following the Sino-Soviet agreement to cooperate in this field, signed in January, 1955.

So it can be seen that there are a number of reasons for Peking's present intense interest in developing its own Siberia in the northwest provinces. But probably the most important reason of all for this spectacular rush to the West lies in the biggest problem which confronts the Chinese communists, a problem so very nettlesome that very little has been written about it in the communist press. That is the population problem.

According to the last estimate by Peking in November, 1954, China's population at that time was slightly over 600,000,000. That is admittedly an estimate, but most experts consider it a reasonably accurate one. When I discussed population growth with Red officials in Peking they assured me, rather complacently, that under communist rule the population has increased sharply. In other words, "human inflation" in China has been accelerated. In the past the annual increase has been estimated at 1 per cent, which would mean 6,000,000 more Chinese every year. But the communists claim the present increase is closer to 2 per cent, or 12,000,000 additions annually. Peking claims that the present birth rate is about thirty-seven per 1000, while the death rate has been cut to seventeen per 1000 by improved public-health measures.

During recent months the communist press has hinted for the first time that this fantastic increase in population may become a major headache. If the estimates are even close, it is conceivable that by 1980 China may become the first nation to have 1,000,000,000 inhabitants—ten times the probable population of Japan in that year, and almost five times the estimated 1980 population of the United States. Very tentatively, the Red Chinese press has begun to discuss the value of birth control, and state pharmacies have begun to stock contraceptives. If the Red regime really decides to go all out on birth control, it could probably get somewhere fast, because it can afford to ignore deep-seated beliefs.

Meanwhile, however, the overpopulation of large areas of Eastern China is being relieved by forced internal migration on a massive scale. During 1955 an intensive campaign was conducted for the opening of "virgin lands"—an expression borrowed, like so many other things, from Soviet Russia. While I was in Peking last autumn it was announced that 500,000 "pioneers" have moved recently into Heilungchiang, the northernmost province of Manchuria, and have brought nearly 1,000,000 additional hectares of land under cultivation. The report said that 6,000,000 more hectares were awaiting the arrival of more pioneers.

But it is the Northwest rather than Manchuria which is getting the biggest play in the Red Chinese press nowadays, as a solution to overcrowding in the East. The project which seems to have top priority in the second five-year plan is a "Yellow River TVA." This project calls for the construction of forty-six dams on the upper reaches of the river, reforestation of millions of square miles of loess country and a vast network of irrigation canals. If even partially carried out, this scheme would fulfill an old Chinese dream of getting the Yellow River under control and preventing the devastating floods which have killed hundreds of thousands of people and caused incalculable damage. It is proposed to irrigate 17,000,000 additional acres and to provide 110,000 kilowatts of hydroelectric power.

While in Peking I met one of the few Americans living voluntarily today in China, a doctor named George Haytem, who turned communist after working many years among the Chinese, and is now well known under his Chinese name of Ma Ha-de. Doctor Haytem has traveled extensively through the Northwest and is the biggest booster for that region whom I met. He said that Chinghai province, for instance, which is larger than France, has a present population of only 1,500,000. He described one part of Chinghai where he said only 10,000 people live now, but where he believes it will be practical to irrigate enough fertile land to support millions of Chinese. If the interior provinces are properly developed, he asserted, China could support twice its present population—in other words, more than 1,000,000,000.

Of course, the enthusiasm of this American convert to communism should be heavily discounted. The most grandiose projects for the Northwest are still on paper. Meanwhile, several million more Chinese are being added every year to the population, while the schemes to provide for these millions necessarily proceed more slowly. But nobody who visits the Northwest, as I did, can fail to be impressed by the feverish activity there. Certainly these remote provinces have been stirred into hectic life, and the ruthless government in Peking will not hesitate to use force to populate this region quickly.

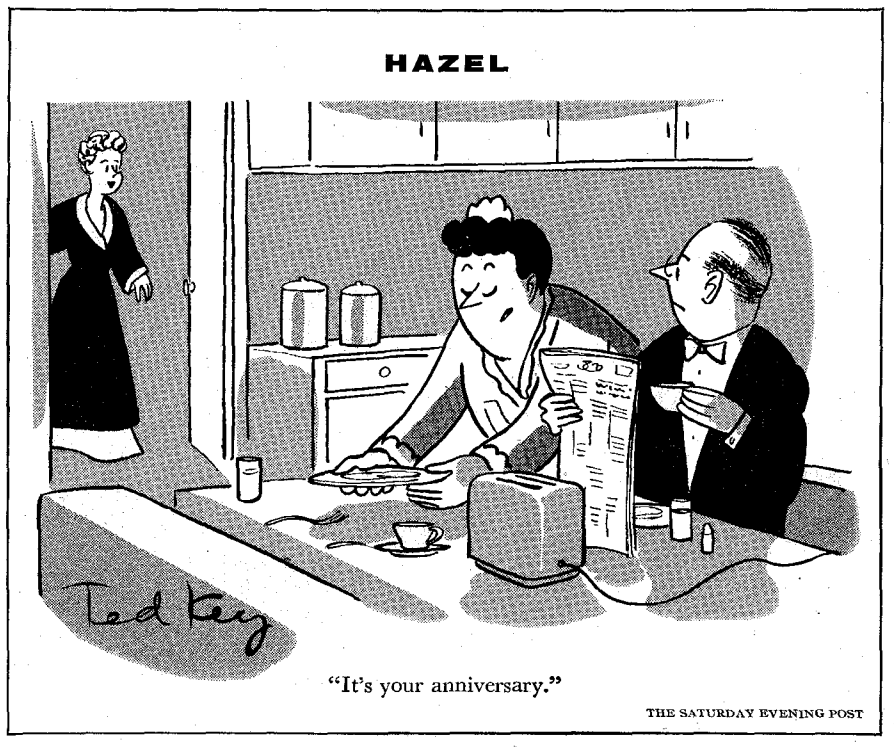
I came across three categories of Chinese who have come recently to these "virgin lands," through compulsion or pressure. The first and most wretched of these are the various kinds of prisoners doing forced labor, of which the supply seems unlimited. The second category consists of demobilized soldiers from Korea, who seem to have been marched here by regiments and divisions, and induced to send for their families and become more or less permanent settlers. The third category are so-called volunteers from such cities as Shanghai, who have been displaced by "socialization." It was apparent, as I moved around Lanchow and its environs, that a great number of the residents, probably a majority, had arrived very recently. I was told that that was even more true in outlying towns and villages.

These reluctant Chinese pioneers are experiencing the hardships of pioneer life anywhere. The difference between them and early American pioneers, for example, is that the latter struck out into virgin lands of their own free will. But there are enthusiasts among the Chinese in the Northwest, especially among the young people—and, besides, it is not safe to grumble much. To do so makes one subject to suspicion of being a reactionary or even a counterrevolutionary.

One cold night last November, standing at the window of my Lanchow hotel, looking out over the darkened city at midnight, I heard the chants of large groups of construction workers. Their song went "Wei! Wei! Wei!" indefinitely repeated, in rhythm, as they went about their tasks. What struck me was that this was the immemorial song of Chinese coolies, the humblest workers of the most populous nation on earth. The communists indignantly deny that they have coolies any longer, and the word is never used in the press or in conversation—the humblest workers are called comrades now. But they still have to work through the night while others are sleeping. And in Lanchow they were recognizing their kinship with the past by chanting the ancient coolie cadences.

It was at night, too, as I traveled by train from Lanchow to Sian, that I noticed for the first time how completely dark the Chinese countryside becomes as soon as night falls. None of the villages has any light whatever. The shortage of kerosene, partly as a result of the UN embargo, explains why, for the time being, at least, there is little or no oil for the lamps of China outside the largest cities. This compulsory continuous blackout, imposed by Peking, apparently is semi-permanent unless or until Red China's relations with the West are altered. The blackout is one indication of the price which is being paid by the great majority of the Chinese people for their government's internal and external policies.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Guillain.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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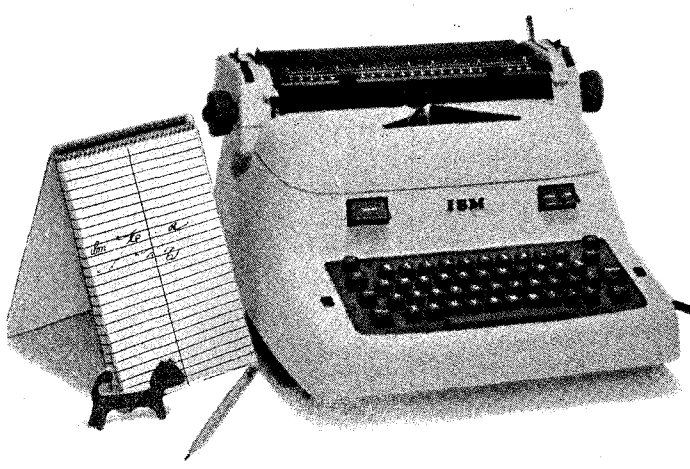

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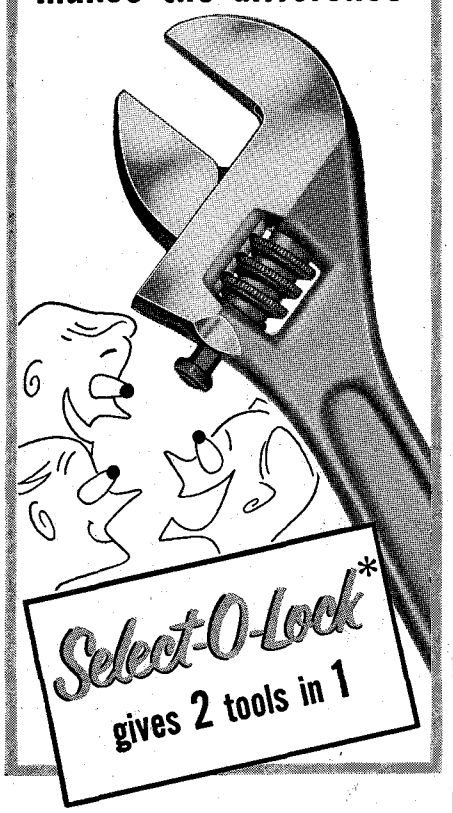

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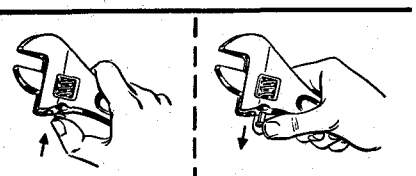

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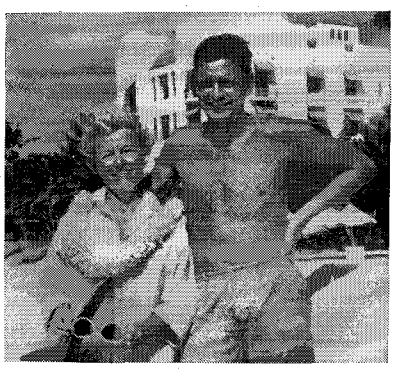
Keeping Posted

Norman Rockwell and a Raise in Pay

You see the illustrious Norman Rockwell after receiving the ninth annual award of the Philadelphia Guild of Advertising Men, an honor given to men uniquely successful in whatever walks of life they choose. Rockwell agreed to make a speech if art editor Ken Stuart would help plan it and prompt him if necessary, but as Rockwell, once on his feet, is a marvelous speaker, Stuart, see picture, mostly went along for the laughs.

One anecdote Rockwell related was that years ago he told Post editor George Horace Lorimer that another magazine, trying to win him away, had offered to double whatever the Post was paying him. Rockwell could detect no reaction on the editor's part except that his thumb, pressing on his desk, kept getting whiter and whiter. When it was all white, Lorimer spoke: "Well, Norman, what are you planning to do?" Norman said, "Stay here." The editor said, "Good. So I'll double your pay." This is Rockwell's fortieth year with the Post—about which, more later.

Introducing—



Ben and Jo Masselink, Santa Monica, California. The husband is smiling about a first Post story on page 26, and the wife is feeling no distress either.

Another Cruise of the Mary Deare

In an earlier comment here on Hammond Innes' seagoing serial which makes port on page 45, there wasn't space to relate how his fictional ship came up with the lilting name of Mary Deare. Maybe you recall, and maybe you don't, that a century or so ago, when Simón Bolívar, the South American liberator, was walloping the Spanish Conquistadors in Peru, there was an English brig in Callao harbor called Mary Deare, captained by a gent with the unlikely name of Mary Thompson. On this ship were hastily placed all the fabulous riches of Lima, with some Jesuit priests to guard them, but Captain Mary, who wasn't exactly a dear, ousted the priests, vamoosed with the treasure and buried it somewhere on Cocos Island. Although the Peruvian fleet later captured the Mary Deare, its skipper vamoosed again and wound up safe but frustrated in Newfoundland. That wealth on Cocos never did the captain any good, and many expeditions since then have failed to locate it. Innes doesn't expect the treasure to do him any good, either, but he did snitch the name of the ship, and is duly grateful to Mary Thompson.

Author is Handy With Bow and Arrow

This is the story of a charming romance. Last winter an Oil City, Pennsylvania, telephone operator read a Post article which so moved her that she wrote to the man the story was about. The man was Irvin Hershowitz, who was born blind, and who so marvelously rose above his adversity that today, using his technical knowledge and his sense of touch, he is the central-office telephone technician at Bolling Air Force Base near Washington, a highly valued employee. The girl, Eleanora Butts, presently went to meet Hershowitz in Washington; later they visited each other's families, and Eleanora learned Braille so that they could write love letters in proper privacy. Recently they were married in Bolling Field chapel.

Ben Pearse, who wrote the article, attended the ceremony and glowed as Irv strode proudly up the aisle with his bride on one side and Ace, his seeing-eye dog, on the other. Afterward, Pearse pumped the groom's hand and rousingly kissed Mrs. Hershowitz. "Then," says he, "I folded up my bow and arrow, sheathed my wings, and hightailed it on about my business." The latest sample of his business was in the Post last week.

The newlyweds will be at home in a duplex apartment which the husband bought before he had any notion of being a husband. Dan Cupid Pearse adds, "I'll always look back on that wedding as a fine day's work." It was also a lucky day, Friday the thirteenth.

Presenting a One-Act Play by Paul Gallico

When Paul Gallico was asked what brought on his unusual story plot on page 34—which coincides neatly with this spring's atomic-bomb tests—the author wrote the following play:

BORN ON A MUSHROOM CLOUD

THE CAST: Ray Bolger, a dancer; Gwen Bolger, his wife; Adela Rogers St. Johns, a writer; Paul Gallico, another writer.

THE PLACE: Outside the Sahara Inn, Las Vegas, Nevada.

THE TIME: 5:12 A.M., the morning of May 5, 1955.

The cast is standing outside Bolger's apartment at the Inn, where he is performing. They are looking to the northeast, where there has just been a blinding

Last winter Gallico bobsledded on the Cresta run at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

flash lighting up the whole land, followed by a mushroom-shaped cloud mounting into the dawn sky.

GWEN BOLGER: Dear heaven, I hope they know what they're doing.

ADELA ROGERS ST. J.: How can people sit in that bar drinking and laughing with *that* thing going off?

RAY BOLGER: I'm scared. That cloud's pointing right at me.

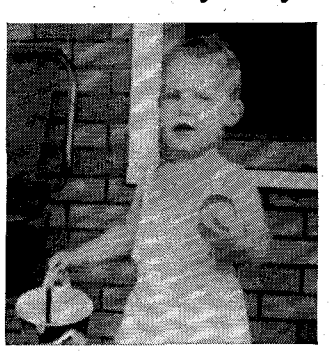
GALLICO: Me too. Imagine if you were —— Hey! Wait a minute! Suppose ——

GWEN: What's the matter with you—think you're getting fall-out?

GALLICO: No. Got a story idea. What would happen if ——

RAY BOLGER: Ain't nothin' sacred to you writers?

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"Who's Got My Baby?"



Little Stephen Damman vanished last Halloween from in front of a Long Island supermarket. He is still missing. His mother relates her heart-rending story.

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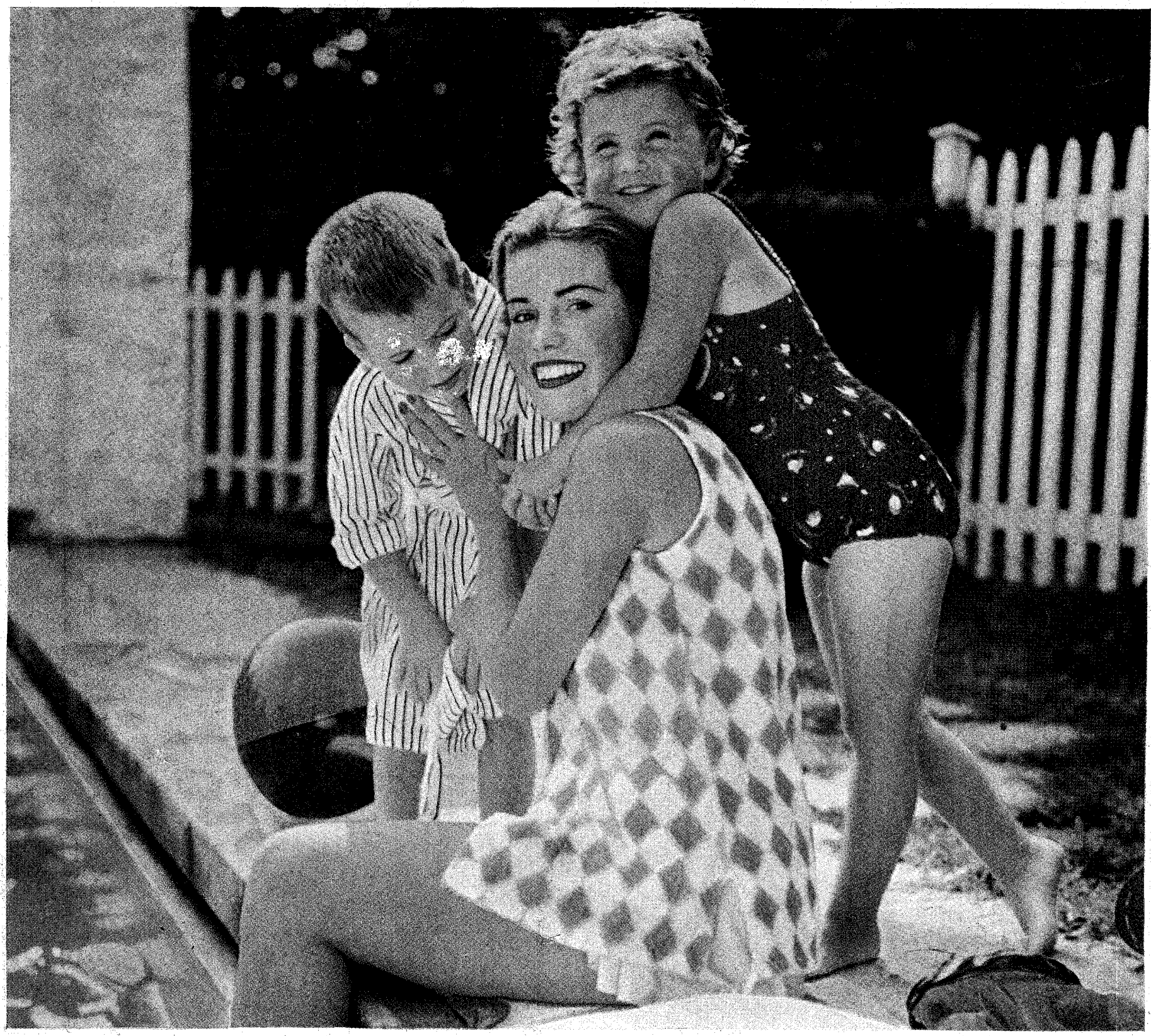

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